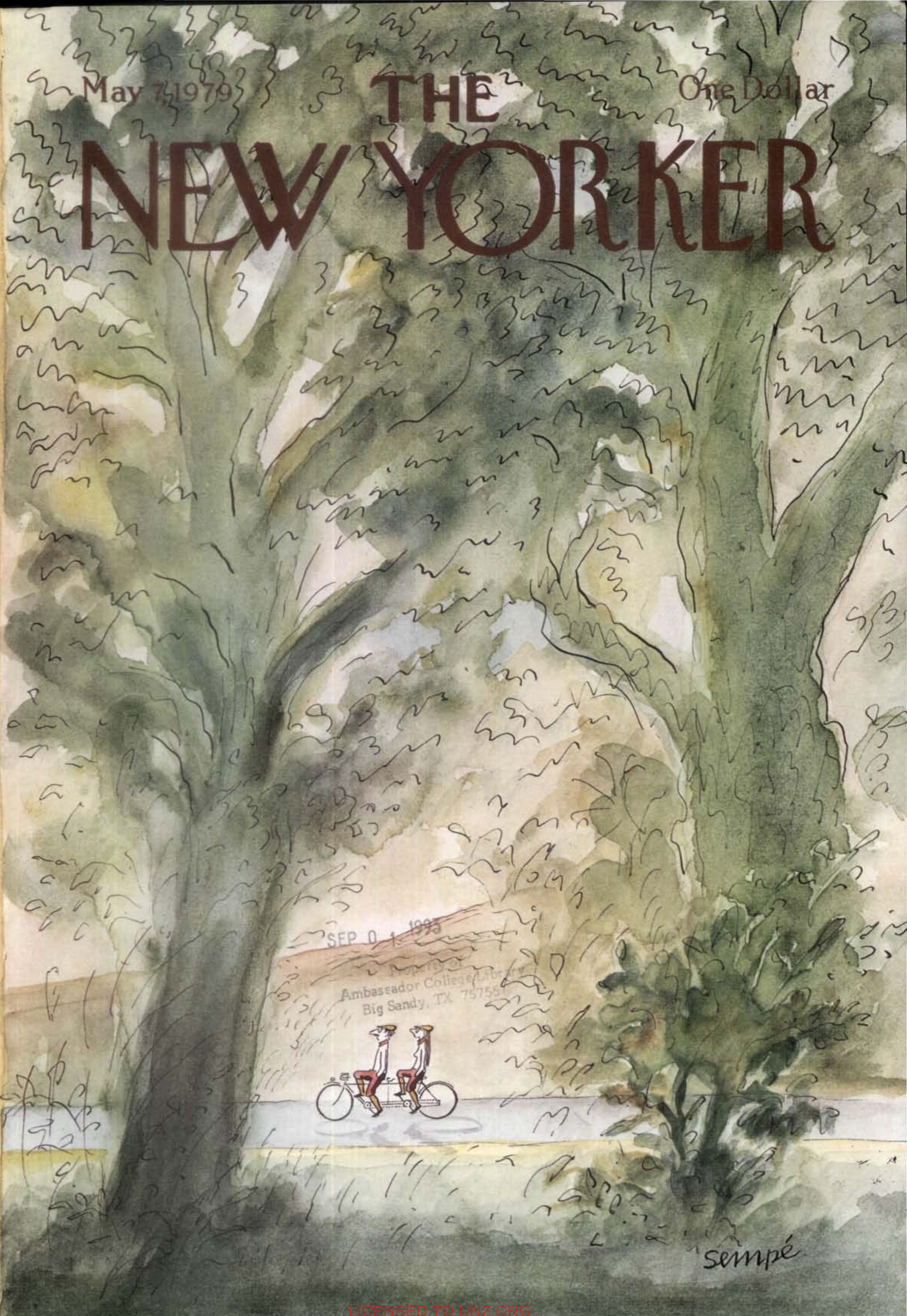
May 7, 1979 One Dollar

THE NEW YORKER



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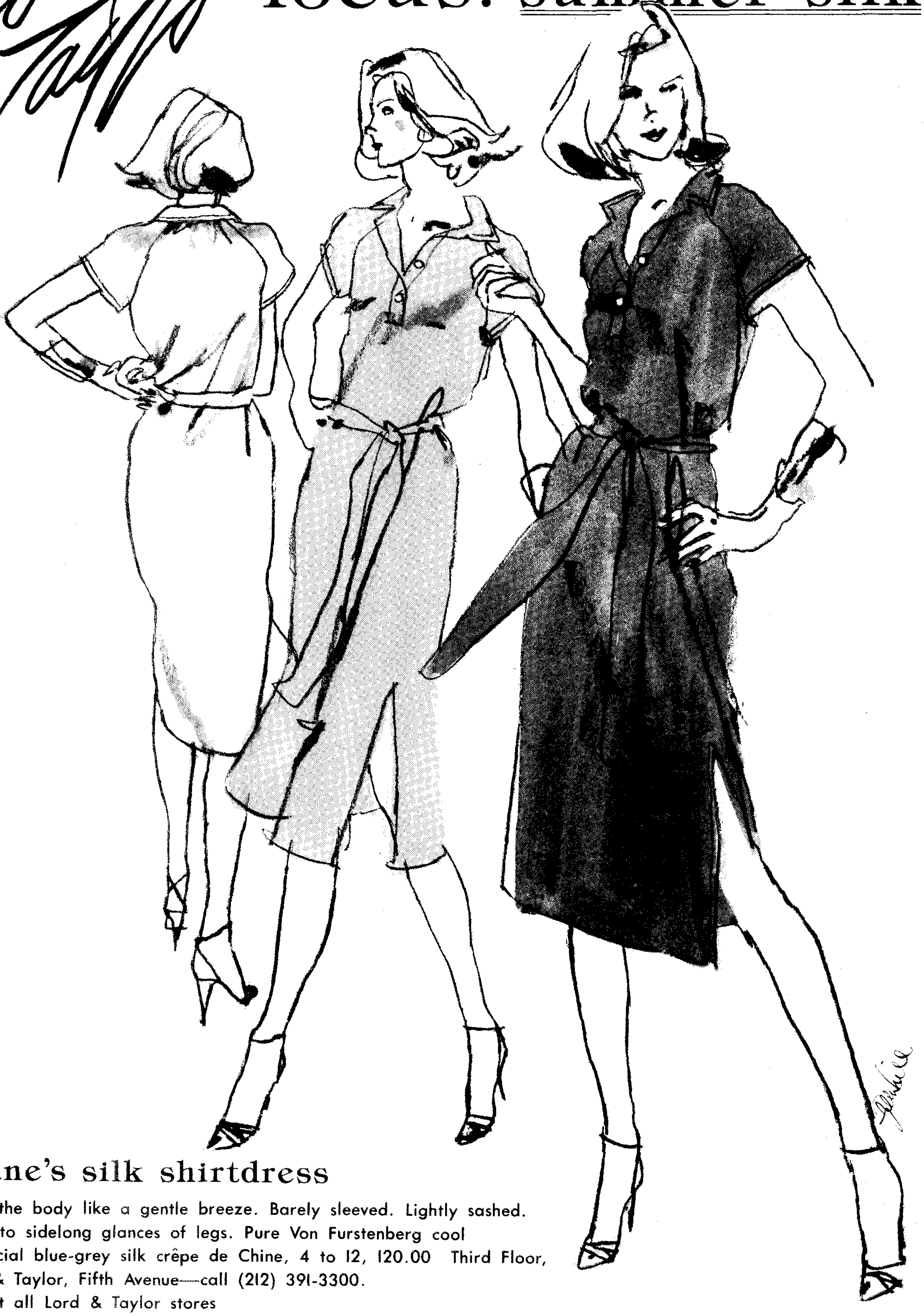

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Bedroom Farce—A marvellously intricate and nearly always very funny account of four marriages. The setting is three bedrooms, so problems emerge. Alan Ayckbourn is the author, and the all-British cast is superlative. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/9/79.) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Biography: A Game—Max Frisch's Swiss comedy, translated by Michael Bullock. (4/16/79) (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, May 6.)

Bosoms and Neglect—Marian Mercer, Kate Reid, and Paul Rudd are the entire cast of this comedy by John Guare. Directed by Mel Shapiro. Previews Wednesday, May 2. Opens officially on Thursday, May 3. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Circle Repertory Company—A play by Lanford Wilson, TALLEY'S FOLLY, with Judd Hirsch and Trish Hawkins, is the fifth in this season's series. Mr. Wilson's play is part of a planned cycle that already includes "The Fifth of July," presented here last year. Preview Wednesday, May 2. Opens officially on Thursday, May 3, at 7, and will run through Sunday, June 3. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Avenue S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 10; and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Comédie-Française—A two-week engagement. Molière's LE MISANTHROPE: Friday, May 4, at 8; Saturday and Sunday, May 5-6, at 2 and 8; and Tuesday and Wednesday, May 8-9, at 8. . . . ¶ Feydeau's LA PUCE À L'OREILLE (A FLEA IN HER EAR): Thursday, May 10, at 7; Friday, May 11, at 8; and Saturday and Sunday, May 12-13, at 2 and 8. Simultaneous-translation sets are available. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

Dispatches—A misguided effort by Elizabeth Swados to base a musical on Michael Herr's volume of reports from Vietnam. (4/30/79) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:45. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:45.)

Don Juan Comes Back from the War—This play by the Hungarian dramatist Odön von Horváth, who died in 1938, is set in Bavaria right after the First World War, and his Don Juan is a soldier just returned from the Western Front. In spite of a generally deplorable production, some of the atmosphere of defeated Germany seeps through, and von Horváth's highly individual style is at least indicated. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Wednesday through Friday at 7:30; Saturday at 8:30; and Sunday at 7:30. Matinées Saturday at 4 and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, May 6.)

The Elephant Man—This absorbing play by Bernard Pomerance is based on an actual episode. A freak too repulsive even for display at street fairs finds refuge in a London hospital in Whitechapel from 1886 until his death in 1890. The action covers his progress there and the questions that his progress raises. Jack Hofsiss directed the superior performance; Philip Anglim is the Elephant Man, Kevin Conway is his attending surgeon, and Carole Shelley is the actress Mrs. Kendal. (1/29/79 and 4/30/79) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

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Equity Library Theatre—The final production of the season will be a revival of the musical ON A CLEAR DAY YOU CAN SEE FOREVER, with a book and lyrics by Alan Jay Lerner, and music by Burton Lane. Preview Wednesday, May 2. Opens officially on Thursday, May 3, and will run through Sunday, May 27. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Eubie!—Twenty-odd songs by Eubie Blake (at ninety-six the oldest pianist and composer around) give a firm foundation to this merry, fast-paced revue. (10/2/78) (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Eyes on the Harem—An eccentric, deeply ironic, and sporadically effective work by Maria Irene Fornés about the unspeakably cruel treatment that Turkish women (and, incidentally, Turkish men) suffered during the hundreds of years of the Ottoman Empire. Imaginative scenery and costumes by Larry Brodsky and Frank Krenz, respectively. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Intar, 420 W. 42nd St. 695-6134. Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 4. Closes Sunday, May 20.)

The Goodbye People—A rewritten version of Herb Gardner's 1968 play, with Herschel Bernardi, Melanie Mayron, and Ron Rifkin. Directed by Jeff Bleckner. (Belasco, 111 W. 44th St. 354-4490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

G. R. Point—Michael Moriarty plays an inhibited Amherst graduate who discovers, in the bloodshed and nastiness of the war in Vietnam, that sadism has its rewards. The author is David Berry. (4/30/79) (Playhouse, 359 W. 48th St. 541-9820. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Kingfisher—An amusing trifle by William Douglas Home about an elderly couple con-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

templating matrimony. Splendidly acted by Claudette Colbert, Rex Harrison, and George Rose. (12/18/78) (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, May 13.)

Knockout—A play by Louis La Russo II, with Danny Aiello at the head of the cast. Directed by Frank Corsaro. Previews through Saturday, May 5. Opens officially on Sunday, May 6. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—The season of Gilbert and Sullivan will end with THE GRAND DUKE on Sunday, May 6. . . . ¶ Lehár's THE MERRY WIDOW will follow, opening Wednesday, May 9, and running through Sunday, May 27. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

My Old Friends—This musical about an old people's home is in many ways better than you might expect. Maxine Sullivan, in one solo number—"A Little Starch Left"—is quite marvellous. Book, lyrics, and score by Mel Mandel and Norman Sachs. (2/19/79) (22 Steps, Broadway at 48th St. 541-6162. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

On Golden Pond—Ernest Thompson's funny, witty, sympathetic play about an old couple spending the summer in Maine is excellently performed by Frances Sternhagen and Tom Aldredge in the leading roles. Craig Anderson is the admirable director. (9/25/78) (New Apollo, 234 W. 43rd St. 921-8558. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

People in Show Business Make Long Goodbyes—A play by H. Jean Schaeffer, with Emily Frankel, Karen Jablons, Hector Jaime Mercado, and James E. Ryan. Directed by John Cullum. Opens Wednesday, May 2. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 260-8480. Opening-night curtain at 6:45; thereafter, Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

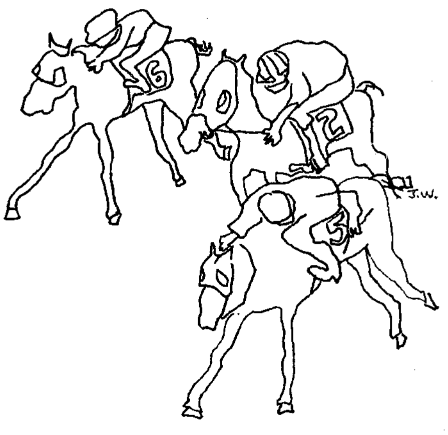
The Price—This revival of Arthur Miller's play is far better than its original production. Fritz Weaver, Joseph Buloff, Mitchell Ryan, and Scotty Bloch are the distinguished performers; John Stix directed. (4/30/79) (Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Saravá—Sex and death in far-off Brazil, or perhaps in far-off Belascoland. Tovah Feldshuh is the hardworking star. (3/5/79) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7260. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Say Goodnight, Gracie—Ralph Pape's funny comedy about the sadness of three young men who are facing their high-school reunion—a sadness that is hardly dispelled by the young women whom two of them live with, or by the quantities of pot that all of them smoke. The performance, under Austin Pendleton's skillful direction, is very good. (4/2/79) (78th Street Theatre, 236 W. 78th St. 595-5240. Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Sightlines—This two-character play, by Mark Eisman, about seeing and remembering and other matters, is written with wit and feeling, and it is very well acted by Douglass Watson and Marge Redmond, under the direction of John Henry Davis. (Joseph Jefferson Theatre Company, 11 E. 29th St. 679-7174. Wednesdays through Saturdays, and Sunday, May 6, at 8. Closes Saturday, May 12.)

Spokesong—A comedy with tragic overtones, laid in contemporary Belfast. The author is Stewart Parker, a native of that troubled city, and the excellent cast includes John Lithgow, Joseph Maher, Virginia Vestoff, and Maria Tucci. (3/26/79) (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, May 20.)



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Sweeney Todd—Many remarkable songs, by Stephen Sondheim, and two remarkable performances, by Len Cariou and Angela Lansbury, are reasons enough to attend this grisly melodrama. Harold Prince directed, with a bucket of blood in each hand. (3/12/79) (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

They're Playing Our Song—Shiny and trim and empty, this musical by Neil Simon provides a few comic opportunities for Robert Klein and Lucie Arnaz. The music is by Marvin Hamlisch, and the lyrics are by Carole Bayer Sager. (2/26/79) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Tunnel Fever or the Sheep Is Out—A play by Jonathan Reynolds. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8, and Thursdays at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

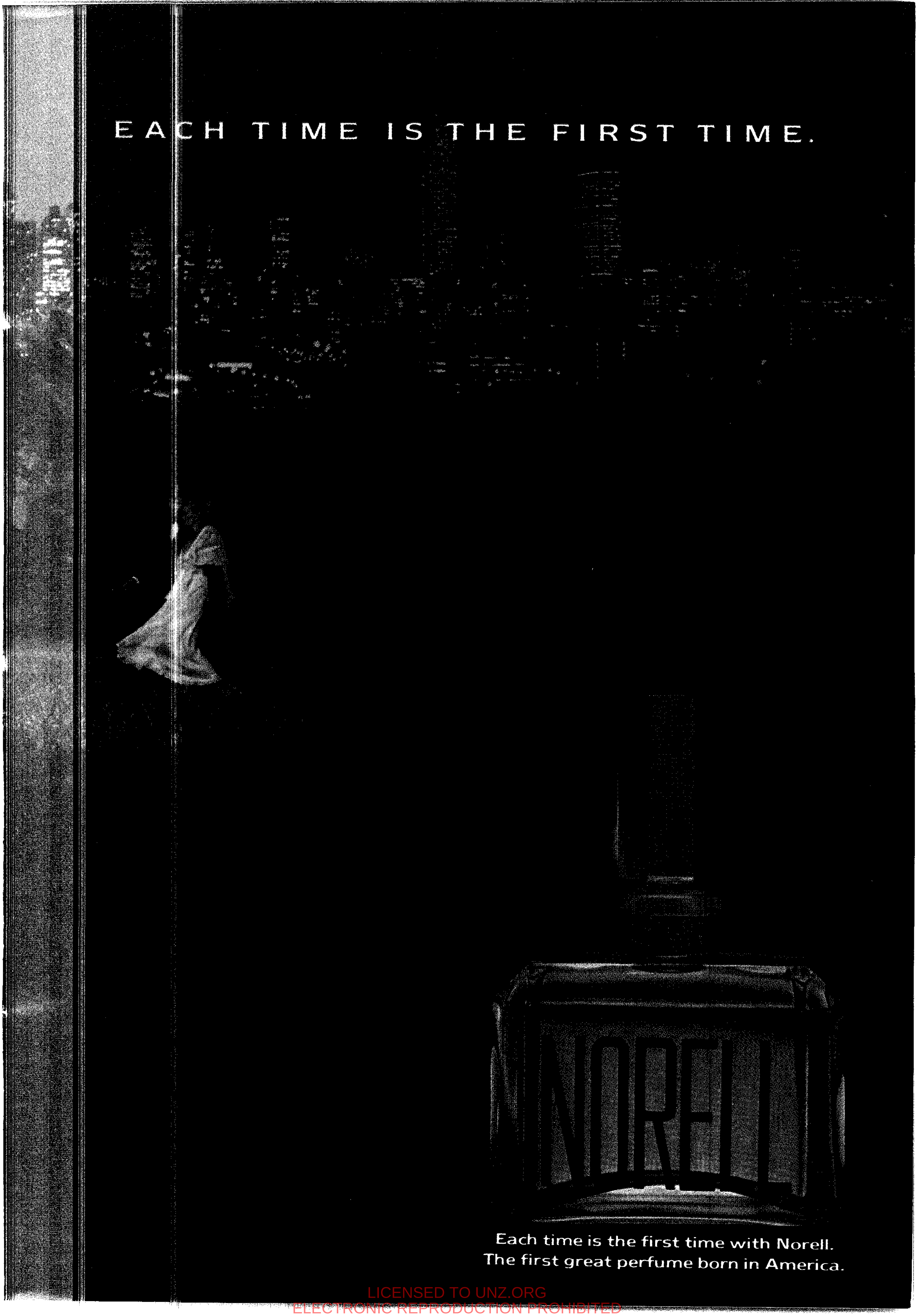
Whoopee!—A woebegone disinterment of a musical that cannot have been all that wonderful back in the nineteen-twenties. Charles Repole stars. (2/26/79) (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Whose Life Is It Anyway?—A brilliant play by Brian Clark, in which a paralyzed young man argues with wit and eloquence that he must be allowed to die. Tom Conti is superb as the young man, and he is well supported by, among others, Jean Marsh and Philip Bosco. (4/30/79) (Trafalgar, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Wings—Worth seeing for an awesome performance by Constance Cummings as an old lady suffering from, and learning to survive, aphasia. The author is Arthur Kopit. (2/5/79) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 582-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. May close Saturday, May 5.)

The Woods—A love affair in a weekend of stormy crisis is the subject of this good play by David Mamet, which is badly distorted in performance. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**AIN'T MISBEHAVIN'**: A delightful tribute, in revue form, to Fats Waller. We hear many of his songs, and many songs written by others which Waller recorded and helped to make famous. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **ANNIE**: An old-fashioned musical, based on the once popular comic strip "Little Orphan Annie." The agreeable book is by Thomas Meehan, and the so-so songs are by Charles Strouse and Martin Charnin. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS**: A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **CHAPTER TWO**: A writer lacerated by memories of a beloved dead wife and by the presence of a beloved new wife, intensely alive. The author, Neil Simon, makes a lot of jokes in the course of telling this sad story. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE**: A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DA**: In Hugh Leonard's entertaining play, a dramatist, back in Ireland for the funeral of his father, is persistently haunted by the stubborn, funny corpse. David Leary is the dramatist, and Barnard Hughes his late Da. (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **DANCIN'**: Bob Fosse's act of homage to show dancing. The young and attractive cast sings and dances with irresistible exuberance and self-confidence. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **DEATHTRAP**: A witty and scary thriller by Ira Levin. With Stacy Keach, Marian Seldes, and William LeMassena. Directed by Robert Moore. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **DRACULA**: David Dukes (filling in for Raúl Juliá through Sunday, May 13) and a splendid company in a charming adaptation of the Bram Stoker novel. With marvellous sets and costumes by Edward Gorey. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS**: 7,904 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **GEMINI**: In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social but is actually sexual. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **GREASE**: A musical that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **I LOVE MY WIFE**: A rather simple-minded little study of attempted wife-swapping in Trenton, New Jersey, with some lively songs by Cy Coleman and with Lawrence-Hilton Jacobs at the head of a largely black cast. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **I'M GETTING MY ACT TOGETHER AND TAKING IT ON THE ROAD**: A night-club singer with strong feminist views celebrates her thirty-ninth birthday by auditioning her new act for her dismayed manager. This somewhat disappointing musical by Nancy Ford (score) and Gretchen Cryer (book and lyrics) was directed by Word Baker. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **MUMMENSCHANZ**: A merry evening of pantomime with three masked players. The masks are ingenious and surprising, and so are the ideas of this nimble troupe. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées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Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **OH! CALCUTTA!**: A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **THE PASSION OF DRACULA:** An unpretentious, entertaining adaptation (in the British manner) of Bram Stoker's old thriller. Bob Hall and David Richmond are the adapters. Peter Bennett is the commendable director. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **VANITIES:** In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

THE CIRCUS—Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey, in their hundred-and-ninth year, tenting on Eighth Avenue. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Tuesdays at 10:30 and 2:30; Wednesdays and Fridays at 1:30 and 7:30; Thursdays at 10:30 and 7:30; Saturdays at 10:30, 3, and 8; and Sundays at 1 and 5:30. Because of hockey playoffs, the evening performance on Thursday, May 3, will be cancelled. Closes Sunday, June 3.)

BEATLEMANIA—A multimedia and live-music program about the sixties, with four musicians doing thirty-seven songs written by John Lennon and Paul McCartney. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7—starting Wednesday, May 9, at 8—and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

VILLAGE LIGHT OPERA GROUP—Presenting Friml's "The Vagabond King." (Fashion Institute of Technology, 227 W. 27th St. Wednesday, May 2, and Friday, May 4, at 8; Saturday, May 5, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, May 6, at 2. For information about tickets, call 255-8235.)

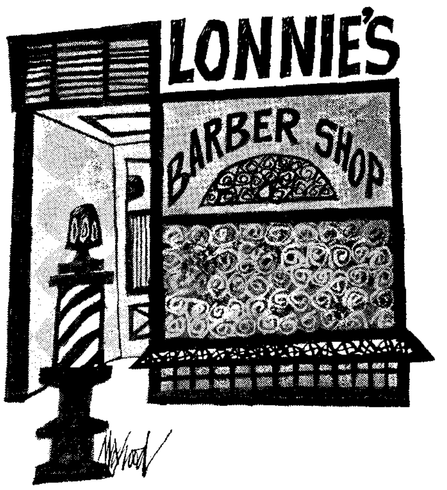
BLACK THEATRE FESTIVAL U.S.A./AN ARTS REVIVAL AT LINCOLN CENTER—A month-long festival celebrating black theatre, dance, and music. **MITZI E. NEWHOUSE THEATRE.** Wednesday, May 2, at 2:30 and 8: The Urban Arts Corps presenting "When Hell Freezes Over I'll Skate," Vinnette Carroll's musical entertainment based on the works of black poets. . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, May 3-4, at 8: The Detroit City Dance Company and the Rod Rodgers Dance Company. . . . ¶ Saturday, May 5, at 2:30 and 8, and Sunday, May 6, at 8: Karamu House from Cleveland in "Langston," a musical theatre piece about Langston Hughes. . . . ¶ Tuesday, May 8, at 8, and Wednesday, May 9, at 2:30 and 8: The International Afrikan American Ballet and the Copasetics. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 10, at 8: An Evening of Poetry, with Gwendolyn Brooks, Cynthia Belgrave, Hermene Hartman, and Joseph Mydell reading from their own works. . . . ¶ Friday, May 11, at 8; Saturday, May 12, at 2:30 and 8; and Sunday, May 13, at 8: The Richard Allen Center for Culture and Art presenting "Second Thoughts," a musical by Lamar Alford. . . . **NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY AT LINCOLN CENTER.** Sunday, May 6, at 4:30: A concert entitled "Roots," with Odetta, Oprah and Sweet Honey in the Rock, and Ladji Camara Music and Dance Ensemble. (For information about tickets, call 787-9310.)

DANCE

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Tentative schedule—Wednesday evening, May 2: "Interplay," "Valse-Fantaisie," "Apollo," and "The Four Seasons.". . . ¶ Thursday evening, May 3: "Interplay," "Pas de Deux," "Calcium Light Night," and "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2.". . . ¶ Friday evening, May 4: "Agon," "The Steadfast Tin Soldier," "Concerto Barocco," and "The Four Seasons.". . . ¶ Saturday matinée, May 5: "Swan Lake," "The Cage," "Other Dances," and "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2.". . . ¶ Saturday evening, May 5: "Swan Lake," "The Cage," "Valse-Fantaisie," and "Symphony in Three Movements.". . . ¶ Sunday matinée, May 6: "Agon," "The Steadfast Tin Soldier," "Concerto Barocco," and "Symphony in Three Movements.". . . ¶ Sunday evening, May 6: "Apollo," "Duo Concertant," "Calcium Light Night," and "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2.". . . ¶ Tuesday evening, May 8: A program that includes excerpts from three ballets—"Fancy Free," "Stars and Stripes," and "Who Cares?"—"Tarantella," "Interplay," and "Calcium Light Night." (A benefit performance; for tickets, call 877-7635.). . . ¶ Wednesday evening, May 9: "Concerto Barocco" and "Harlequinade.". . . ¶ Thursday evening, May 10: "Swan Lake," "The Cage," "Pas de Deux," and "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2.". . . ¶ Friday evening, May 11: "Swan Lake," "Apollo," "Duo Concertant," and "In G Major.". . . ¶ Saturday matinée, May 12: "Interplay," "Valse-Fantaisie," "Other Dances," and "Symphony in Three Movements.". . . ¶ Saturday evening, May 12: "In G Major," "The Steadfast Tin Soldier," "Sonatine," and "Symphony in C." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 877-4727. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, July 1.)

AMERICAN BALLET THEATRE—Wednesday and Thursday evenings, May 2-3: "The Sleeping Beauty.". . . ¶ Friday evening, May 4: "Les Sylphides," "Miss Julie," "Désir," and "Theme and Variations.". . . ¶ Saturday matinée, May 5: "Les Sylphides," "Contredances," and "Theme and Variations.". . . ¶ Saturday evening, May 5: "Shadowplay," "The Tiller in the Fields" (New York première), "Pas de Deux Holberg," and "Voluntaries.". . . ¶ Monday evening, May 7: "Les Sylphides," "Spartacus Pas de Deux," "The Tiller in the Fields," and "Voluntaries.". . . ¶ Tuesday evening, May 8: "Les Noces," "Three Preludes," "The Tiller in the Fields," and "Fancy Free.". . . ¶ Wednesday evening, May 9: "Les Noces," "Contredances," "Pas de Deux Holberg," and "The Leaves Are Fading.". . . ¶ Thursday evening, May 10: "Les Noces," "Other Dances," "The Tiller in the Fields," and "Fancy Free.". . . ¶ Friday evening, May 11, and Saturday matinée and evening, May 12: "The Nutcracker." (Metropolitan Opera House. 580-0830. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2. Through Saturday, June 9.)

ALVIN AILEY AMERICAN DANCE THEATRE—Opening performances of a three-week engagement that will run through Sunday, May 20—Wednesday evening, May 2 (a benefit performance; for tickets, call 921-8977): "Night Creature," "Fanga" (a solo work performed by Pearl Primus), "Butterfly," and "District Storyville" (company première). . . . ¶ Thursday evening, May 3: "Gazelle," "Fire Sermon" (company première), and "Suite Otis." . . . ¶ Friday evening, May 4: "Toccata," "Love Songs," "Tilt" (company première), and "Revelations.". . . ¶ Saturday matinée, May 5: "Streams," "Tilt," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, May 5: "Night Creature," "Love Songs," "Butterfly," and "District Storyville.". . . ¶ Sunday matinée, May 6: "Congo Tango Palace," "Reflections in D," "Toccata," "Gazelle," and "Revelations.". . . ¶ Sunday evening, May 6: "Streams," "Fire Sermon," and "Suite Otis.". . . ¶ Tuesday evening, May 8: "Flowers," "Myth," "The Time Before the Time After," and "Revelations.". . . ¶ Wednesday evening, May 9: "Streams," "Sunrise. . . Sunset," and "Suite Otis.". . . ¶ Thursday evening, May 10: "Night Creature," "Hobo Sapiens," "Tilt," and "Revelations.". . . ¶ Friday evening, May 11: "Masekela Langage," "Myth," "The Time Before the Time After," and "Suite Otis.". . . ¶ Saturday matinée, May 12: "Fire Sermon," "Tilt," and "District Storyville.". . . ¶ Saturday evening, May 12: "Night Creature," "Journey," "Flowers," and "Caravan." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)



BALLET HISPANICO OF NEW YORK—Final performances of a program of traditional dances of Spain, Latin America, and the Caribbean, as well as contemporary jazz-influenced works. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Friday and Saturday, May 4-5, at 8, and Sunday, May 6, at 2. For information about tickets, call 362-6710.)

DANCEMOBILE WEST SIDE FEST—The first four in a series of nine performances of a jazz-modern and African repertoire by eighteen companies which will run through Saturday, May 19. Monday, May 7: Alvin Ailey Repertory Dance Ensemble and Ladji Camara Music and Dance Ensemble. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 10: Contemporary Chamber Dance Group and Pepsi Bethel Authentic Jazz Dance Theatre. . . . ¶ Friday, May 11: Rod Rodgers Dance Company and International Afrikan American Ballet. . . . ¶ Saturday, May 12: Kariamu & Company and Chuck Davis Dance Company. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Evenings at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 860-8640.)

PEARL PRIMUS—With her company. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929. Thursday, May 10, and Saturday and Sunday, May 12-13, at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ALI'S ALLEY, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—A SoHo jazz club in the form of a ground-floor loft space. Pianist **WALTER DAVIS'S** trio is here through Saturday, May 5; guitarist Baird Hersey and his funk-jazz-rock group, the Year of the Ear, will perform Tuesday through Saturday, May 8-12. On Mondays, pianist **JAKI BYARD** leads the Apollo Stompers, an eighteen-piece band that shakes the room with sheer blow power. Music from ten.

BALLROOM, 458 West Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts. (673-9121)—On West Broadway, even the neighborhood liquor store exudes good design, and even the garbage on the sidewalks is artfully placed. Inside the white enamelledness of this cabaret, one will find singer Ruth Hastings through Thursday, May 3. Shows at eight-thirty and ten-thirty. Dining.

BEEFSTEAK CHARLIE'S, 55 Fifth Ave., at 12th St. (675-4720)—**TED CURSON**, who plays trumpet, flugelhorn, pocket trumpet, and—to signal his soloing sidemen—whistle, performs free jazz and straight-ahead hard bop with thoughtful energy. His between-song remarks are funny, clever, and not merely jazz-musician's jive. It remains a mystery why he is not famous. He is here with a quintet that features tenor saxophonist **NICK BRIGNOLA** Thursday through Sunday, May 3-6. Wednesday through Saturday, May 9-12, percussionist **RAY MANTILLA** will bring in a quintet that fea-

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

tures **JEREMY STEIG** on flute and **JOE CHAMBERS** on drums. Sets begin at nine and eleven Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, and at ten-thirty and twelve-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A safe but nonetheless admirable collection of popular music in a setting considerably more intimate than the Palladium, Avery Fisher Hall, or Madison Square Garden. **JUDY COLLINS** will sing before a sold-out house on Thursday, May 3; on Friday and Saturday, May 4-5, Lenny and Squiggy, two characters from the television series "Laverne and Shirley," will be present; on Sunday and Monday, May 6-7, Jan and Dean will sing, no doubt, their big hits from the sixties Top Forty ("Surf City," "Deadman's Curve," "The Little Old Lady from Pasadena," and others); on Tuesday, May 8, the San Francisco All-Stars, a group of Bay Area rock musicians that includes guitarist John Cipollina, will drop in; Wednesday and Thursday, May 9-10, percussionist **MONGO SANTAMARIA** and his Latin-jazz band will take over; and on Friday and Saturday, May 11-12, pianist **BILL EVANS** and his trio will perform. Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Dark wood panelling, driven conversationalists, and some of the very best pianists in jazz. Music from nine-thirty every night. Dining.

CACHAÇA, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—Jazz sambas and internationally influential compositions by Jobim, Gilberto, Bonfa, Gil, and others are performed here every night but Monday by a Brazilian trio and a vocalist. A lovely place to dance or, at least, practice one's Portuguese. Live music from eleven; before and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and, best of all, recorded music from Carnaval. Dining. Closed Mondays.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—In the Café Carlyle, **BOBBY SHORT** is singing and playing piano with his aides—drummer **GENE GAMMAGE** and bassist **BEVERLY PEER.** Non-disco interpretations of Coward, Gershwin, and Porter. Shows at ten and midnight Tuesdays through Saturdays. Dining. . . . ¶ In the Bemelmans Bar, **BARBARA CARROLL** does some strong piano work nightly, except Sundays, from nine-forty-five to twelve-forty-five.

CARNEGIE TAVERN, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—Quiet and elegant, **ELLIS LARKINS** slips onto the piano bench and plays in his delicate, understated way. Nightly, except Sundays, from eight until midnight. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—CBGB's (as it is affectionately called by its patrons and by admirers of new-wave, formerly known as punk, rock), the Tin Palace (see below), and a few other restaurants and new-wave outposts have given fresh life to the Bowery. The bands: on Wednesday, May 2, the Marbles and the Tickets; on Thursday, May 3, Jimmy Angel & the Wise and Broken Hearts; on Friday and Saturday, May 4-5, the Rudies. Mondays and Tuesdays tend to be showcase nights. Shows nightly from nine-thirty.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**ALBERTA HUNTER** is not only a legendary blues singer but also a funny, rocking, and altogether delightful entertainer. She's present Tuesdays through Saturdays, starting at eight-thirty, with pianist Gerald Cook and bassist Jimmy Lewis, and she sings her own compositions, some of which are recent and some of which go back to 1922. Stride pianist and occasional singer **BROOKS KERR** and his bassist, **AL HALL,** claim the Sunday and Monday slots, and begin at eight. Dining.

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CRAWDADDY, Vanderbilt Ave. at 45th St. (687-1860)—A bustling taste-of-New Orleans restaurant. Bebop trumpeter **RED RODNEY** is on the *stand with a trio Mondays through Fridays* from six to eleven. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

DAVID K'S, 1115 Third Ave., at 65th St. (371-9090)—**HUGH SHANNON,** the international café-society singer and pianist, holds court in the carpeted lounge of this restaurant Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to two.

DOWNEY'S, 705 Eighth Ave., at 44th St. (757-0186)—In the green-tartan-carpeted backroom of this steakhouse, composer **ARTHUR SIEGEL** has set up his own entirely charming version of Show Tunes 101. Mr. Siegel, who sings and plays the piano, presents such a warm, intelligent, likable personality that one almost wishes he were part of one's family. On a recent evening (with only six people present, regrettably), Mr. Siegel, a keenly professional entertainer without a trace of self-indulgence, sang a slew of medleys—medleys from the "New Faces" shows (Mr. Siegel wrote "Monotonous" and "Love Is a Simple Thing" for the 1952 show); medleys of songs with the word "love" as a pivot; medleys of Jerome Kern songs; and a Depression medley. Mr. Siegel's performances begin at nine-thirty and eleven Mondays through Saturdays.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—A businesslike traditional-jazz sextet occupies the bandstand weeknights from nine-thirty. On Sunday, May 6, from eight-thirty, pianist **JOHN BUNCH** will lead a quintet. Dining.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Parquet floors and mirrored-and-brown-velvet walls are all that is left from this new downstairs jazz club's disco past. Flugelhornist **ART FARMER** heads a quartet through Saturday, May 5; Tuesday through Saturday, May 8-12, saxophonist **DAVE LIEBMAN** will work with trumpeter **RANDY BRECKER,** bassist **RON MCCLURE,** pianist **RICHIE BEIRACH,** and drummer **AL FOSTER.** Music Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Guitarist **JOE PUMA,** pianist **HOD O'BRIEN,** and bassist **FRANK LUTHER** (on Friday and Saturday, May 11-12, **JAY LEONHART** will replace him) play standards and O'Brien compositions, and they also support conscientious vocal work by Alicia Sherman. They're here Wednesdays through Sundays from ten to three; on Sundays, Mr. O'Brien and Miss Sherman get a head start at seven. Mondays from ten belong to guitarist **ATTILA ZOLLER,** pianist **DON FRIEDMAN,** and bassist **HARVIE SWARTZ,** and Tuesdays to guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** and a trio. Weeknights, Loumell Morgan and Morris Edwards hold sessions from seven to ten.

HORS D'OEUVRERIE, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—Unobstructed views of the Manhattan-Brooklyn bridges, the Staten Island ferry circuit, and the Rockaways. Inside, the **MARTY NAPOLEON** trio plays for listening and dancing from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. Pianist Emme Kemp alternates with them after nine-thirty.

HURRAH, 36 W. 62nd St. (541-4909)—Probably the most comfortable place to hear—and dance to—new-wave rock bands. Taped rock and roll is played between sets and before eleven-thirty. (Sneakers are more in than platform shoes here.) The lineup: on Wednesday, May 2, Tin Huey and the Bees; on Thursday, May 3, Nervous Rex and the D-ceats; on Friday, May 4, the Mumps and the Marbles; on Saturday and Sunday, May 5-6, Rob Stoner (who is old wave) and Single Bullet Theory; on Wednesday, May 9, the Bloodless Pharaohs; and on Friday, May 11, the Student Teachers. Live music every night from eleven-thirtyish; taped music from about nine.

JAZZMANIA SOCIETY, 14 E. 23rd St., on the fourth floor. (477-3077)—All one has to do here is take a seat or stretch out on the pillow furniture on the floor, and jazz musicians—competent unknowns or established veterans—take up their instruments and play. And if, for some reason, one doesn't like the living-room atmosphere, there are tables in the back, and even a bar, where one can order snacks and soft drinks. The established visiting performers will be tenor saxophonist **JUNIOR COOK,** on Friday and Saturday, May 4-5, and French-horn player **JOHN CLARK,** on Friday and Saturday, May 11-12. Music Wednesdays through Saturdays from nine; Sundays from eight-thirty.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—**ROY ELDRIDGE** is buoyed by five resident Dixieland journeymen Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Mondays, Max Kaminsky leads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs yet another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

KNICKERBOCKER SALOON, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—**JUNIOR MANCE,** an insistently bluesy and flowery pianist, works with bassist **GENE TAYLOR** Tuesdays through Saturdays from ten. Dining.

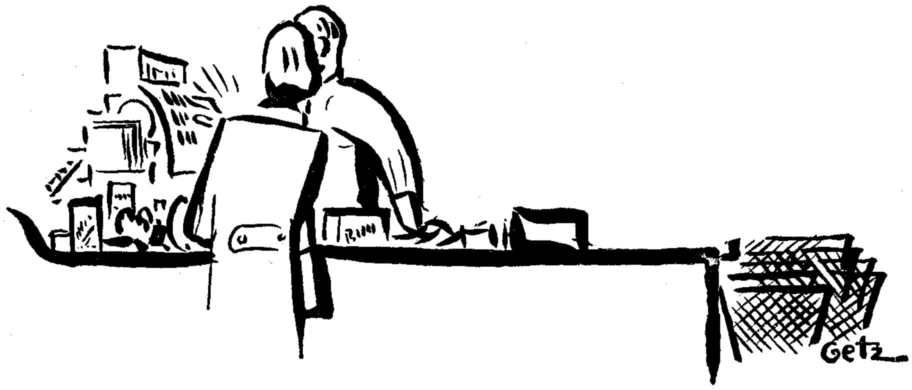
LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—A club that draws genuine, if transplanted, Texans; cowboy-booted New Yorkers; and Chicago-blues, Delta-blues, and rhythm-and-blues enthusiasts. Rock-and-roll pioneer **BO DIDDLEY** sings with his band through Thursday, May 3; on Monday, May 7, British folkie Ian Matthews will pay a visit; Wednesday, May 9, will be devoted to the live-wire Chicago bluesman **JAMES COTTON;** and on Thursday, May 10, country singer **FREDDY FENDER** will be present. Sundays are Kinky Friedman evenings of folk music and black humor. Music weeknights from nine-fifteen to three, and Sundays from eight-thirty to two.

MARTY'S, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—A dark, clubby-looking room, with heavy furniture, chandeliers, a picture-window view of a garden, and **JOE WILLIAMS,** the former Count Basie vocalist who is one of the best popular singers around. Sets begin at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, Mondays through Saturdays. Dining.

MAX'S KANSAS CITY, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—Rock and roll from, for the most part, the extremist fringe. (See also CBGB and Hurrah, above.) Shows begin usually long after ten-thirty.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Jonathan Schwartz, disco jockey, novelist, singer, and son (of composer Arthur Schwartz), has settled in for a couple of weeks. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen to one. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes. Dining. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A well-attended, well-run upper West Side night club. Conga whiz **RAY BARRETTO** and



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Most people think the term "sun block" means no tan at all. No summer glow. Spoilsport.

Not true. With a good sun block, you can tan if you want to. The point of sun block is something else: it protects skin against the burning radiation of the sun—which, dermatologists say, is the one factor most responsible when skin looks older than its years.

Aging by time is one thing. No one can stop that. But why hurry it? You can protect yourself against accelerated aging of appearance. And there's no more vital way to do this than to de-activate the sun's burning rays. That's the function of Clinique Sun Block.

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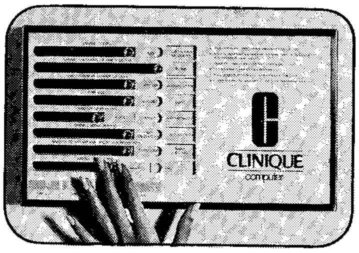
With Clinique Sun Block, you can tan. Slowly. Gently. Chance of peeling is far, far less. The sun's aging effects are retarded.

Your tan will look better longer. So will your skin.



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his fine, enthusiastic young sidemen will be on hand Thursday through Saturday, May 10-12. Music from ten to two. Dining.

One Fifth Avenue, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (260-3434)—**AL HAIG**, one of the earliest and still one of the best bop pianists, works with a bassist Tuesdays through Thursdays and Saturdays and Sundays from nine-fifteen until two. On Mondays and Fridays, the Downtown Blue Blowers, a traditional sextet that features drummer **FREDDIE MOORE**, takes over. Dining.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Part of Bleecker Street may be under renovation, but the brick walls here still look the same. The **WIDESPREAD DEPRESSION ORCHESTRA**, a youthful ten-piece swing band that is to appear in the Newport Jazz Festival this year, performs on Wednesday, May 2; Thursday through Saturday, May 3-5, folkie **GEORGE GERDES** will sing with his band; and on Friday and Saturday, May 11-12, singer and guitarist Robert Hunter will be here with his band. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays, at nine and midnight. Snacks.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—An Art Deco playroom on the sixty-fifth floor. **SY OLIVER**, who did wonders as chief arranger for the Jimmy Lunceford band of the thirties, does pretty well with his bouncy dance septet Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Singer **THELMA CARPENTER** is in residence for the eleven-thirty show Tuesdays through Sundays; and beginning Tuesday, May 8, **BLOSSOM DEARIE** will do the nine-o'clock show. Dining.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—**YUSEF LATEEF**, a jazz and R. & B. flutist and, lately, singer, will lead his quartet Thursday through Sunday, May 3-6; on Tuesday and Wednesday, May 8-9, **DENISE DELAPENHA**, who sings fine versions of Brazilian popular songs, will work with her band; and on Thursday, May 10, pianist **HILTON RUIZ** will arrive with tenor saxophonist **PHAROAH SANDERS**, bassist **REGGIE WORKMAN**, and drummer **IDRIS MUHAMMAD**. Music from ten to two. Dining. Closed Mondays.

StoryTowne, 41 E. 58th St. (755-1640)—Tony Williams and the Platters are singing here Thursday through Saturday, May 3-5. Music from about ten.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Tenor saxophonist **BILLY HARPER** heads up his quintet through Saturday, May 5; on Tuesday, May 8, bluesy alto saxophonist Lou Donaldson will come in with a quartet. Sundays belong to drummer Abdul Zahir Batin's Notorious Ensemble, and Mondays to saxophonist Ronnie Cuber. Music from about ten. Dining.

Tin Palace, 325 Bowery, at 2nd St. (674-9115)—A relaxed room that attracts both musicians and listeners. On Wednesday, May 2, bassist Bob Cunningham is in charge of a quartet; tenor saxophonist **DEWEY REDMAN'S** quartet will be present Thursday through Sunday, May 3-6; on Monday, May 7, pianist **RONNIE MATTHEWS** will drop by; Wednesday and Thursday, May 9-10, have been set aside for pianist **KENNY BARRON** and his quartet; and on Friday, May 11, saxophonist **GARY BARTZ** will bring in a quintet. Music every night after ten. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—**STORMIN' NORMAN & SUZY**—Norman Zamcheck and Suzy Williams, a cheerful ragtime and rock duo—performs at ten and midnight on Fridays and Saturdays and at nine and eleven on Sundays. Dining.

Trax, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—A record-industry hangout and rock-and-roll showcase for up-and-coming rock bands, although sometimes established performers will drop by, too. Shows nightly at midnight and two, usually. Dining.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—In the large downstairs room, **OTIS RUSH** and his Chicago-blues quartet will move in on Friday, May 4, for a week-long visit (except on Monday, May 7). Opposite Rush on Fridays and Saturdays will be trumpeter Hugh Masekela's quintet. Shows at ten and midnight. Tuesdays, jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** leads a trio on the Terrace, from nine to midnight. On Sundays, in the Top of the Gate, Bob January guides a dance band from seven to eleven.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Trumpeter and composer **WOODY SHAW** leads his quintet through Sunday, May 6; on Tuesday, May 8, pianist **BARRY HARRIS** will bring in a quartet. Mondays are lately claimed by the **MEL LEWIS JAZZ ORCHESTRA**, a seventeen-piece organization that bears a striking resemblance to the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis big band, except for the absence of Thad Jones (who is spending much of his time in Copenhagen, working with the Danish Radio Orchestra) as leader and on trumpet. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—Mondays through Wednesdays are assigned to pianist Sonelius Smith, who plays in a variety of overlapping styles—he can coast like a cocktail pianist or noodle like Keith Jarrett or attack like Cecil Taylor. Armen Donelian usually has the Thursday-through-Sunday shift at the keyboard. Music begins at eight.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A hamburger retreat for students and a nightly stage for aging swing musicians who can still swing. **CLYDE BERNHARDT'S** Harlem Blues and Jazz Band works through Sunday, May 6; Tuesday through Thursday, May 8-10, **EDDIE DURHAM** will lead the Kansas City 4; and on Friday and Saturday, May 11-12, guitarist Snags Allen will perform with a quartet. Bebop pianist Joe Albany is the Monday-night attraction. The music begins about nine.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Dizzy Gillespie and the CBA Ensemble—Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, May 2, at 8.

Old-Time Country Music Festival—Final performances—Friday, May 4, at 8:30: Ola Belle Reed & Family and Arm & Hammer String Band. . . . ¶ Saturday, May 5, at 8:30: Kyle Creed and the Sullivan Family. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

Arthur Blythe and **Hilton Ruiz**—Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Friday and Saturday, May 4-5, at 11.

Boomtown Rats—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Saturday, May 5, at 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.

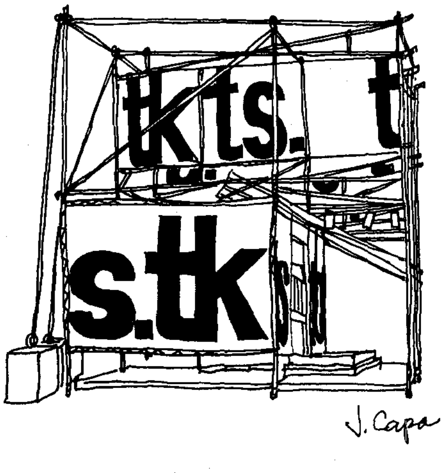
New Barbarians—Keith Richards, Ron Wood, and others. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Monday, May 7, at 8.)

Chet Atkins—Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Thursday, May 10, at 8.

Graham Parker & the Rumour—With Susan. (Palladium. Friday, May 11, at 8.)

Art Ensemble of Chicago and **Charlie Haden and Don Pullen**—Public Theatre. Friday and Saturday, May 11-12, at 11.

Van Halen—With Robert Fleishman. (Palladium. Saturday, May 12, at 8.)



ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Carol Anthony—New works, including stark adobe interiors and flat New Mexican landscapes. Through Saturday, May 5. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St.)

Carroll Cloar—Cottonfields, a baptism, a family gathering, and other paintings recalling the artist's boyhood in the South, where he still lives and paints, in Memphis. Through Thursday, May 10. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Robert De Niro / Guy Pène du Bois (1884-1958)—Oils and monotypes of figures and interiors. Through May 25. / Oil paintings, mostly of well-heeled, prominent-looking people taking their ease, plus a few landscapes and a scattering of drawings. Through Saturday, May 12. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Niki de Saint Phalle—A new crop of her gaudily painted sculptural fantasies, which she now casts in polyester. Many of the pieces are maquettes for enormous works, on the scale of her celebrated "Nanas." Through May 23. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Raoul Dufy (1877-1953)—Sixty pencil drawings on view for the first time. Through June 9. (A. M. Adler, 21 E. 67th St.)

John A. Giordano—Large abstract works on paper, and geometric sculptures. Through Saturday, May 5. (Cucalón, 145 E. 72nd St. Opens at noon.)

Anthony Green—This artist uses distorted perspective the way a photographer might use a wide-angle lens—to show an entire room. In this case, the rooms are settings for paintings of his mother and other members of his family. Through Saturday, May 5. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

Gillian Jagger—Recent sculptures by a Conceptualist. Through May 26. (Lerner-Heller, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

Maria Cooper Janis—Recent paintings of abstract and not so abstract seascapes, some of them seen from far above. Through Saturday, May 5. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Wolf Kahn—Oil landscapes that carry Impressionism to the verge of sentimentality but never overstep the line. Through May 17. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Ellsworth Kelly—A half dozen or so recent paintings in a show that is running concurrently with one at the Metropolitan Museum. Through May 25. (Blum Helman, 13 E. 75th St.)

Paul Klee (1879-1940)—Fifty-four drawings, watercolors, and oils, which are about as disparate as can be, yet all bear the unmistakable stamp of the master who made them. The occasion is the centennial of Klee's birth. Through May 19. (Saidenberg, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Opens at 1 on Saturdays.)

Howard Newman—Sculptured creatures from a strange, sleek middle world, half mechanical and half flesh and blood, plus related drawings. This show, which closes June 2, will be the last exhibition at this location for the gallery; its lease expires in August, and the landlord, Sotheby Parke Bernet, is taking over the space. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Jules Olitski—Recent paintings in which the artist has built up ripples in the solid-color acrylic surface of the composition. Through Thursday, May 10. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

Judith Ornstein—Working on large areas of Mylar, this artist pencils in several versions of the same abstract composition and then accents them variously with oil sticks of different colors. Through May 17. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Karen Shaw—Sentences based on a code devised by the artist, collaged and hand-colored on bank statements, ledgers, and receipts. Through Saturday, May 5. (Urdang, 23 E. 74th St.)

Linda Sokolowski—Upstate countryside and

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memories of scenes in Italy are combined in these rather Gothic-looking landscapes, some done in an oil wash with pastel on paper, and some in oil on canvas. There are also several stylized portraits and figure drawings. Through Saturday, May 12. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

John Storrs (1885-1956)—Paintings, drawings, and sculptures from the thirties. Through May 26. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Group Shows—At the **findlay**, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Works on paper by Philip Mullen, whose abstracts are made up of paint strokes that resemble knitting; by Cynthia Mollod, who adds collage to her pastel drawings; and by Paul Vásquez, who does abstracts in watercolor. Through Saturday, May 12. . . . **ingber**, 3 E. 78th St.: Paintings and sculptures by six artists, James Brooks and Judith Godwin among them. Through May 16. . . . **lubin house**, 11 E. 61st St.: Fifteen works in clay (by such artists as Helen Frankenthaler, Anthony Caro, and Kenneth Noland) produced at Syracuse University's Clay Institute. Through June 26. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays). . . . **perls**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: An oil painting on wood by Braque, a painting of Cuban horsemen by Pascin, Archipenko's carved-marble sculpture "Two Women," and a number of other works by Europeans who worked in the early part of this century. Through June 16.

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

James Bishop—Paintings and drawings. Through May 26. (Droll-Kolbert, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Marc Chagall—Recent works in oil, acrylic, and tempera. Through June 2. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.)

William Copley—A series called "Variations on a Theme by Francis Picabia," by this surrealist. Through May 26. (Iolas, 52 E. 57th St.)

Piero Dorazio—Abstract paintings. Through Saturday, May 5. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Alan Eaker—Wall pieces in which six or eight interconnected rectangular empty black frames seem to be angling out into the room. Except for one small section, though, which does protrude an inch or so, it is all a trick of perspective. Through June 2. (Getler-Pall, 50 W. 57th St.)

Antonio Frasconi—A leading woodblock artist showing recent prints as well as twenty of his limited-edition books, which are displayed in cases. One of the books, for example, contains a Bertolt Brecht song and seventeen illustrative woodcuts. Through Friday, May 11. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Edward Giobbi—New abstract oils. Through Saturday, May 5. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

Nancy Goldring—This artist superimposes a photograph of a window seen from the outside over a drawing of the same window, and then photographs the ensemble. Through Saturday, May 5. (Gladstone-Villani, 38 E. 57th St.)

Maurice Golubov—Abstract paintings and works on paper, the earliest dating from 1929 and the latest dated 1978, by this Russian-born pioneer modernist, now in his seventies, who was a friend of Mondrian. Through Thursday, May 10. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

John Gundelfinger—Recent paintings of the Delaware River Valley. Also collages. Through May 17. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

Richard Hunt—Abstract metal sculptures. Through May 18. (Dorsky, 4 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Yvonne Jacquette—"Night Paintings" done from a great height—the East River, Belfast harbor, and the Flatiron Building intersection among them. Through Saturday, May 5. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

Patricia Johanson—Blueprint-like drawings of houses whose floor plans take the form of orchids, insects, and animals. Through Saturday, May 5. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

Ethel Magafan—Preparatory works for a Civil War mural that the artist has designed for the National Military Park, in Fredericksburg, Virginia. Through June 8. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

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Jud Nelson—Six Popsicles (one of which has begun to melt) exactly duplicated in marble. Through Saturday, May 12. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

David Reed—Recent abstract paintings in which a solid-color square (usually blue) is contrasted with long, attenuated horizontal brushstrokes, in which the path of each bristle shows. Through Saturday, May 5. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

Rembrandt—Thirty-seven etched portraits, eleven of them self-portraits. Through June 16. (Donson, 38 E. 57th St.)

Milton Resnick—Two shows by an abstract artist: Large canvases, about half of them covered with a dense screen of painted vegetation, and about half of them—the Edna Series—caked over with what looks like an inch of stygian pigment. Through Saturday, May 12. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.) . . . ¶ Six dark-toned paintings from the Elephant Series. Through Saturday, May 5. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

Risa—Steel sculptures about three feet high that are lacquered white and pleated in a way that suggests folding screens. Through Saturday, May 5. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Thomas Rose—Thirteen constructions (free-standing and wall pieces), some full scale, some small scale. Through Saturday, May 12. (Truman, 38 E. 57th St.)

Jan Sawka—Imaginative paintings and drawings by a Polish artist, lately arrived in this country, who is best known for his posters and, more recently, for his Op-Ed-page cartoons in the *Times*. First one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, May 12. (Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St.)

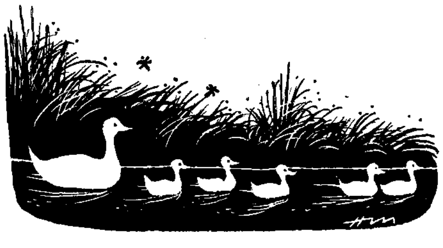
David Sharpe—Large, fresh-looking landscapes by an artist who uses conventional signs of his own invention for geographical features—river courses, escarpments, cultivated land, rolling hills, and so on. Through May 19. (Pam Adler, 50 W. 57th St.)

Tom Wesselmann—Enormously blown-up studies of women's faces and breasts, and a couple of additions to his Great American Nudes, suntanned except where the bikinis were. The pièce de résistance is a sort of environment with a self-portrait, hanging tall and loose, to one side, and a gigantic woman's face and a gigantic flower in the foreground. Through June 1. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Richard Yarde—A collection of large watercolors from the Apartment Series, in which we are permitted homey glimpses into the past of this Boston-born artist. Through May 18. (Long, 7 W. 57th St.)

Wilfred Zogbaum (1915-65)—Cheerful-looking sculptures, some abstract and some fairly representational. Through Saturday, May 5. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **alonzo**, 30 W. 57th St.: Two group shows—works in many mediums, chiefly by the gallery regulars (through June 9), and photographs by five artists (through June 2). . . . **kennedy**, 40 W. 57th St.: The works (usually one each) of forty-four American artists, starting with Charles Willson Peale's 1792 portrait of David Gelston and ending with a new painting by Jack Levine.



In between: Demuth, Luks, Marin, Baskin, among others. Through May 26.

GALLERIES—SoHo

Bruce Boice—Large geometric abstract paintings. Through Saturday, May 5. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Jack Bosson—Lyrical abstractions. Through May 19. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

Walter De Maria—"The Broken Kilometer" is the title of a work composed of five hundred solid cylindrical brass rods that would measure a kilometer if they were placed end to end. They are not. Through June 2. (Friedrich, 393 West Broadway. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 8; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Howard Goldstein—Colorful geometric abstract paintings seen as if through the slats of a Venetian blind. Through Thursday, May 10. (Westbroadway, 431 West Broadway.)

Ron Kleemann—Photo-Realist paintings of a huge, gleaming truck cab; an Indianapolis Speedway wrecker; a rock group (the Bay City Rollers) descending from a private plane; and a silk screen of a worn-looking Mustang fighter plane. Through May 26. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

Diane Kurz—Large-scale portraits, mostly of nude couples. Through Thursday, May 10. (Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. Opens at noon.)

Raymond Loewy—Drawings, graphics, and technical designs (some of them for spacecraft) by the great streamliner, whose ideas paved the way for the streamlining of practically everything, from flatirons to refrigerators. Through May 13. (Jack, 138 Prince St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

Malcolm Morley—Cataclysms by the yard, painted with a sort of naive expressionist touch. One large work, "Day of the Locust," depicts the fictional disaster that hit Los Angeles; another is entitled "The Grand Bayonet Charge of the Legionnaires in the Sahara." Through May 31. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

William Nichols / Idelle Weber—Huge paintings in which tangled vegetation—weeds, flowers, vines—is reproduced with full attention to every stem, every blade of grass, every shadow. / Gutter detritus—beer cans, discarded appliances, wrapping paper, busted wheels—painted with similar exactitude but in more vivid colors. Through May 19. (O. K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

John Opie—Pleasant Valley, Pennsylvania, is the home of this artist, who has painted the supermarkets, the drive-ins, and the people there. Through Wednesday, May 9. (Bowery, 135 Greene St. Opens at noon.)

Halina Rusak—Paintings (of flowers and figures in repeat patterns) meant to be reminiscent of East European folk textiles. Through May 16. (SoHo 20, 99 Spring St. Opens at noon.)

Joel Shapiro—This sculptor is well known for his small, solid, geometric floor pieces cast in bronze; this time out, it is small, solid, geometric *wall* pieces made of wood—sometimes painted and sometimes raw. Through Saturday, May 12. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Alexis Smith—Four serial works, each of which incorporates, on sheets of colored paper, passages from Thomas Mann's "Magic Mountain" and found-object collage elements that refer to the novel. Through Saturday, May 12. (Holly Solomon, 392 West Broadway.)

Architectural Drawings—Visionary proposals for dealing with city life by celebrated architects from all over the world—Gropius, Mies, Kahn, Mendelsohn, Soleri, Fuller, Kikutake. The end of the hall is dominated by four huge Le Corbusier sketches. Through Saturday, May 5. (The Drawing Center, 137 Greene St. Open Mondays; open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

Group Show—An exhibit of conceptual works by Chris Burden, Les Levine, and Thomas Shannon. Through May 26. (Feldman, 420 West Broadway.)

Sculpture—Geometric wall pieces with architectural overtones made of numerous layers of chemically treated paper daubed with acrylics and cut to suit by Larry Brown; and what look like antiquated hand tools (saws, chisels, augers, carding forks) salvaged from a barn sale, exactly reproduced in wood by

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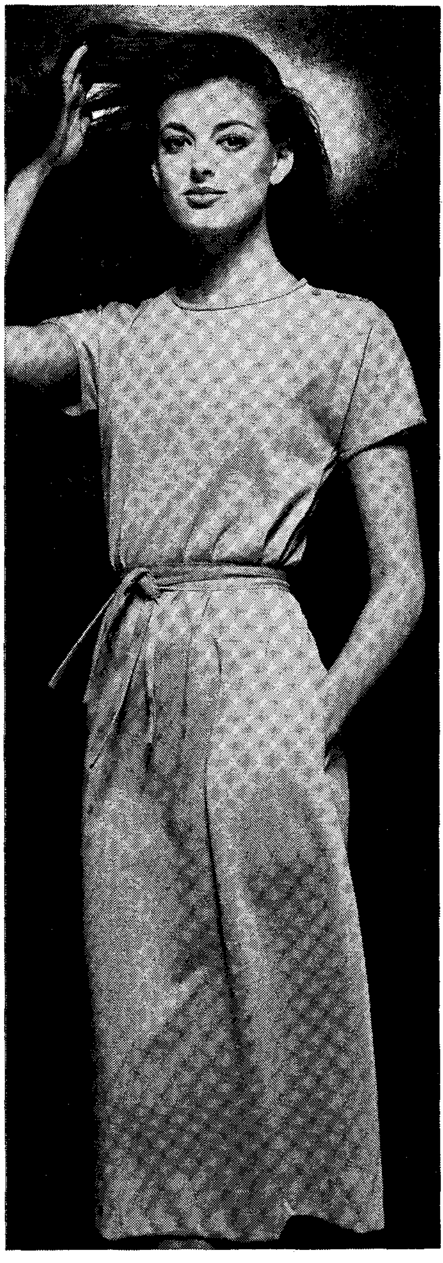

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Alan Kessler. Through May 19. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Japan Today—Everything but the kitchen hibachi. Briefly, this week: a photography symposium at the International Center of Photography (May 5), crafts and kite-flying at the Bronx Zoo (May 4-6), a lecture on the use of Japanese herbs in cooking at the Brooklyn Botanic Garden (May 6), a Kabuki play performed in English at Japan House (May 12). Ongoing exhibits include the following: **Japan House,** 333 E. 47th St.: An exhibit of a hundred items used by tea masters of the past four hundred and fifty years, together with the tea ceremony itself, which customarily lasts forty minutes and can be observed, by reservation (inquire at the entrance), every day at 11:30 and 2:30. (Hours: Daily, 11 to 5, and Friday evenings until 7:30.) . . . **Cooper-Hewitt Museum,** Fifth Ave. at 91st St.: Prints, sword guards, and stencils from the museum's collections. (Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.) . . . **New York Public Library,** Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.: A show centered on Japanese technology which includes a catalogue of kimono patterns from 1696 and a 1978 videotape unit. . . . ¶ An exhibit called "Three Centuries of Japanese Prints." (Hours: Mondays through Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 6.) . . . **Brooklyn Museum,** Eastern Parkway: A show of Japanese prints and paintings of birds and flowers. . . . ¶ A display of the museum's collection of Japanese ceramics, which date from the Stone Age to the present. (Hours: Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.) . . . **Brooklyn Botanic Garden,** 1000 Washington Ave.: The bonsai collection. (Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 4; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 4.) . . . **International Center of Photography,** 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: Two hundred photographs of contemporary Japan by nineteen photographers. (Hours: Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 5.)

Janet Culbertson—Five large drawings (six feet by eight) of animals and scenes from nature. Also smaller drawings of rock formations. Through May 25. (Interart, 549 W. 52nd St. Opens at noon Mondays through Fridays.)

Linda Francis / Cristos Gianakos—New abstract geometric paintings and drawings. / Ramps constructed out of wood, Sheetrock, and Masonite. Through Saturday, May 5. (Bromm, 90 West Broadway, at Chambers St. Opens at 1.)

Yasuo Kuniyoshi (1889-1953)—Twenty-seven pencil drawings, some of them the precursors of full-scale paintings, and several of them centered on his distinctive triangular-headed cows. Through Saturday, May 5. (Sragow, 43 Fifth Ave., at 11th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Louis Comfort Tiffany (1848-1933)—A show that concentrates on the realist paintings of the designer. There are landscapes of New Jersey and Long Island as well as scenes from his travels to North Africa. Through Saturday, May 12. (Grey Art Gallery, New York University, Washington Pl., just east of Washington Sq. Tuesdays and Thursdays, 10 to 6:30; Wednesdays, 10 to 8:30; Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Tom Millea—Palladium prints of landscapes and nudes. Through Friday, May 4. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Suzanne Seed / Martial Westburg—Manipulated prints. / Group portraits—the 1924 graduating class at Exeter, the officers and crew of the U.S.S. Mount Vernon in 1918—with a difference. The difference is that the photographer has drawn identical mustaches and rimmed glasses on each face. Through Saturday, May 12. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Giorgio Sommer—Sharply defined landscapes and architectural views made by a German-born Italian photographer in the eighteen-sixties and seventies. Through Saturday, May 5. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St.)

Group Shows—At the **Museum of the City of New York,** Fifth Ave. at 104th St.: A survey of two hundred photographs of New York City which ranges from the mid-nineteenth century to the present. Through June 17. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) . . . **Witkin,** 41 E. 57th St.: This gallery is celebrating its tenth anniversary with a big show (a hundred and fifty prints) by big names (fifty photographers are included). Through Saturday, May 5.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A show of Ellsworth Kelly's recent works, including eight monochromatic paintings on shaped canvases, a series of black-and-white paintings, and wall and floor sculptures. Through June 24. A complementary show is at the Blum Helman Gallery, 13 E. 75th St. . . . ¶ An exhibit of sixty-four sixteenth-century Italian drawings from the Lehman Collection. Through June 17. . . . ¶ Rembrandt etchings and drawings illustrating scenes from the Bible. Through June 10. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Two shows of illustrated books: "The Donkey and the Darling" has lithographs by Larry Rivers and a text by Terry Southern; "The Blue Guitar" consists of twenty etchings by David Hockney, who was inspired by Wallace Stevens' poem "Man with Blue Guitar." Through July 3. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—"The Planar Dimension: Europe 1912-1932" is an exhibit that examines the synthesis of painting and sculpture in works of art on more than one plane. Picasso, Archipenko, Calder, Lissitzky, and others are represented. Through Sunday, May 6. . . . ¶ A show of thirty-five works by Piet Mondrian, dating mostly from the twenties and thirties. Through Sunday, May 6. . . . ¶ A selection of paintings by artists who worked in France in the first half of this century, among them Matisse, Gris, Villon, and Picabia. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—The retrospective show of Cy Twombly contains forty-five abstractionist paintings and forty drawings dated 1954 to 1977. Through June 10. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 9, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Downtown Museum, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—Constructions by four artists: Christo, Joseph Cornell, Lucas Samaras, and H. C. Westermann. Through May 23. (Open Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A retrospective of the paintings, reliefs, and drawings of Ben Nicholson. Through May 13. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A show of art and artifacts from Pompeii. For information about tickets and hours, call 999-7777.

American Craft Museum, 44 W. 53rd St.—"New Handmade Furniture" is the opening show for this museum, which used to be known as the Museum of Contemporary Crafts. On exhibit will be more than forty chairs, tables, and some less conventional objects made from a variety of woods (ebony, zebrawood, maple, ash, poplar), which have been carved, steam-bent, laminated, veneered, and inlayed with metals. Starts Thursday, May 3. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—A show of seventy-three Indian miniature paintings, dating from 1600 to 1660, whose subjects are birds and flowers, landscapes, historical events, and figures. Through June 10. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—A show of eighty-two objects that date from the Han dynasty (206 B.C. to 220 A.D.), including painted tiles, stone carvings, dressing-table

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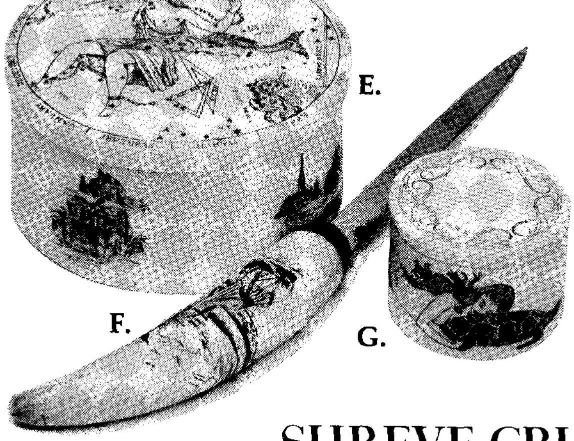

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

items, bronze vases, and, among the *ming ch'i*, models of horses, acrobats, dragons, and houses. Through May 27. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5. Extra hours: Wednesday and Thursday, May 2-3, the gallery will permit visitors until 8 P.M.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A selection of porcelains from the museum's collections includes some very early Chinese examples and some choice eighteenth-century pieces, such as part of a Meissen swan service designed for Count von Brühl; pieces from a Sèvres service made for Madame Du Barry; and Chelsea plates. Through May 13. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

FRICK COLLECTION, 1 E. 70th St.—A loan show of sixty-three drawings by Fragonard, together with the Frick's own series of Fragonard's oils, "The Progress of Love." Through June 3. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—"Michelangelo and His World," a show of forty-one drawings by the artist on loan from the British Museum. Also, Renaissance drawings and documents, among them letters by Michelangelo and drawings by Raphael, Andrea del Sarto, and Parmigianino. Through July 28. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Dolls, dolls, more dolls. There's the Shirley Temple doll, the Mr. Magoo doll, the Lyndon Johnson doll, the Queen-Elizabeth-in-her-wedding-dress doll, porcelain dolls from France, wax dolls from England—seven hundred dolls. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—A show of acquisitions from the past twenty-five years includes a coffee pot designed by the Colonial silversmith Peter Van Dyck; a pine chest (1810) decorated with a medallion depicting Robert Fulton, one of his steamships, and the first steam passenger train in America; and Audubon's watercolor "California Condor." (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but video, electronics, dance, and so on.)

FRANKLIN FURNACE, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.—Mask Transit (performance group working with masks), Thursday, May 3, at 8:30; Sharon Mattlin (performance), Tuesday, May 8, at 8:30; Mary Nell Hawk and the Bowery Bum-ettes Repertory Ensemble (performance with props), Thursday, May 10, at 8:30; Eileen Berger (photographs) and Scott Johnson (sound installation), through Friday, May 4.

THE KITCHEN, 484 Broome St. 925-3615. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.—Two programs of films by contemporary artists, Wednesday and Thursday, May 2-3, at 8:30; Beth Anderson & Michael Sahl (music), Saturday, May 5, at 8:30; Jerome Cooper (music), Saturday, May 12, at 8:30; Robert Longo (painted cast-aluminum reliefs, and drawings), through May 19; Ed Bowes (sixty-minute videotape), through May 19; "The Record as Artwork," an exhibit of more than a hundred and fifty records and record covers produced by such artists as Duchamp, Schwitters, and Beuys, through May 19.

PROJECT STUDIOS ONE, 46-01 21st St., Long Island City. 784-2084. Exhibition hours: Thursdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.—A group exhibition called the "Altered Photograph," which features works rélated to photography, and a large number of individual exhibits are on view through June 10.

U.S. CUSTOM HOUSE, Bowling Green at the foot of Broadway. Exhibition hours: Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 6.—Sixteen artists will be exhibiting works they have created for this building space. Also, dance, music, and other business—performance art—Wednesdays through Fridays at 12:30, and Sundays at 3. Starts Thursday, May 3.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Avery Fisher Hall is 874-2424, for Carnegie Hall 247-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

BRONX OPERA COMPANY—Two performances of Mozart's "The Abduction from the Seraglio," in English, staged by David Shookhoff, with the Bronx Opera Orchestra and Chorus directed by Michael Spierman. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Friday and Saturday, May 11-12, at 8. For information about tickets, call 265-4100.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Avery Fisher Hall—Zubin Mehta conducting the final performances of the regular season: A nonsubscription performance on Wednesday, May 2, at 8:30, and subscription performances on Thursday, May 3, at 8:30; Friday, May 4, at 2; and Saturday, May 5, at 8:30 (all with Vladimir Ashkenazy, piano). . . . ¶ The opening concerts in the "Music in May" series of sixteen, ending Sunday, June 3. Programs for classic and baroque orchestra on Thursday, May 10, at 8, Alexander Schneider conducting (with Benita Valente, soprano); Friday, May 11, at 8, Neville Marriner conducting (with Emanuel Ax, piano); and Saturday, May 12, at 8, Pinchas Zukerman conducting and acting as violin soloist (with Itzhak Perlman, also violin).

LOS ANGELES PHILHARMONIC—At Carnegie Hall. Carlo Maria Giulini conducting—Thursday, May 3, at 8: A performance of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, with Carol Neblett, soprano; Gwendolyn Killebrew, mezzo-soprano; Robert Tear, tenor; Simon Estes, bass-baritone; and the Temple University Chorus. . . . ¶ Friday, May 4, at 8: With Frederica von Stade, mezzo-soprano. . . . ¶ Saturday, May 5, at 8: No soloists.

AMERICAN SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Sergiu Comissiona conducting the final concert of the series, with Eugene Istomin, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, May 6, at 3.)

GREGG SMITH SINGERS—Gregg Smith directing. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, May 2, at 8.)

NEW YORK UNIVERSITY CHORAL ARTS SOCIETY AND BUCKNELL UNIVERSITY CHORALE—A joint concert, with E. Jon de Revere and Allen W. Flock directing. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, May 2, at 8.)

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN MEN'S GLEE CLUB—Leonard Johnson directing. (Christ Church United Methodist, Park Ave. at 60th St. 838-3036. Wednesday, May 2, at 8.)

GLEE CLUB OF THE FRIENDLY SONS OF ST. PATRICK—George Mead directing. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, May 5, at 8.)

CANTERBURY CHORAL SOCIETY—Charles Dodsley Walker directing a performance of Schubert's Mass in E Flat, with, among others, Jennifer Barron, soprano; John Carpenter, tenor; and an orchestra. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Sunday, May 6, at 4. Admission by contribution.)

COLLEGIATE CHORALE—Richard Westenburg directing a performance of Brahms' Requiem, with Shin Hyoung Kwak, soprano; Bruce Fifer, baritone; and an orchestra. The final concert of the season. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, May 6, at 8.)

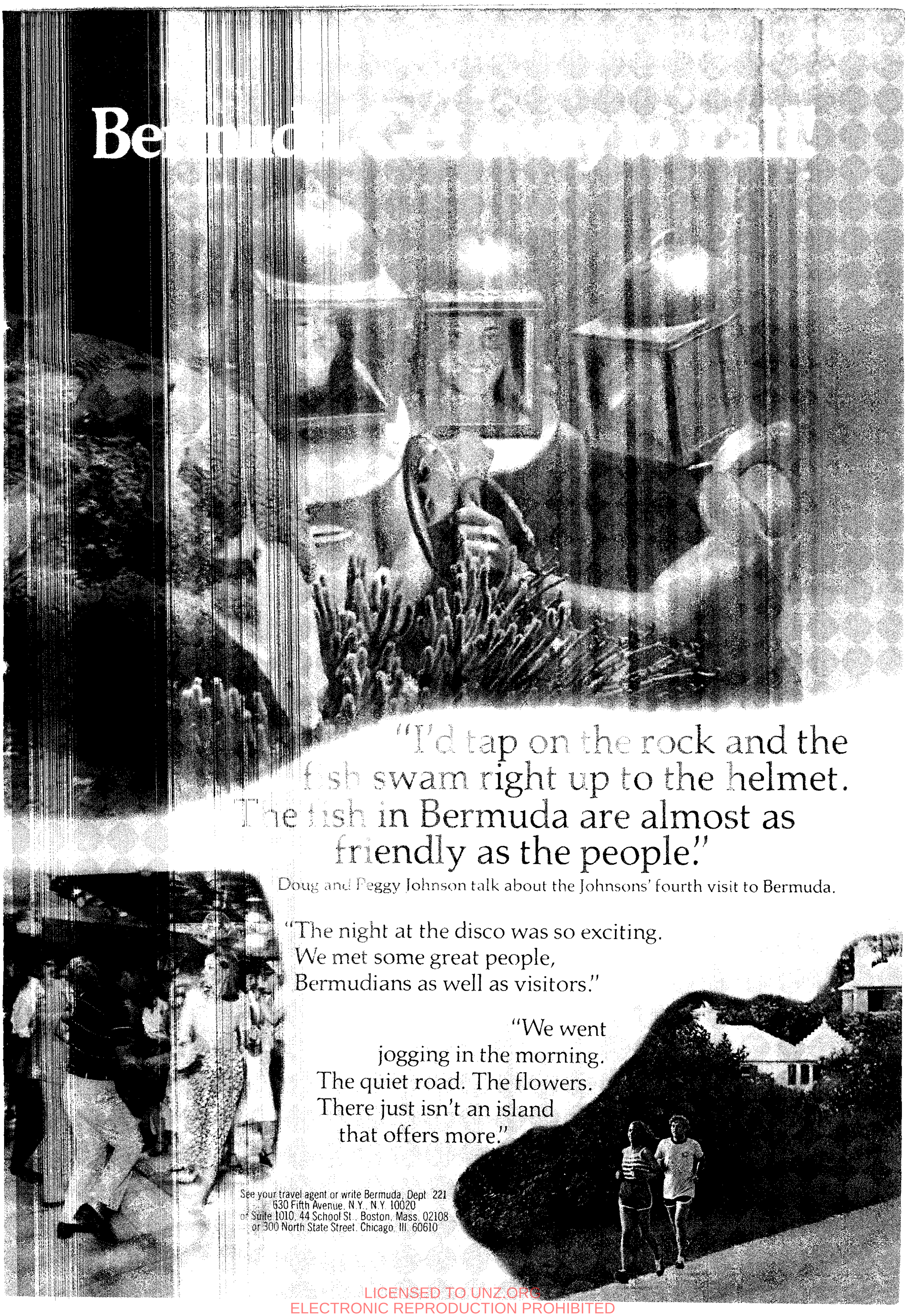
CONCORDIA CHOIR—Ralph C. Schultz directing. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, May 6, at 8.)

CANTICUM NOVUM SINGERS—Harold Rosenbaum directing a program celebrating spring. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Tuesday, May 8, at 8. For information about tickets, call 787-2755.)

DESSOFF CHOIRS—Michael Hammond directing the final concert of the season, with Anthony Newman, organ. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, May 11, at 8.)

RECITALS

CALLIOPE: A RENAISSANCE BAND—A program of instrumental music entitled "Music for



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Spring." (Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. Wednesday, May 2, at 8. For information about tickets, call 865-5351.)

Bradford Gowen—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, May 3, at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—The second of two concerts, with Jaime Laredo, viola, and Sharon Robinson, cello. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Thursday, May 3, at 8.)

Concert-Party—The last in a series of concerts, this one played by duo pianists John and Richard Contiguglia. Drinks and coffee are available from a bar. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Friday, May 4, at 8. For information about tickets, call 752-4907.)

Beaux Arts Trio—The last in this year's series of concerts presenting the Haydn cycle. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, May 4, at 8.)

Andrew Bolotowsky and Joseph Karpienia—Flute and classical guitar. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, May 4, at 8:30.)

George Neikrug—Playing Bach's complete suites for unaccompanied cello. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, May 5, at 2:30.)

New York Woodwind Quintet—The second of two recitals. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, May 5, at 8.)

Lynn Harrell and Friends—The cellist in the last in a series of recitals, this one an all-Bach program, with Anthony Newman, harpsichord. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, May 6, at 3.)

Virgil Fox—Organ. (Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 122nd St. Sunday, May 6, at 3. For information about tickets, call TA 7-7944.)

Beethoven Society—Claude Frank, in a program of Beethoven piano sonatas. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Sunday, May 6, at 3. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

Cantilena Chamber Players—The last in a series of concerts, this one with Gary Karr, double bass. (Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Sunday, May 6, at 3. For information about tickets, call 860-1356.)

Music Project—An eleven-member ensemble of winds, strings, and piano. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Sunday, May 6, at 3. For tickets, call 222-9311.)

Vladimir Horowitz—Piano, in two performances of the same program. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, May 6, and Sunday, May 13, at 4.)

Peter Corey—Classical guitarist. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Tuesday, May 8, at 8.)

Eovard Lieber—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, May 8, at 8.)

Twilight Interlude Organ Concerts—The last in a series of one-hour concerts of music by Bach and his contemporaries, this one played by George Baker. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, May 9, at 5:30.)

Elizabeth Fogle—A program entitled "The German Tradition: Trios for Clarinet," with assisting artists. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, May 9, at 8.)

Elaine Comparone—Harpsichord. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, May 9, at 8.)

Chamber Music at the Y—The last in a series of concerts, this one performed by Jean-Bernard Pommier, piano; Jaime Laredo, violin; and the Cleveland Quartet. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, May 9, at 8.)

Jeremy Brown—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, May 10, at 8.)

Simca Heled—Cello, in a recital postponed from Sept. 13. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Thursday, May 10, at 8.)

David Hollander—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, May 12, at 2:30.)

Emanuel Ax—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, May 12, at 8.)

Chamber Music—Benita Valente, soprano; James Buswell and Hiroko Yajima, violin; Scott Nickrenz, viola; and Laurence Lesser, cello. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, May 12, at 8:30, and Sunday, May 13, at 2.)

MISCELLANY

Monster Concert—Eugene List and forty-one other pianists performing a program on ten pianos celebrating the hundred-and-fiftieth birthday of Louis Moreau Gottschalk. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, May 2, at 8.)

SPORTS

Baseball—Yankees at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Oakland, Friday, May 4, at 8, and Saturday and Sunday, May 5-6, at 2. . . . ¶ Seattle, Monday through Wednesday, May 7-9, at 8, and Thursday, May 10, at 2. . . . ¶ California, Friday, May 11, at 8, and Saturday, May 12, at 2.

Crew—Adams Cup Regatta: Harvard, Navy, and Pennsylvania. (Annapolis. Saturday, May 5.). . . ¶ Carnegie Cup Regatta: Cornell and Princeton. (Princeton. Saturday, May 5.)

Hockey—Stanley Cup semifinal playoffs—Rangers vs. Islanders. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Thursday, May 3, at 7:35, and, if necessary, Tuesday, May 8, at 8:35. . . . ¶ Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 516 794-9100. Saturday, May 5, at 8, and, if necessary, Thursday, May 10, at 8.)

Racing—At **AQUEDUCT**: Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 1, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, May 21. The Carter Handicap, Saturday, May 5; The Vagrancy Handicap, Sunday, May 6; and The Withers, Saturday, May 12. . . . **CHURCHILL DOWNS**, Louisville, Ky.: The Kentucky Derby, Saturday, May 5.

Soccer—At Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands: The United States National team vs. the French National team, Wednesday, May 2, at 9. . . . ¶ Cosmos vs. Houston, Sunday, May 6, at 2:30. (For information about tickets for both matches, call 265-8600.)

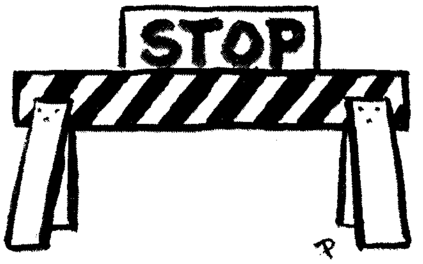
Trotting—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY**, Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, June 2. . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY**, Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 17. . . . **MEADOWLANDS RACEWAY**: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 4.

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 755-4100.)

Poetry Readings—Stanley Kunitz reading from his own works. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Monday, May 7, at 8.). . . ¶ James Laughlin reading from his own works and discussing his career. (Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Tuesday, May 8, at 7:30. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.). . . ¶ Five new poets—Aileen Grumbach, Gerda Lerner, Elizabeth Spires, Ricardo Sternberg, and Mervyn Taylor—reading their works. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Tuesday, May 8, at 8.)

Auctions—At **SOTHEBY PARKE BERNET**, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Thursday, May 3, at 2: Nineteenth-century European paintings, from the Corcoran Gallery of Art, in Washington. . . . ¶ Friday, May 4, at 10:15 and 2: Nineteenth-century European paintings, from the Metropolitan Museum of Art and other sources. . . . ¶ Saturday, May 5, at 10:15 and 2: Chinese works of art, from a number of owners. . . . ¶ Tuesday, May 8, at 10:15 and 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century photographs, from several owners. Exhibition starts Thursday, May 3. . . . ¶ Wednesday and Thursday, May 9-10, at 10:15 and 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century prints, from many sources. Exhibition starts Friday, May 4. . . . **CHRISTIE'S**, Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Wednesday, May 2, at 10:30 and 2: Nineteenth-century European paintings, from various owners. . . . ¶ Friday, May 4, at 10:30 and 2: Japanese works of art, the property of Mrs. Charlotte Ford and others. . . . ¶ Saturday, May 5, at 10:30 and 2: Americana and Chinese Export porcelains.



COMING EVENTS

(A listing for forehanded readers.)

Automobile Racing—Indianapolis Speedway race, May 27.

Baseball—**YANKEES** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. California, May 13 (day). Detroit, May 14-16 (night). Chicago, June 1-2 (n) and June 3 (d). Kansas City, June 4-5 (n). Minnesota, June 6 (n) and June 7 (d). . . . **METS** at Shea Stadium: Vs. St. Louis, May 18 (night) and May 19-20 (day). Chicago, May 22-24 (n). Pittsburgh, May 25 (n), May 26 (at 4:05), and May 27-28 (d). Houston, June 8 (n) and June 9-10 (d).

Crew—Eastern Association of Rowing Colleges Championship Regatta. (Lake Quinsigamond, Worcester. May 13.). . . ¶ Intercollegiate Rowing Association Regatta. (Onondaga Lake, Syracuse. May 31-June 2.). . . ¶ Yale-Harvard Regatta. (New London. June 9.)

Racing—At **PIMLICO**, Baltimore: The Preakness, May 19. . . . **BELMONT**: May 23-July 30. The Belmont, June 9. . . . **ATLANTIC CITY**, Mays Landing, N.J.: May 24-Sept. 15. . . . **MONMOUTH PARK**, Oceanport, N.J.: May 25-Sept. 3. . . . **EPSOM**, England: The Derby, June 6.

Soccer—At Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands: Cosmos games on May 16 and 20, and June 3, 6, and 10.

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: June 4-July 14.

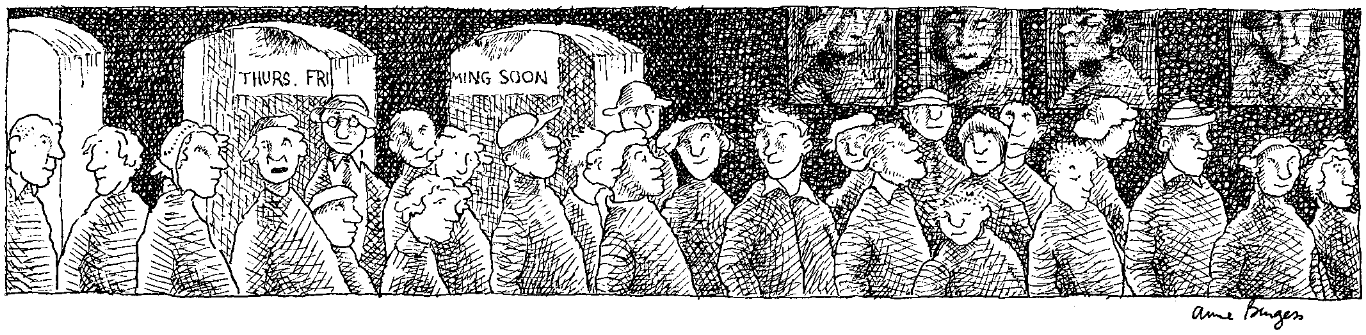
Yachting—Olympic Pretrials Regatta. (Newport. May 24-28.)

Music—**AVERY FISHER HALL** (874-2424): American Symphony Orchestra, May 14. . . . **CARNEGIE HALL** (247-7459): Opera Orchestra of New York, May 13. . . . ¶ Chicago Symphony Orchestra, May 14-16 and 18-19. . . . ¶ Oratorio Society of New York, May 17. . . . ¶ Orchestre de Paris, May 20-21. . . . ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, May 22. . . . **ALICE TULLY HALL** (362-1911): American Composers Orchestra, May 14. . . . ¶ Federal Music Society, May 16. . . . ¶ New York Vocal Arts Ensemble, May 17. . . . ¶ Music with Jens Nygaard, May 21. . . . ¶ New York Pro Arte Chamber Orchestra, May 23. . . . ¶ Catharine Crozier, organ, June 4. . . . **KAUFMANN CONCERT HALL**, 92nd Street Y (427-6000): Isaac Stern, violin, May 14. . . . ¶ Rudolf Serkin, piano, May 16. . . . ¶ New York Consort of Viols, May 23.

Theatre—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: Celeste Holm in "The Utter Glory of Morrissey Hall," a musical with a book by Clark Gesner (who also wrote the music and lyrics) and Nagle Jackson. . . . ¶ A limited engagement of Shakespeare's "Richard III," with Al Pacino in the title role. . . . ¶ A comedy, "Murder at the Howard Johnson's," by Ron Clark and Sam Bobrick, in which Tony Roberts, Bob Dishy, and Joyce Van Patten will appear. . . . ¶ Liv Ullmann heads the cast of "I Remember Mama," a musical (based on the 1944 Broadway comedy of the same name) by Richard Rodgers (music), Martin Charnin (lyrics), and Thomas Meehan (book).

Other Dates—Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit, May 26-28, June 2-3, and June 9-10. . . . ¶ Memorial Day will be observed as a Federal holiday on May 28; the New York State holiday will be celebrated on May 30. . . . ¶ Second-quarter Federal, New York State, and New York City income-tax payments are due Friday, June 15.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



THE MOVIE HOUSES

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ALL FILMS PLAYING AT EAST SIDE AND WEST SIDE NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN A SECTION STARTING ON PAGE 25. FILMS PLAYING AT TIMES SQUARE AND REVIVAL HOUSES ARE SO DESCRIBED ONLY IF A DAGGER ACCOMPANIES THE THEATRE LISTING.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-6925; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"The Age of the Medici." (No showings on Monday, May 7.)

Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
Through May 3: "Wifemistress."
From May 4: "Blazing Saddles."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through May 3: "The Great Train Robbery" and "Rabbit Test."
May 4-10: "Blazing Saddles" and "The Heartbreak Kid."
From May 11: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through May 3: "Old Boyfriends."
From May 4: Richard Pryor in a filmed concert.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
Through May 3: "Coming Home."
From May 4: "Firepower."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through May 3: "The Exorcist."
From May 4: "Last Embrace."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Manhattan."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through May 3: "Blazing Saddles."
May 4-10: "Coming Home."
From May 11: "Beneath the Valley of the Ultra Vixens."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"A Little Romance."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"An Almost Perfect Affair."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"The Innocent."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Manhattan."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Love on the Run."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Picnic at Hanging Rock."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
"Saint Jack."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-0774)
"The American Game."

Gemini 1, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Through May 5: "The Exorcist."
From May 6: "Teresa the Thief."

Gemini 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"Dawn of the Dead."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
Through May 3: "Coming Home."
From May 4: "Last Embrace."

Loews New York 1, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
"The Champ."

Loews New York 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
"Norma Rae."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"The French Detective."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"The China Syndrome."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through May 3: "Agatha."
May 4-10: "Murder by Decree."
From May 11: To be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (288-3180)
"The Deer Hunter."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Dawn of the Dead."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Through May 3: "Hurricane."
From May 4: "Firepower."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Love at First Bite."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
To be announced.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "Blazing Saddles."
Theatre 2: "Superman."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"The Deer Hunter."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Love at First Bite."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Picnic at Hanging Rock."
Theatre 2: Through May 10: "Coming Home." From May 11: "Beneath the Valley of the Ultra Vixens."
Theatre 3: "Norma Rae."
Theatre 4: Through May 10: "Norma Rae." From May 11: "Despair."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Hair."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"The Deer Hunter."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Manhattan."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Get Out Your Handkerchiefs."

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"The Innocent."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through May 3: Richard Pryor in a filmed concert.
From May 4: "Last Embrace."

Cinema Studio 1, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Fedora."

Cinema Studio 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through May 3: "Just Like at Home."
From May 4: "Despair."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
"A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man."

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Love at First Bite."
Theatre 2: "Buck Rogers in the 25th Century."
Theatre 3: Through May 3: "Hardcore." From May 4: "Coming Home."
Theatre 4: "Norma Rae."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (874-9189)
"The Deer Hunter."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through May 10: Richard Pryor in a filmed concert; and "Thank God It's Friday."
From May 11: "Murder by Decree" and "Rabbit Test."

TIMES SQUARE

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
"Superman." (†)

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
Through May 3: "Wifemistress." (†)
From May 4: "Last Embrace." (†)

Embassy, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Blazing Saddles." (†)
Theatre 3: "Picnic at Hanging Rock." (†)
Theatre 4: "Coming Home." (†)

Forum, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"Norma Rae." (†)

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"The Champ." (†)

Loews State 1, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Through May 3: "Hurricane." (†)
From May 4: "Firepower." (†)

Loews State 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5070)
"The China Syndrome." (†)

National, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
"Love at First Bite." (†)

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
"Dawn of the Dead." (†)

R.K.O. Cinerama 1, B'way at 47th. (975-8366)
"The Exorcist." (†)

R.K.O. Cinerama 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
"The Deer Hunter." (†)

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (354-5636)
Through May 3: "Old Boyfriends." (†)
From May 4: To be announced.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
May 2: A program of new Greek films, titles to be announced.
May 3: "Forbidden Games" (1952), in French, directed by René Clément, with Brigitte Fossey and Georges Poujouly; and "If I Had a Gun" (1971), in Czech, directed by Stefan Uher.
May 4-5: "Greaser's Palace" (1972), directed by Robert Downey; and "Jabberwocky" (1977), directed by Terry Gilliam, with Michael Palin.
May 6-7: "The Music Lovers" (†); and "Savage Messiah" (1972), directed by Ken Russell, with Dorothy Tutin and Scott Antony.
May 8-9: "The 47 Ronin" (1942), in Japanese, directed by Kenji Mizoguchi.
May 10: "Trash" (1970), directed by Paul Morrissey, with Joe Dallesandro and Holly Woodlawn; and "Private Parts" (1973), directed by Paul Bartel, with Ayn Ruymen.
May 11-12: "Five Easy Pieces" (1970), directed by Bob Rafelson, with Jack Nicholson; and "The King of Marvin Gardens." (†)

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
May 2: "The Lodger" (1926), a silent film, directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Ivor Novello; and "Frenzy" (1972), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Jon Finch, Barry Foster, Vivien Merchant, and Alec McCowen.
May 3: "Andrei Roublev" (1969), in Russian, directed by Andrei Tarkovsky; and "Shadows of Forgotten Ancestors" (1964; "Wild

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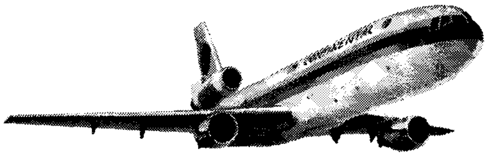

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Horses of Fire"), in Ukrainian, directed by Sergei Paradjanov.

May 4: "The Day of the Locust" (1975), directed by John Schlesinger, with Donald Sutherland, Karen Black, Burgess Meredith, Billy Barty, and William Atherton; and "Lonelyhearts" (1959), directed by Vincent J. Donahue, with Montgomery Clift, Robert Ryan, Myrna Loy, Dolores Hart, and Maureen Stapleton.

May 5: "Fellini Satyricon" (1970), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini; and "Blow-Up" (1966), directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Vanessa Redgrave and David Hemmings.

May 6: "Camille" (1937), directed by George Cukor, with Greta Garbo and Robert Taylor; and "Conquest" (1937), directed by Clarence Brown, with Greta Garbo and Charles Boyer.

May 7: "Dance, Girl, Dance" (1940), directed by Dorothy Arzner, with Maureen O'Hara, Louis Hayward, and Lucille Ball; and "Craig's Wife." (†)

May 8: "Rules of the Game" (1939), in French, directed by Jean Renoir, with Marcel Dalio and Nora Gregor; and "Madame Bovary" (1934), in French, directed by Jean Renoir, with Valentine Tessier, Pierre Renoir, Max Dearly, and Robert Le Vigan.

May 9: "Secret Agent" (†); and "Blackmail" (1929), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Anny Ondra, Cyril Ritchard, Sara Allgood, and John Longden.

May 10: "North by Northwest" (†) and "Night Train." (†)

May 11: "The Voyage" (1974), directed by Vittorio De Sica, with Sophia Loren, Richard Burton, and Ian Bannen; and "The Garden of the Finzi-Continis." (†)

May 12: "West Side Story" (1961), directed by Robert Wise, with Natalie Wood, Richard Beymer, Russ Tamblyn, Rita Moreno, and George Chakiris; and "On the Town" (1949), directed by Stanley Donen and Gene Kelly, with Kelly, Frank Sinatra, Betty Garrett, and Ann Miller.

Cinema Village, *22 E. 12th. (924-3363)*

Through May 3: "Misty Beethoven" (1976) and "The Private Afternoons of Pamela Mann" (1975), both X-rated.

May 4-5: "Black Orpheus" (1959), in Portuguese, directed by Marcel Camus, with Marpessa Dawn; and "The Harder They Come" (1973), directed by Perry Henzell, with Jimmy Cliff.

May 6-7: "Giant." (†)

May 8: "Quintet" (1979), directed by Robert Altman, with Paul Newman, Vittorio Gassman, Bibi Andersson, Fernando Rey, and Brigitte Fossey; and "Alex & the Gypsy" (1976), directed by John Korty, with Jack Lemmon and Geneviève Bujold.

May 9-10: "Bloodbrothers" (†) and "The Last Detail." (†)

May 11-12: "Moment by Moment" (1978), directed by Jane Wagner, with Lily Tomlin and John Travolta; and "Myra Breckinridge" (1970), directed by Michael Sarne, with Mae West, John Huston, and Raquel Welch.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

May 2: "The Rise of Louis XIV" (1966), in French, directed by Roberto Rossellini, with Philippe Erlanger; and "Under Milk Wood" (1973), directed by Andrew Sinclair, with Richard Burton, Elizabeth Taylor, Peter O'Toole, Victor Spinetti, Glynis Johns, and Vivien Merchant.

May 3-5: "The Exterminating Angel" (1962), in Spanish, directed by Luis Buñuel, with Silvia Pinal; and "The Garden of Delights" (1971), in Spanish, directed by Carlos Saura.

May 6-7: "The Gospel According to St. Matthew" (†) and "Viridiana." (†)

May 8-9: "Early Summer" (1951), in Japanese, directed by Yasujiro Ozu; and "The Lower Depths." (†)

May 10-12: "La Guerre Est Finie" (†) and "The Hawks and the Sparrows." (†)

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Through May 5: "The Maltese Falcon" (1941), directed by John Huston, with Mary Astor, Humphrey Bogart, Sydney Greenstreet, Elisha Cook, Jr., and Peter Lorre; and "Beat the Devil" (1954), directed by John Huston, with Humphrey Bogart, Jennifer Jones, Gina Lollobrigida, Robert Morley, and Peter Lorre.

May 6-7: "The Private Life of Sherlock Holmes" (1970), directed by Billy Wilder, with Robert Stephens, Colin Blakely, and Geneviève Page; and "The Seven-Per-Cent Solution" (1976), directed by Herbert Ross, with Alan Arkin, Vanessa Redgrave, Robert Duvall, Nicol Williamson, and Laurence Olivier.

May 8-9: "In the Heat of the Night" (1967), directed by Norman Jewison, with Sidney Poitier and Rod Steiger; and "Shaft" (1971), directed by Gordon Parks, with Richard Roundtree.

May 10-12: "Frenzy" (1972), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Jon Finch, Barry Foster, Vivien Merchant, and Alec McCowen; and "Touch of Evil" (1958), directed by Orson Welles, with Welles, Charlton Heston, and Janet Leigh.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. *(222-3370)*

Through May 3: "The Seventh Victim" (1943), directed by Mark Robson, with Tom Conway, Kim Hunter, and Jean Brooks; and "Night and the City" (1950), directed by Jules Dassin, with Richard Widmark, Gene Tierney, Googie Withers, Francis L. Sullivan, Herbert Lom, and Hugh Marlowe.

May 4-5: "The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe" (1973) and "The Return of the Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe" (1976), both films in French, directed by Yves Robert, with Pierre Richard.

May 6: "A King in New York" (1957), directed by Charlie Chaplin, with Chaplin, Dawn Addams, Harry Green, and Michael Chaplin; and "The Great Dictator" (1940), directed by, and with, Charlie Chaplin.

May 7: "Vampire Over London" (1951), directed by John Gilling, with Bela Lugosi and Arthur Lucan; and "White Zombie" (1932), directed by Victor Halperin, with Bela Lugosi and Madge Bellamy.

May 8: "Kwaidan" (1965), in Japanese, directed by Masaki Kobayashi; and "Séance on a Wet Afternoon." (†)

May 9-10: "Bluebeard" (1945), directed by Edgar G. Ulmer, with John Carradine and Jean Parker; and "The Strange Woman" (1947), directed by Edgar G. Ulmer, with Hedy Lamarr, George Sanders, and Louis Hayward.

May 11-12: "The Heartbreak Kid" (†) and "A New Leaf." (†)

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

May 2: "All the King's Men" (1949), directed by Robert Rossen, with Broderick Crawford, Joanne Dru, Mercedes McCambridge, John Ireland, John Derek, and Shepperd Strudwick; and "The Harder They Fall" (1956), directed by Mark Robson, with Humphrey Bogart and Rod Steiger.

May 3: "The Glass Menagerie" (1950), directed by Irving Rapper, with Jane Wyman, Kirk Douglas, Gertrude Lawrence and Arthur Kennedy; and "Johnny Belinda" (1948), directed by Jean Negulesco, with Jane Wyman, Lew Ayres, Charles Bickford, Agnes Moorehead, and Stephen McNally.

May 4-5: "The Cat and the Canary" (1939), directed by Elliott Nugent, with Paulette Goddard, Bob Hope, John Beal, and Douglass Montgomery; and "Bulldog Drummond's Peril" (1938), directed by James Hogan, with John Barrymore, John Howard, and Louise Campbell.

May 6: "Pride and Prejudice" (†); and "Goodbye, Mr. Chips" (1939), directed by Sam Wood, with Robert Donat, Greer Garson, and Terry Kilburn.

May 7: "The Face Behind the Mask" (1941), directed by Robert Florey, with Peter Lorre, Evelyn Keyes, and Don Beddoe; and "Island of Doomed Men" (1940), directed by Charles Barton, with Peter Lorre, Robert Wilcox, and Rochelle Hudson.

May 8: "Balalaika" (†) and "The Cat and the Fiddle." (†)

May 9: "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves" (1944), directed by Arthur Lubin, with Maria Montez, Jon Hall, Andy Devine, and Fortunio Bonanova; and "Arabian Nights." (†)

May 10: "Houseboat" (1958), directed by Melville Shavelson, with Cary Grant, Sophia Loren, Martha Hyer, Harry Guardino,

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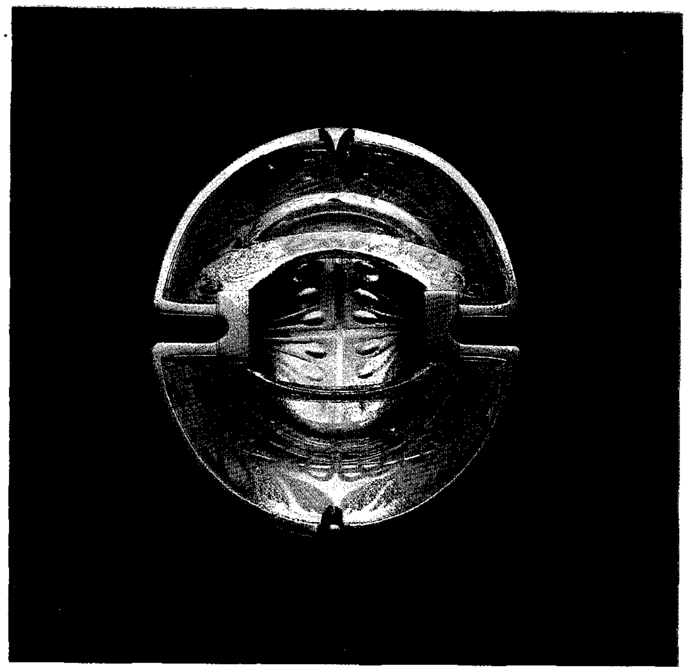
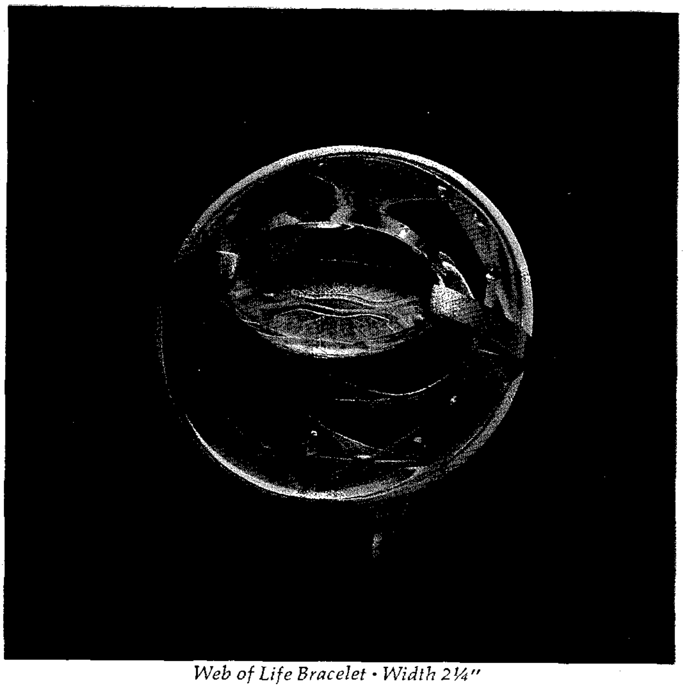
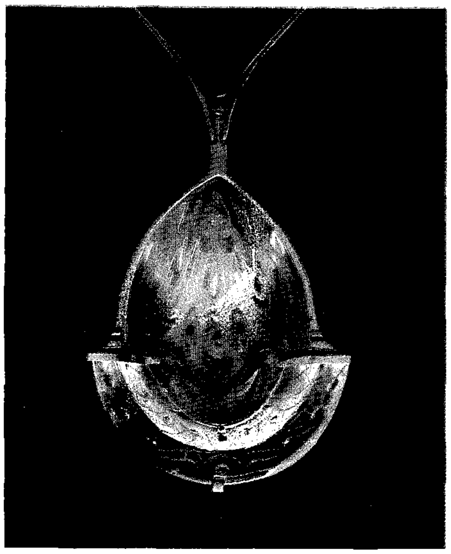


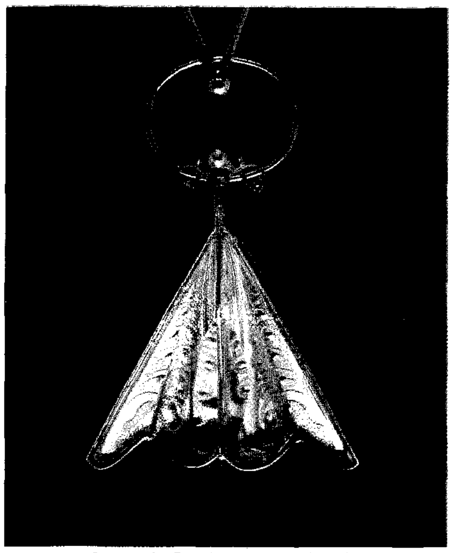
Brooch of the Four Winds • *Length 2¼"*



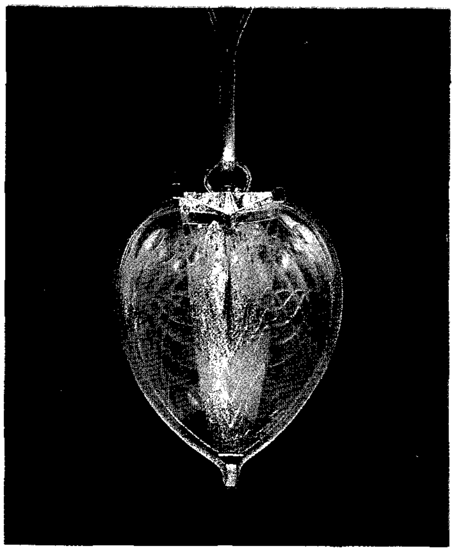
Web of Life Bracelet • *Width 2¼"*



Pendant of the Two-Headed Talisman • *Length 2½"*



Butterfly Pendant • *Length 2½"*



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and Eduardo Ciannelli; and "It Started in Naples" (1960), directed by Melville Shavelson, with Clark Gable, Sophia Loren, and Vittorio De Sica.

May 11: "Sorry, Wrong Number" (†); and and "Double Indemnity" (1944), directed by Billy Wilder, with Barbara Stanwyck, Fred MacMurray, and Edward G. Robinson.

May 12: "Kennel Murder Case" (1933), directed by Michael Curtiz, with Mary Astor, William Powell, Helen Vinson, and Jack La Rue; and "Bulldog Drummond Comes Back" (1937), directed by Louis King, with John Barrymore and Louise Campbell.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—May 3 at 2:30: "Outrage" (1950), directed by Ida Lupino, with Mala Powers; and "Hard, Fast, and Beautiful" (1951), directed by Ida Lupino, with Claire Trevor and Sally Forrest. . . . ¶ May 3 at 6: "Back of Beyond" (1954), directed by John Heyer. . . . ¶ May 3 at 8:30 and May 4 at 2:30: "The Hitch-Hiker" (1953), directed by Ida Lupino, with Frank Lovejoy and Edmond O'Brien. . . . ¶ May 4 at 6: "The Big Noise" (1944), directed by Mal St. Clair, with Laurel & Hardy. . . . ¶ May 4 at 8: A program of films by Linwood Dunn. . . . ¶ May 5 at noon: "Tarzan and the Mermaids" (1948), directed by Robert Florey, with Johnny Weissmuller. . . . ¶ May 5 at 2:30: "The Young Stranger" (1957), directed by John Frankenheimer, with James MacArthur, James Daly, and Kim Hunter. . . . ¶ May 5 at 5: "Outrage" and "Hard, Fast, and Beautiful.". . . ¶ May 6 at noon: "Diplomaniacs" (1933), directed by William Seiter, with Wheeler & Woolsey, Hugh Herbert, and Louis Calhern. . . . ¶ May 6 at 2:30: "On Dangerous Ground" (1951), directed by Nicholas Ray, with Ida Lupino, Robert Ryan, and Ward Bond. . . . ¶ May 6 at 5: "They Live by Night" (1948), directed by Nicholas Ray, with Farley Granger, Howard Da Silva, and Cathy O'Donnell. . . . ¶ May 7 at noon: "Shinto: Nature, Gods, and Man" (1977), directed by Peter Grilli and David Westphal. . . . ¶ May 7 at 2:30: "The Lusty Men" (1952), directed by Nicholas Ray, with Susan Hayward, Robert Mitchum, and Arthur Kennedy. . . . ¶ May 7 at 6: A program of films by Dana Hodgon, including "Dear Friends" (1977) and "Dialectic Definitions" (1977). . . . ¶ May 8 at noon: "Shinto: Nature, Gods, and Man.". . . ¶ May 8 at 2:30: "Beauty and the Beast" (1946), in French, directed by Jean Cocteau, with Jean Marais and Josette Day; no English subtitles. . . . ¶ May 8 at 6: To be announced. . . . ¶ May 10 at 2:30: "They Live by Night.". . . ¶ May 10 at 6: "Born to Be Bad" (1950), directed by Nicholas Ray, with Joan Fontaine, Robert Ryan, and Zachary Scott. . . . ¶ May 10 at 8:30: "A Woman's Secret" (1949), directed by Nicholas Ray, with Maureen O'Hara, Melvyn Douglas, and Gloria Grahame. . . . ¶ May 11 at 2: "A Woman's Secret" and "On Dangerous Ground.". . . ¶ May 11 at 6: "Beauty and the Beast.". . . ¶ May 12 at noon: "Little Orphan Annie" (1932), directed by John Robertson, with Mitzi Green, May Robson, and Edgar Kennedy. . . . ¶ May 12 at 2:30: "Tom, Dick and Harry" (1941), directed by Garson Kanin, with Ginger Rogers and Burgess Meredith. . . . ¶ May 12 at 5: "The Girl Most Likely" (1957), directed by Mitchell Leisen, with Jane Powell, Cliff Robertson, Keith Andes, and Kaye Ballard. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (794-0630)—Six film and video installation pieces are on view throughout the third floor of the museum. Continuous showings Tuesdays from 11 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays from 11 to 6; and Sundays from noon to 6. Closed Mondays.

Film Forum, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—A program of fourteen short animated films from Japan. Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 7:45.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Agatha—Vanessa Redgrave has a luminously loony quality as the distraught heroine of this fictional romantic mystery about the eleven days in 1926 when Agatha Christie, whose husband wanted a divorce so he could marry his mistress, took off for a Yorkshire spa, where she used the mistress's name. Dustin Hoffman is furiously theatrical in the role of a preening star journalist from America who trails Agatha to the spa and falls in love with her. With Timothy Dalton, who gives a strong, funny performance as the husband, exhausted by his wife's high-powered sensitivity, and the curly-mouthed Helen Morse as a friendly woman whom Agatha meets at the spa. (Reviewed in our issue of 2/26/79.) (72nd Street East; through May 3.)

The Age of the Medici (1973)—A noble three-part history made by the late Roberto Rossellini, full of thought and burning inquiry. It is in the style that Rossellini perfected toward the end of his life—a style in which crucial moments of the past seem to be occurring in the present. We are in Florence, in a world of low-toned, urgent, abstract discourses, and of small-town energy and rows and droppings in. There is gossip about Brunelleschi and Donatello, a resentful mutter from Ghiberti. We feel ourselves to be bang in the midst of perhaps the most invigorating family of citizens who have ever existed. In Italian. (Little Theatre. Part I: "Cosimo de Medici;" through May 6. Part II: "The Power of Cosimo;" May 8-13. Part III: "Leon Battista Alberti;" May 15-20. Isabella Rossellini, daughter of Roberto, will appear at the 8 P.M. showings on Thursdays. At the 10 P.M. showing Thursday, May 3, Rossellini's 1977 film, "The Messiah," will be shown and on Thursday, May 10, at 10 P.M., Rossellini's 1947 film, "Germany Year Zero," will be shown.)

An Almost Perfect Affair—With Keith Carradine, Monica Vitti, and Raf Vallone; directed by Michael Ritchie. (Trans-Lux East.)

The American Game—A documentary about two seventeen-year-old basketball players: Brian Walker from Indiana, and Stretch Graham from Brooklyn. Directed by Jay Freund and David Wolf. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Cinema II.)

Arabian Nights (1942)—Part of what makes the Universal Maria Montez movies camp classics is that they're elaborately produced yet every word and every plot device is stamped Grade-B. In this sumptuous comedy extravaganza, Sabu scampers about as Ali the acrobat, muscle-bound Jon Hall is Caliph Harun al-Rashid, and the blankly sensuous Maria Montez is Scheherazade (not a storyteller in this version, but only a dancing girl). The picture is filled with harem cuties, horses, Technicolor Arizona scenery, and blissfully dumb lines. But then, perfection belongeth only to Allah the Most High. Produced by Walter Wanger, and directed with complete lack of conviction by John Rawlins. With plump-cheeked, slit-eyed Turhan Bey, and Leif Erickson, Edgar Barrier, Thomas Gomez, John Qualen, and, for slapstick, Billy Gilbert, who has a drag sequence, and Shemp Howard (one of the Three Stooges) as Sinbad. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 9.)

Balalaika (1939)—Perfect for a mixed-media show at the Russian Tea Room—but, at a theatre, without distraction? Nelson Eddy, in another uniform, smiling vacuously, and that beautiful, blank songbird Ilona Massey. M-G-M loaded this flop operetta with such sure-disaster songs as "Ride, Cossack, Ride," "In a Heart as Brave as Your Own," "Shadows on the Sand," "The Magic of Your Love," and, to cap it all, "My Heart Is a Gypsy." The cast includes Charles Ruggles and the inevitable Frank Morgan, as well as Walter Woolf King and C. Aubrey Smith. Reinhold Schunzel directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 8.)

Blazing Saddles (1974)—Mel Brooks's comedy of chaos, with a surfeit of chaos and a scarcity of comedy. The story is about a modern black hipster (Cleavon Little) who becomes sheriff in a Western town in the eighteen-sixties; Gene Wilder and Madeline Kahn manage to redeem some of the film, but most of the cast (including Brooks himself) mug and smirk and shout insults at each other. Brooks's celebrated spontaneous wit isn't in evidence: the old gags here never were very funny; rehashed, they just seem desperate. (R.K.O. 86th St., and Embassy. . . . ¶ Eastside Cinema: through May 3. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; May 4-10. . . . ¶ Art; starting May 4.)

Bloodbrothers—Trying for something crude, powerful, volatile, the director, Robert Mulligan, has made a film that opens like an ABC Movie of the Week. It has Sears, Roebuck imagery—you order it from the catalogue. The story is of a brawling Italian Catholic family living in Co-op City, in the Bronx, and the actors—Richard Gere as the sensitive, imaginative nineteen-year-old, Tony Lo Bianco as his father, and Paul Sorvino as his uncle—pour on the Mediterranean sensuality and act at their highest pitch. The father and uncle, who are electricians on construction jobs, are frustrated, boozing, skirt-chasing, braggart hardhats; the boy is trying to save himself. This is an ethnic variant of all those the-summer-the-adolescent-became-a-man pictures, done in a messagey, exploitation manner, like that of "Looking for Mr. Goodbar." People laugh with hysterical heartiness in this movie, or they've learned their lessons and say things like "Life can hurt. It's made me feel close to all those doin' the hurtin' dance." Gere's performance is all mannerisms, Lo Bianco is reaching so frenziedly for large-scale emotions that he seems three feet off the ground, and Sorvino appears to equate hardhat with wide-eyed simpleton. The only actor who gets inside his role is Kenneth McMillan in the minor part of Banion, the crippled barkeeper. From Richard Price's novel, adapted by Walter Newman. (10/2/78) (Cinema Village; May 9-10.)

Buck Rogers in the 25th Century—With Gil Gerard, Pamela Hensley, and Erin Gray; directed by Daniel Haller. (Loews 83rd Quad.)

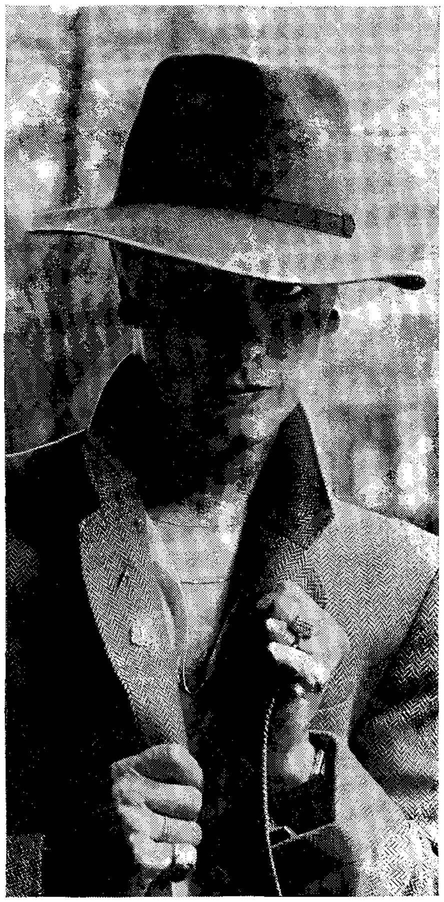
The Cat and the Fiddle (1934)—Ramon Novarro is a disaster, but Jeanette MacDonald has some nice light-comedy scenes, and this M-G-M musical, based on a Broadway show, has pace and flavor. At times, William K. Howard's direction suggests the choreographic style of René Clair. With Charles Butterworth doing one of his classic befuddled roles, Vivienne Segal, Frank Morgan, and Jean Hersholt. A good score by Jerome Kern and Otto Harbach that includes "The Night Was Made for Love" and "Poor Pierrot." (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 8.)

The Champ—A remake of the 1931 film. With Jon Voight, Faye Dunaway, and Ricky Schroder; directed by Franco Zeffirelli. (Loews New York 1, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

The China Syndrome—Directed by James Bridges, with Jane Fonda as a TV commentator named Kimberly Wells who learns that a nuclear-power station in Southern California—through carelessness, fibbing, and big-business interests—appears likely to kill off a lot of the population of the state. The man who sees the danger is played by Jack Lemmon. (4/2/79) (Loews Tower East, and Loews State 2.)

Coming Home—The time is 1968; the place is Los Angeles. Jane Fonda plays the proper, repressed wife of a hawkish Marine captain (Bruce Dern); after her husband leaves for Vietnam she volunteers for work in a veterans' hospital and meets a paraplegic (Jon Voight), who is in a rage of helplessness. Hal Ashby directed this intuitive yet amorphous movie, which falls apart when he resorts to melodramatic crosscutting. (2/20/78) (Embassy. . . . ¶ Bay Cinema, and Beekman; through May 3. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through May 10. . . . ¶ Eastside Cinema; May 4-10. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; starting May 4.)

Craig's Wife (1936)—Rosalind Russell as the classic American ice maiden, the frigid Mrs. Craig, and John Boles as her depressed husband. Dorothy Arzner directed this fairly



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literal version of the George Kelly play. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 7.)

Dawn of the Dead—With David Emge and Ken Foree, directed by George A. Romero. (Gemini 2, U. A. East, and Rivoli.)

The Deer Hunter—A romantic adolescent-boy's view of friendship, with the Vietnam War seen in the Victorian terms of such movies as "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer"—as a test of men's courage. This is the fullest screen treatment so far of the mystic bond of male comradeship, and it has an inchoate, stirring quality. With Robert De Niro, Christopher Walken, Meryl Streep, John Cazale, and John Savage. Directed by Michael Cimino. (12/18/78) (Trans-Lux 85th St., Waverly, Festival, New Yorker, and R.K.O. Cinerama 2.)

Despair—Rainer Werner Fassbinder's film of Vladimir Nabokov's novel (written when Nabokov was Berlin-based), from a script by Tom Stoppard, the Czech-born playwright who now lives in England. The film has an acute pang of exile, and also some of the émigré's desperate facetiousness. Dirk Bogarde, as a Russian exile, gives the most piercing and witty performance of his career. (3/19/79) (Cinema Studio 2; starting May 4. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; starting May 11.)

The Exorcist (1973)—The demonic possession of a child, treated with shallow seriousness. The picture is designed to scare people, and it does so by mechanical means: levitations, swivelling heads, vomit being spewed in priests' faces. A viewer can become glumly anesthetized by the brackish color and the senseless ugliness of the conception; neither the producer-writer, William Peter Blatty, nor the director, William Friedkin, shows any feeling for the little girl's helplessness and suffering, or for her mother's. It would be sheer insanity to take children. (R.K.O. Cinerama 1. . . . ¶ Murray Hill; through May 3. . . . ¶ Gemini 1; through May 5.)

Fedora—Billy Wilder, a director of increasingly thin-ice wit, takes a risk with a mystery film about a legendary recluse, obviously based on public notions of Garbo, who is played by Hildegard Knef and Marthe Keller. (Yes, two actresses: therein lies the trap.) The thin-ice aspect comes up in the fact that Wilder uses show-biz name-dropping and apparent show-biz vulgarities of judgment to give us a witty farce about these very things. William Holden plays an indigent film producer, on the hunt for Fedora, who keeps up a grand front but lives in the cheapest of hotel rooms. Echoes of "Sunset Boulevard." (4/23/79) (Cinema Studio 1.)

Firepower—With Sophia Loren, James Coburn, O. J. Simpson, Eli Wallach, George Grizzard, Anthony Franciosa, and Vincent Gardenia; directed by Michael Winner. (Bay Cinema, Loews Orpheum, and Loews State 1; starting May 4.)

The French Detective—With Lino Ventura, Patrick Dewaere, and Victor Lanoux; directed by Pierre Granier-Deferre. In French. (68th St. Playhouse.)

The Garden of the Finzi-Continis (1970)—Vittorio De Sica's lyric evocation of a vanished group of people (the cultivated, aristocratic Jewish-Italian landowners) and a vanished mood. Based on Giorgio Bassani's semi-autobiographical novel, the film records how Giorgio, a middle-class outsider (Lino Capolicchio), is drawn into the decaying, enchanted world of the Finzi-Continis by the imperious, contrary Micòl (Dominique Sanda); she and her languid brother (Helmut Berger) are spoiled, beautiful people without the will to save themselves. Perhaps the only film that records the halfhearted anti-Jewish measures of the Mussolini period—which were, however, sufficient to wipe out the Finzi-Continis and all they represented. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 11.)

Get Out Your Handkerchiefs—Bertrand Blier's new sex comedy is flagrantly funny in a slangy, buoyant, unpredictable way. Like his earlier "Going Places," it's about two pals (played by the same actors—Gérard Depardieu and Patrick Dewaere) who don't really understand women, and their not understanding women is part of their bond. This time, the two aren't roughnecks; they're polite, respectable men, for whom women are like another species. With the lovely, dark Carole Laure as Depardieu's wife and Dewaere's mistress, Michel Serrault as the neighbor, and Riton as the Mozartean prodigy. In French. (10/16/78) (Paris.)

Giant (1956)—George Stevens directed this handsomely designed, big, glossy version of the profoundly second-rate Edna Ferber novel about a couple of generations of a Texas cattle-ranching family, and James Dean (in a supporting role) ran away with it. This was the last film in his brief, meteoric career, and he was dead when it was released. His appearance here is particularly startling, because he plays his misfit role in a self-conscious, modern, fifties manner, while the rest of the movie is in the conventional heavy-going style that had always been deemed appropriate for sprawling family sagas. (This one sprawls for three hours and eighteen minutes.) It's an example of commercial filmmaking straining for prestige, and the performers can't blink an eye without announcing that they're acting—and acting, what's more, to live up to the scale of the production. Yet Stevens' craftsmanship is effective at an unsubtle level, and the movie is often entertaining, with the narrative push that Ferber was so skilled at. Elizabeth Taylor and Rock Hudson are the leads; with Carroll Baker, Dennis Hopper, Rod Taylor, Mercedes McCambridge, Judith Evelyn, Sal Mineo, Jane Withers, Chill Wills, Alexander Scourby, and Earl Holliman. Screenplay by Fred Guiol and Ivan Moffat; music by Dimitri Tiomkin; cinematography by William C. Mellor. (Stills of the huge Gothic house standing in a vast, bare stretch of ground call up the movie as surely as the mention of "Rosebud" calls up "Citizen Kane.") (Cinema Village; May 6-7.)

The Gospel According to St. Matthew (1966)—Pasolini's interpretation features the rocky settings of southern Italy, an eclectic score, and a rigid Jesus who demands obedience. Some find the slow rhythm of the film fascinating, others think it punishing. (There's a funny description of the film in the opening pages of Iris Owens' novel "After Claude.") In Italian. (8th St. Playhouse; May 6-7.)

The Great Train Robbery—Handsome re-creations of mid-Victorian England. The year is 1855, and Sean Connery plays a thief who masquerades as a wealthy businessman in order to plan the theft of gold bullion that is being shipped by train to pay the British troops in the Crimea. The film has a satisfying, tame luxuriousness, like a super episode of "Masterpiece Theatre." This was the last film completed by the cinematographer Geoffrey Unsworth before his death. Directed by Michael Crichton, with Lesley-Anne Down, Donald Sutherland, Alan Webb, Gabrielle Lloyd as his daughter, Malcolm Terris as a bank manager, and Robert Lang as a Scotland Yard inspector. (2/12/79) (St. Marks Cinema; through May 3.)

La Guerre Est Finie (1966)—Yves Montand as

NO MINORS
Albert Hubbell

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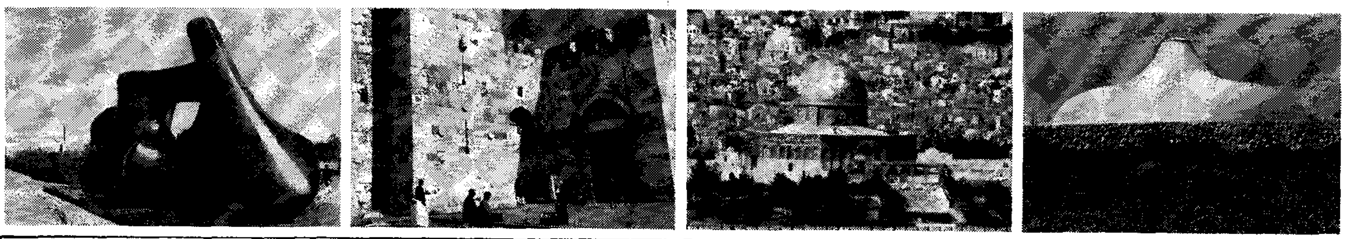

NEW YORK (1000 Third Avenue., New York 10022, Garden City, Fresh Meadows, White Plains) CONNECTICUT (Stamford)
NEW JERSEY (Riverside Square-Bergen, Short Hills) MASSACHUSETTS (Chestnut Hill) PENNSYLVANIA (Jenkintown)
MARYLAND (White Flint-Kensington) VIRGINIA (Tysons Corner-McLean)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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Diego, a Spanish professional (i.e., paid) revolutionary, a courier in the Communist underground, who goes on stoically carrying out policies he knows are futile. Alain Resnais directed this attempt at an elegy on the themes of exile and of living on old ideals—living in the past. The courier is like a weary commuter who has been through it all so many times that he can see what's coming; past and future are one. It's easy to satirize force of habit—as W. C. Fields demonstrated when he blew the head off an ice-cream soda. But Resnais, although he allows most of Diego's associates to appear ridiculous, protects Diego very tenderly. He isn't presented as a Party hack or a tool—he's noble. His melancholy is glamourized, and when he goes to bed with his mistress (Ingrid Thulin) he has such high-quality sex that we actually hear the soprano vocalizing of a heavenly choir. The film, from a script by Jorge Semprun, is ambivalent and smooth and chic, with an overexposed semi-abstract sex scene between Diego and a pouting kitten (Geneviève Bujold) and anticipatory flash-forwards. The political material has been subjected to the French equivalent of Hollywoodization; it's soaked in romantic defeatism, in existentialism used decoratively to make a hero of a numb, apathetic man. With Michel Piccoli and Jean Dasté. In French. (8th St. Playhouse; May 10-12.)

Hair—A sunny film rendering of the harmonically not particularly distinguished stage musical of the sixties, directed by the Czech-born Miloš Forman, who has managed—in a very Slavic way—to make a benign small folk-town of New York. (4/16/79) (Ziegfeld.)

Hardcore—George C. Scott is the Calvinist father from Grand Rapids who searches for his runaway teen-age daughter in the porno-prostitution world of California. The writer-director, Paul Schrader, sets up the picture as a demonstration of the superiority of fundamentalist moral values over pornographic laxness—as if there were nothing in between. With Peter Boyle and Season Hubley. (2/19/79) (Loews 83rd Quad; through May 3.)

The Hawks and the Sparrows (1967)—Ninetto Davoli and the great Totò as a self-abasing father and his son on a St. Franciscan walk, accompanied by a talking crow. A humorless film by Pier Paolo Pasolini about large topics of poverty, simplicity, fathers and sons, and mankind. In Italian. (8th St. Playhouse; May 10-12.)

The Heartbreak Kid (1972)—As the director, Elaine May finds her comic tone (befuddled skepticism) and scores a first besides—no other American woman director has ever directed her daughter in a leading role. Jeannie Berlin plays the voluptuously giddy bride, whose groom (Charles Grodin) falls in love with a cool American dream girl (Cybill Shepherd) three days after the wedding. From Neil Simon's script, based on a Bruce Jay Friedman story. (St. Marks Cinema; May 4-10. . . . ¶ Thalia; May 11-12.)

Hurricane—Directed by Jan Troell, with Mia Farrow, looking very little; Jason Robards as her American naval-officer father, who has quite a case of erotically repressed father love; and Dayton Ka'ne as a young Polynesian chief with whom the Mia Farrow character is in love. The film was shot entirely in Bora Bora, is set (in part) in Pago Pago, and is entirely silly silly. (4/23/79) (Loews Orpheum, and Loews State 1; through May 3.)

The Innocent—For its first half, this Visconti film, based on the 1892 D'Annunzio novel, is a steamy comedy of manners. Tullio (Giancarlo Giannini), an aristocratic liberal, has become sexually indifferent to his innocent, round-cheeked, country-mousy wife (Laura Antonelli), and has turned to a liaison with an ardent, glittering countess (Jennifer O'Neill). But when his gentle wife becomes interested in another man, he falls passionately in love with her. In the second half, the picture runs out of steam and turns into a ponderous melodrama. In Italian. (2/12/79) (Plaza, and Cinema 3.)

Just Like at Home—With Anna Karina, directed by Márta Mészáros. In Hungarian. (Cinema Studio 2; through May 3.)

The King of Marvin Gardens (1972)—Indecipherable dark-toned movie about brothers and spurious goals and the American Dream. Set in the decaying playground of Atlantic City in the gray, wintry off-season, it keeps declaring its alienation. Bruce Dern works hard trying to be charismatic as the promoter brother, who fronts for black gangsters. (Scatman Crothers is the big boss.) Jack Nicholson is the artist brother, who does monologues on late-night FM radio, issuing such pronouncements as "Goodbye, written word" and, referring to his own life, "Tragedy isn't Top Forty—which is just as well." Trying to act intellectual, Nicholson wears a prissy expression, huddles in his overcoat, and gives a dim, ploddingly serious performance. (If the roles had been reversed, the film might have had a *little* energy.) As Dern's aging, rejected mistress, who is being replaced in his affections by her own stepdaughter, Ellen Burstyn works valiantly, but her role is a series of florid gestures—it's like all Claire Trevor's biggest scenes put together. This is an unqualified disaster of the type that only talented people have; the producer-director, Bob Rafelson, and the scriptwriter, Jacob Brackman, seem to be saying "Let them eat metaphors." With Julia Anne Robinson as the stepdaughter, Charles Lavine as the brothers' grandfather, and Gary Goodrow, Sully Boyar, and Josh Mostel. Cinematography by Laszlo Kovacs. (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 11-12.)

The Last Detail (1974)—About three seamen. Otis Young and Jack Nicholson are dispatched to escort a morose eighteen-year-old (Randy Quaid) from the brig in Norfolk, Virginia, to the naval prison in Portsmouth, New Hampshire. The movie is the record of their dallying, beer-soaked journey and of their self-discoveries en route. It is distinguished by the fine performances of Nicholson and Quaid, and by well-orchestrated profane dialogue, but visually it is relentlessly lower-depths gloomy, and the material, though often very funny, is programmed to wrench your heart. It's about the blasted lives of people who discover their humanity too late. Hal Ashby directed; adapted by Robert Towne from Darryl Ponicsan's book. (Cinema Village; May 9-10.)

Last Embrace—With Roy Scheider and Janet Margolin, directed by Jonathan Demme. (Murray Hill, Beekman, Paramount, and Embassy 1; starting May 4.)

A Little Romance—With Laurence Olivier, Arthur Hill, and Sally Kellerman; directed by George Roy Hill. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Sutton.)

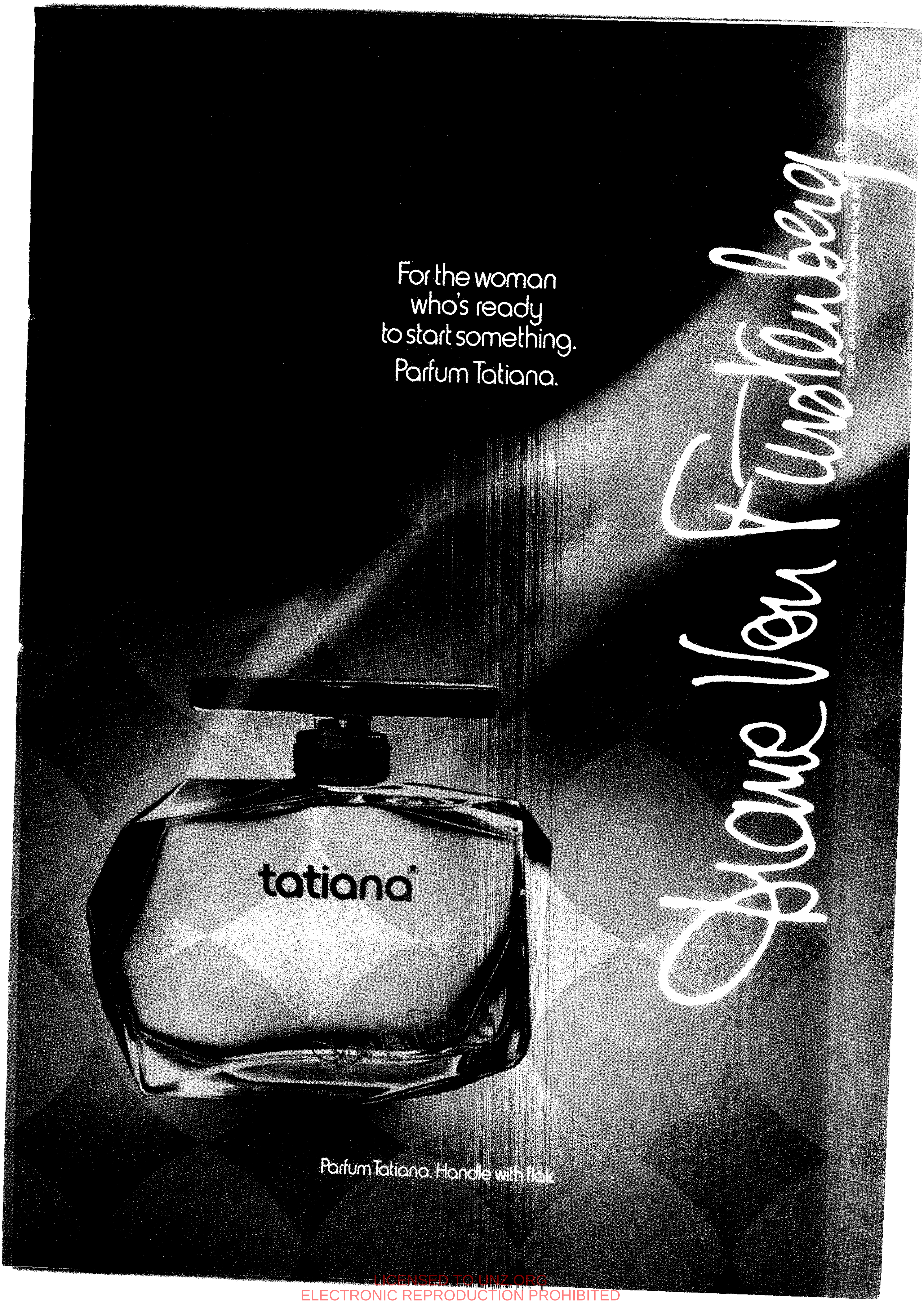
Love at First Bite—With George Hamilton and Susan Saint James, directed by Stan Dragoti. (Loews Ciné, Greenwich, Loews 83rd Quad, and National.)

Love on the Run—François Truffaut's new film in his autobiographical Antoine Doinel series ("The 400 Blows," "Love at Twenty," "Stolen Kisses," "Bed and Board"). Doinel is, as ever, played by Jean-Pierre Léaud, who is now—unbelievably—twenty years older than the boy in "The 400 Blows." His presence on screen—the film is photographed by the great Nestor Almendros—is both reviving and moving. Truffaut has a great affinity with Jean Renoir. Every foot of film he makes perpetuates the distinctness of being a Frenchman. This is a glorious piece of work. In French. (4/9/79) (Coronet.)

The Lower Depths (1957)—Kurosawa's version of Gorky, transposed to a Japanese lodging house in the early nineteenth century. A very great film. The inhabitants, blown by the whims of a corrupt landlord, include a rundown Kabuki actor, a thief, a whore, a retired Samurai, an invalid old lady. Mifune plays the thief, who has an eye for the landlady's sister. The perfect ensemble acting was arrived at by a method in the great tradition of the Moscow Art Theatre, which first mounted the play; before they started shooting, the cast and crew rehearsed for forty days with full costume, makeup, and lighting. Stanislavski would have approved this film, and Gorky would have found it authentically comic. In Japanese. (8th St. Playhouse; May 8-9.)

Manhattan—This black-and-white film, directed by Woody Allen, is splendidly suited to this nearly totally black-and-white city. Isaac is the skinny and festive hero of its pared-down and exuberant script, by Woody Allen and Marshall Brickman. He is up to his ears in demands for alimony from two ex-wives, one of whom—the mother of his little boy—is now living with a grumpy woman with dark curly hair who offers no fun to anyone. Woody Allen proceeds by giant strides: this film is even funnier than "Annie Hall," even more serious in its comedy than "Interiors." Photographed by Gordon Willis, with a true friend for Isaac in the part played by the indispensable Diane Keaton. (4/30/79) (34th St. East, Baronet, and Little Carnegie.)

Murder by Decree—A newly written Sherlock Holmes story, set in Victorian London. This handsome Anglo-Canadian production, directed by Bob Clark, features fine Whistler-like dockside scenes and many beautiful, ghoulish gothic-movie touches, but the modern political attitudes expressed by the writer, John Hopkins, misshape the picture. As Holmes, the mellifluous-voiced Christopher Plummer is accomplished but unconvincing. James Mason is a superb Dr. Watson—silly, querulous, innately good; it's a small-scale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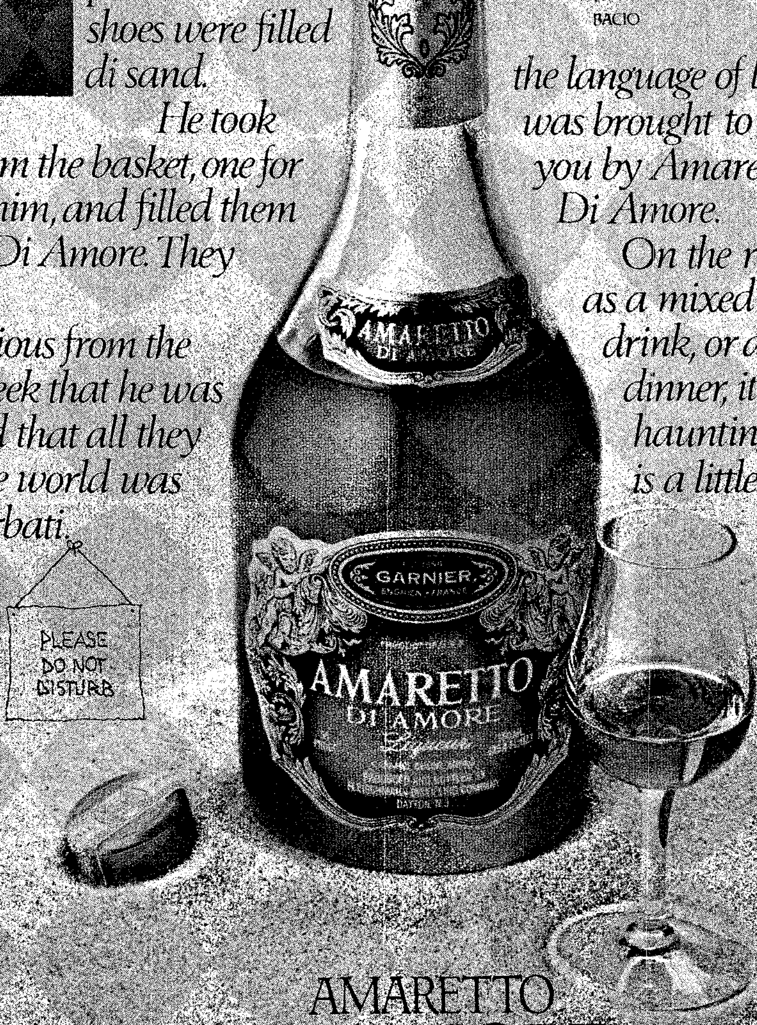
It was obvious from the rossore of her cheek that he was her amante. And that all they wanted from the world was non essere disturbati.

'Cara,' he said.



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And as their lips touched, her cuore beat faster and they knew it was amore."

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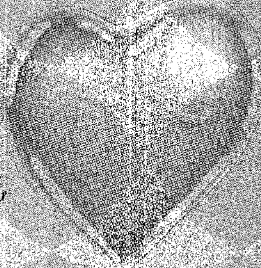
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but great performance. (72nd Street East; May 4-10. . . . ¶ Olympia; starting May 11.)

The Music Lovers (1971)—Ken Russell seems to have invented a new genre of pornobiography. In this film, Tchaikovsky is the chief victim of Russell's baroque vulgarity. With Richard Chamberlain and Glenda Jackson. (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 6-7.)

A New Leaf (1971)—Elaine May adapted and directed this harmlessly doddering comedy about an aristocratic American playboy (Walter *Matthau?*) who must marry a fortune in six weeks and finds a rich botanist (Miss May). It's an unusually ugly-looking movie, and one can't be sure that much of anything in it was intended, but there is a sweetness about its absence of style and about its shapeless, limp comic scenes. William Redfield and George Rose help. (Thalia; May 11-12.)

Night Train (1940)—Spies, the Gestapo, Berlin, and England in a British thriller of the first rank. With Margaret Lockwood, Rex Harrison, and Paul Henried; directed by Carol Reed. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 10.)

Norma Rae—Directed by Martin Ritt, written by Irving Ravetch and Harriet Frank, Jr. (Mrs. Ravetch). A first-rate, rather dated—thirtyish—film about the efforts of a spunky young woman in the South to unionize the textile industry. Sally Field, as the heroine, gives a terrific performance. (3/19/79) (Loews New York 2, Quad Cinema, Loews 83rd Quad, and Forum.)

North by Northwest (1959)—The title (from Hamlet's "I am but mad north-northwest: when the wind is southerly, I know a hawk from a handsaw") is the clue to the mad geography and improbable plot. The compass seems to be spinning, as the action hops all over the United States and people rush about in the wrong direction. Though not as cleverly original as "Strangers on a Train," or as cleverly sexy as "Notorious," this is one of Hitchcock's most entertaining American thrillers. It goes on too long, and the script seems shaped to accommodate various set pieces (such as the chase on Mount Rushmore) that he wants to put in. But it has a classic sequence, in which a crop-dusting plane tries to dust the hero (Cary Grant), and a genial, sophisticated, comic tone. Just about everybody in it is a spy or a government agent (except Grant, who is mistaken for one). His performance is very smooth and appealing, and he looks so fit that he gets by with having Jessie Royce Landis, who was born the same year he was, playing his mother. The heroine is Eva Marie Saint, who doesn't seem quite herself here; her flat voice and affectless style suggest a Midwestern Grace Kelly, and a perverse makeup artist has turned her face into an albino African mask. With James Mason, Leo G. Carroll, Martin Landau (as the blue-eyed menace, Leonard), and, in smaller roles, Josephine Hutchinson, Philip Ober, Carleton Young, Adam Williams, and Ned Glass. The music is by Bernard Herrmann; the script, by Ernest Lehman, has a family resemblance to Hitchcock's "The 39 Steps" (and bits of it turn up again, slightly transposed, in Lehman's script for Mark Robson's "The Prize"). (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 10.)

Old Boyfriends—Directed by Joan Tewkesbury (who wrote Altman's "Nashville") and written by Paul and Leonard Schrader. This is a rather distraught and very small-scale film about a woman (Talia Shire) who plods down what the picture calls Memory Lane, in a pastoral mood, picking up her love history by playing fast and loose with three men out of her past. (4/2/79) (Gramercy, and Victoria; through May 3.)

Picnic at Hanging Rock—An Australian film by Peter Weir set on St. Valentine's Day of 1900 in a prissy girls' school that attempts, under the eye of Rachel Roberts as the headmistress, to import an English way of thought into the Australian outback. The plot has to do with the occult disappearance of a gang of the schoolgirls and of their mistresses; the moral matter has to do with the impropriety of trying to impose one culture on another. A very interesting film. (4/23/79) (D. W. Griffith, Quad Cinema, and Embassy.)

A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man—A film by Joseph Strick (who made "Ulysses" in 1967) of James Joyce's crucial and innovative work. One remembers many things: the beguiling performance by Luke Johnston as the ten-year-old Stephen Dedalus; the keenness of spirit that cuts through the film; the vivacity of thought; the clear air of Joyce's insight into Dublin's fustiness, exemplified by Simon Dedalus. This book is in our bones, and Strick makes us know that Stephen Dedalus is indeed an artist, civilization's lay soothsayer. (4/30/79) (Guild, and Embassy 72nd St.)

Pride and Prejudice (1940)—This literate movie is a faithful transcription of Jane Austen's sparkling comedy of manners, adapted by Aldous Huxley and Jane Murfin. But when Jane Austen's characters are brought to life, everything is changed. Animated and bouncing, the movie is more Dickens than Austen; once one adjusts to this, it's a happy and carefree viewing experience. The movie belongs to Laurence Olivier, who plays Darcy, and to that great old dragon Edna May Oliver, as Lady Catherine. Greer Garson is Elizabeth Bennet, and she is not as phony as she became later. She's effective and has nice diction, though she's arch and incapable of subtlety, and a viewer can get weary watching that eyebrow that goes up like the gold curtain at the old Met. The cast includes Mary Boland, Edmund Gwenn, Melville Cooper, and a batch of girls in overstarched dresses (Marsha Hunt, Maureen O'Sullivan, Karen Morley, Ann Rutherford, Heather Angel), and villainous Frieda Inescort, of the slurpy voice. Directed by Robert Z. Leonard. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 6.)

Rabbit Test (1978)—With Billy Crystal, directed by Joan Rivers. (St. Marks Cinema; through May 3. . . . ¶ Olympia; starting May 11.)

Saint Jack—With Ben Gazzara, directed by Peter Bogdanovich. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Cinema I.)

Séance on a Wet Afternoon (1964)—In London, a nutty medium and her craven husband carry out a particularly repellent kidnapping and are, thank goodness, foiled. Kim Stanley is the medium, and Richard Attenborough is the husband, and they both give remarkable performances. Directed by Bryan Forbes. (Thalia; May 8.)

Secret Agent (1936)—Not altogether successful Hitchcock version of Somerset Maugham's spy thriller, "Ashenden," but it has a bright, quick, fresh touch, and it's fascinating partly because the two male leads, John Gielgud and Peter Lorre, are so ill used. Gielgud looks like a tailor's dummy for Leslie Howard, and Lorre plays a cheerful little killer who speaks with a Mexican accent and wears a single earring. With Madeleine Carroll and Robert Young. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 9.)

Sorry, Wrong Number (1948)—Lucille Fletcher wrote this overextended treatment of her radio play about a bedridden hypochondriac who calls her husband at his office, overhears a couple of men arranging a murder, and slowly comes to realize that she is to be the victim. Barbara Stanwyck is the terrified and, finally, whimpering woman; Burt Lancaster is her morose husband. The director, Anatole Litvak, seems to be defeated by the extravagantly jumbled, shallow script. With Ann Richards. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 11.)

Superman—Christopher Reeve, the young actor chosen to play the lead, is the best reason to see the film; he's immediately likable, with an open-faced, deadpan style that's just right for a windup hero. Though one of the two or three most expensive movies ever made, it's cheesy-looking, and the plotting is so hit-or-miss that the story never seems to get started; the special effects are far from wizardly, and the editing often seems hurried and jerky just at the crucial points. Directed by Richard Donner. With Marlon Brando, Gene Hackman, and Margot Kidder. (1/1/79) (R.K.O. 86th St., and Criterion.)

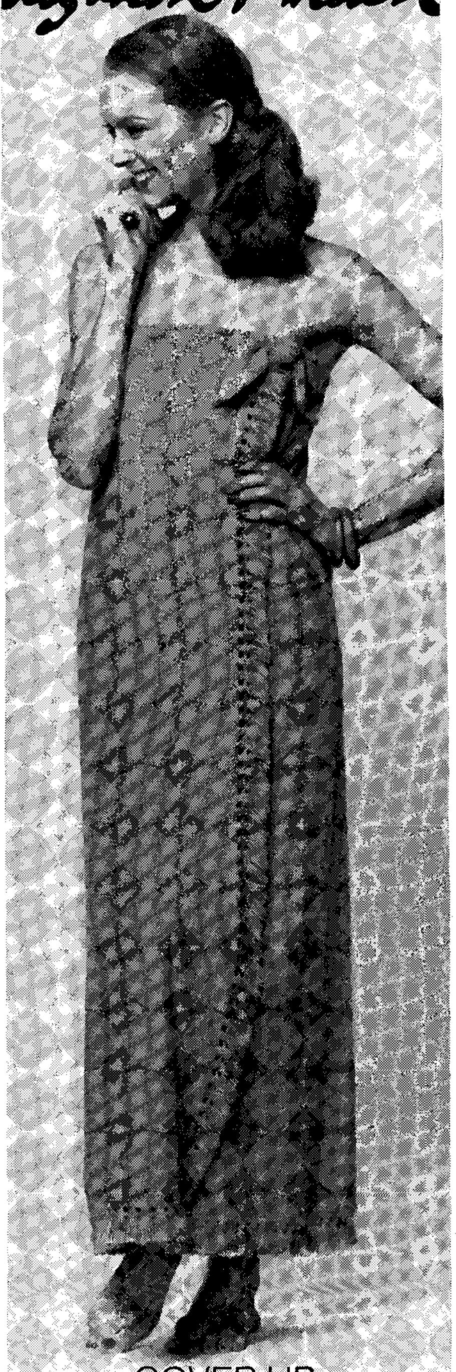
Teresa the Thief—With Monica Vitti, directed by Carlo Di Palma. In Italian and English. (Gemini 1; starting May 6.)

Thank God It's Friday—With Donna Summer and Hilary Beane, directed by Robert Klane. (Olympia; through May 10.)

Viridiana (1961)—Luis Buñuel's account of the havoc wreaked by a virtuous girl who seeks to do God's bidding among His beloved poor. In Spanish. (8th St. Playhouse; May 6-7.)

Wifemistress—With Marcello Mastroianni and Laura Antonelli, directed by Marco Vicario. In Italian. (Art, and Embassy 1; through May 3.)

Elizabeth Arden



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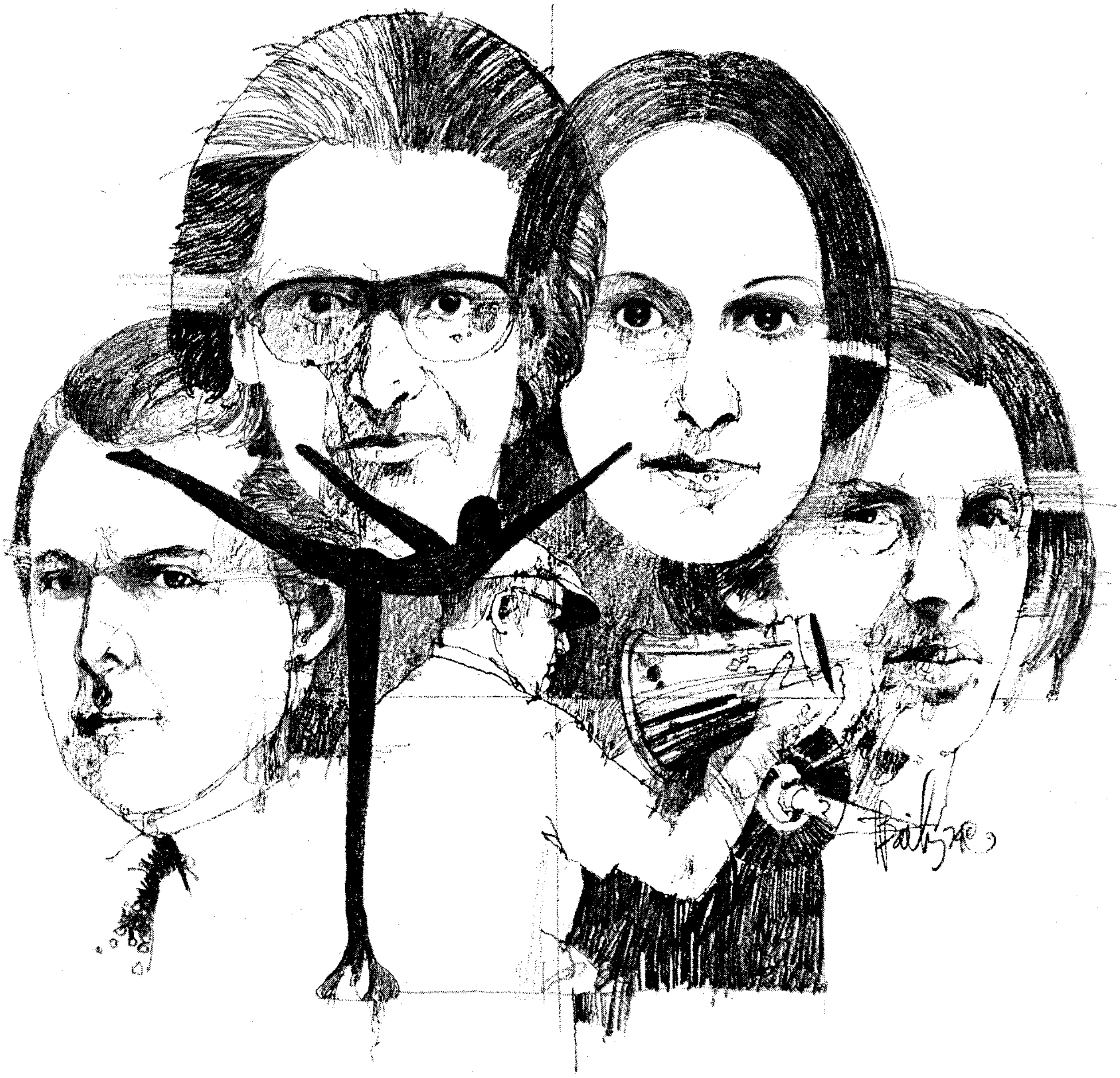

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Pictured clockwise: Giorgio Armani, Richard Avedon, Mary McFadden, Perry Ellis, The Artisans of Baccarat.

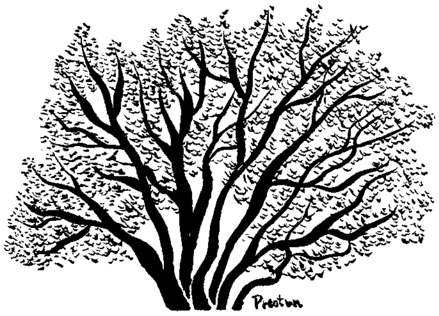
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

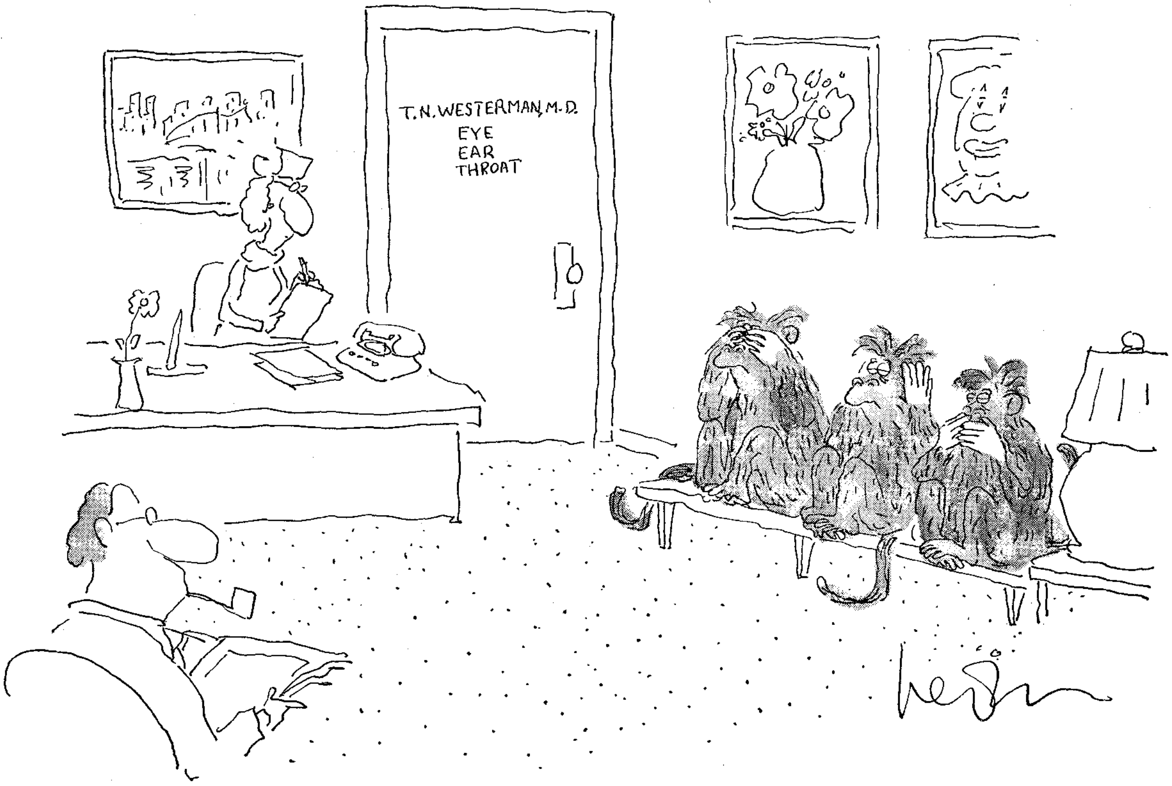
Notes and Comment

TWO weeks ago, the black citizens of Rhodesia voted for the first time on the basis of a universal franchise (that is, on the principle of one person, one vote). Perhaps the most remarkable thing about this event is that it didn't take place a long time ago. One might suppose that a country in which the blacks account for fully ninety-six per cent of the population would have attained majority rule at least a decade earlier, but it did not. The essential fact of Rhodesian politics is that there are roughly seven million blacks and two hundred and fifty thousand whites. Yet until about three years ago the Rhodesian whites seemed to expect that they would never have to surrender power at all. As a group, they were not iniquitous—merely stupefyingly shortsighted. They were astonished at the coming of independence to other African countries, and resentful of foreigners who advocated it for Rhodesia. When they were told that since they constituted only five per cent—and, later, only four per cent—of the population, they could hardly expect to rule the country forever, they would say that "one person, one vote" had little meaning in Africa. In 1962, they voted out of office a party whose leader advocated a gradual approach to black rule within twelve or fourteen years. By 1964, they had rallied to a new leader, Ian Smith, who asserted on taking office that never in his lifetime would Rhodesia have a black Prime Minister.

Smith proved to be skillful tactician. In 1965, he declared Rhodesia independent of British rule, and for a long time, despite economic sanctions imposed against his country by the United Nations, everything seemed to be going his way. But in 1973 guerrilla fighting began, with the so-called Patriotic Front guerrillas eventually establishing themselves in two neighboring countries. In 1974 came the overthrow of the Portuguese dictatorship in Lisbon, which led to independence for the two Portuguese territories—Mozambique and Angola—that had served as buffer states for the white regimes of southern Africa. Finally, in 1976, Smith was warned by John Vorster, the South African Prime Minister, and Henry Kissinger, the American Secretary of State, that his government must give way to majority rule. Vorster had concluded that in order to reduce international pressure on South Africa his government should work to achieve safe black-ruled regimes—one might almost say blackface regimes—in Rhodesia and Namibia (South-West Africa). Kissinger was concerned about the role of the Soviet Union and Cuba in providing arms and training to the Rhodesian guerrillas; he wanted to curtail the Soviet and Cuban influence by bringing an end to the fighting. To convince Smith that the matter was serious, Vorster threatened to shut off Rhodesia's oil supply if he did not comply. Professing shock, Smith immediately began to bargain over details. The United States and Britain prepared a plan according to which a special commissioner would oversee the transition of Rhodesia to black rule; it was thought that under such an arrangement the guerrilla groups might be persuaded to join the proceedings. Smith rejected this plan and, early last year, announced the formation of an "interim" government in which he would share power with three "moderate" black politicians, including the Methodist Bishop Abel Muzorewa. Pointedly excluded were Joshua Nkomo and Robert Mugabe, the principal guerrilla leaders. Bishop Muzorewa predicted at the time that as soon as the interim government took over, the war would begin to flicker out. Instead, it got worse.



With the guerrillas threatening to disrupt the voting, the recent elections became something of a test both of the interim government's ability to conduct the operation and of the Rhodesian population's willingness to participate. Observers arrived from abroad to try to establish whether the elections were being conducted fairly and freely. And, as so often happens in African affairs, everyone seems to have seen exactly what he wanted to see. Friends of the Rhodesian status quo—a rather curious collection of mostly Americans and Britons, including not only those who are eager to see the economic sanctions removed, so they can once more buy Rhodesian chrome and tobacco legally, but also those for whom the white Rhodesians have become a sort of private charity—were altogether impressed. They hailed the estimated sixty-four-per-cent turnout of eligible voters, and they welcomed the election of Bishop Muzorewa as the first black Prime Minister. In this country, friends of the Rhodesian status quo, a number of whom seem to be in the United States Senate, immediately called on President Carter to recognize the new Salisbury regime, which will be installed in June, and to end economic sanctions. This pressure puts the Administration in an awkward position. It is not at all convinced that the Muzorewa government can survive in the face of a steadily expanding guerrilla war, and, in any case, it doesn't want to jeopardize its improved relations with black Africa by rushing to the support of the latest Rhodesian compromise. Probably the most enthusiastic response of all to the Rhodesian elections came from South Africa, which



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called the event a "remarkable achievement" and proposed a security pact under which South Africa would provide arms and aid to the safe black governments of Rhodesia and Namibia. Smith greeted this news as "manna from Heaven," as well he might, for it means that the new Rhodesia will become part of South Africa's ring of defense. But it does not mean that an end to the guerrilla fighting is in sight. Critics of the status quo were not at all impressed by the recent elections. They pointed out that the whole exercise was conducted at a time when most of the country was under martial law, with tens of thousands of troops and hastily mobilized civilians on special duty. They noted that large numbers of voters were transported to the polls. They argued that the half-million blacks who are living in "protected villages"—not the least of several uncomfortable resemblances between Rhodesia and Vietnam—were subject to special government persuasion.

Far more important than any doubts about the election procedures is the question of whether the new government will genuinely be based on majority rule. Under the new constitution, the whites will retain twenty-eight of a total of one hundred seats in the new parliament—enough to block constitutional changes. They will also control the Army, the police, the judiciary, and the civil service for at least a decade, and will hold about a quarter of the posts in the new Cabinet. Smith, who has been saying for years that he wanted nothing so much as to retire to his farm, now says he might be willing to serve in the new government after all, perhaps as Minister of Law and Order. Even the name of the country will reflect the role that the whites expect to continue to play. Until very recently, it had been assumed that with the attainment of majority rule Rhodesia would become known as Zimbabwe—its African name. But a few months ago, in what must surely have been an extraordinary lapse in strategy, the whites decided that it might be better, after all, to call the place Zimbabwe-Rhodesia. Bishop Muzorewa is said to have accepted this decision, as he has accepted the provisions of the new constitution, with little protest. The reason is that he needs the whites as much as they need him. Without them in the Army, in the police, and in his Cabinet, the victory of the guerrillas could come quickly, and that would be the end of the Bishop's government as well as of what is left of the old Rhodesia.

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Flicka

WE have received the following letter from a former schoolmate of the opera singer Frederica von Stade:

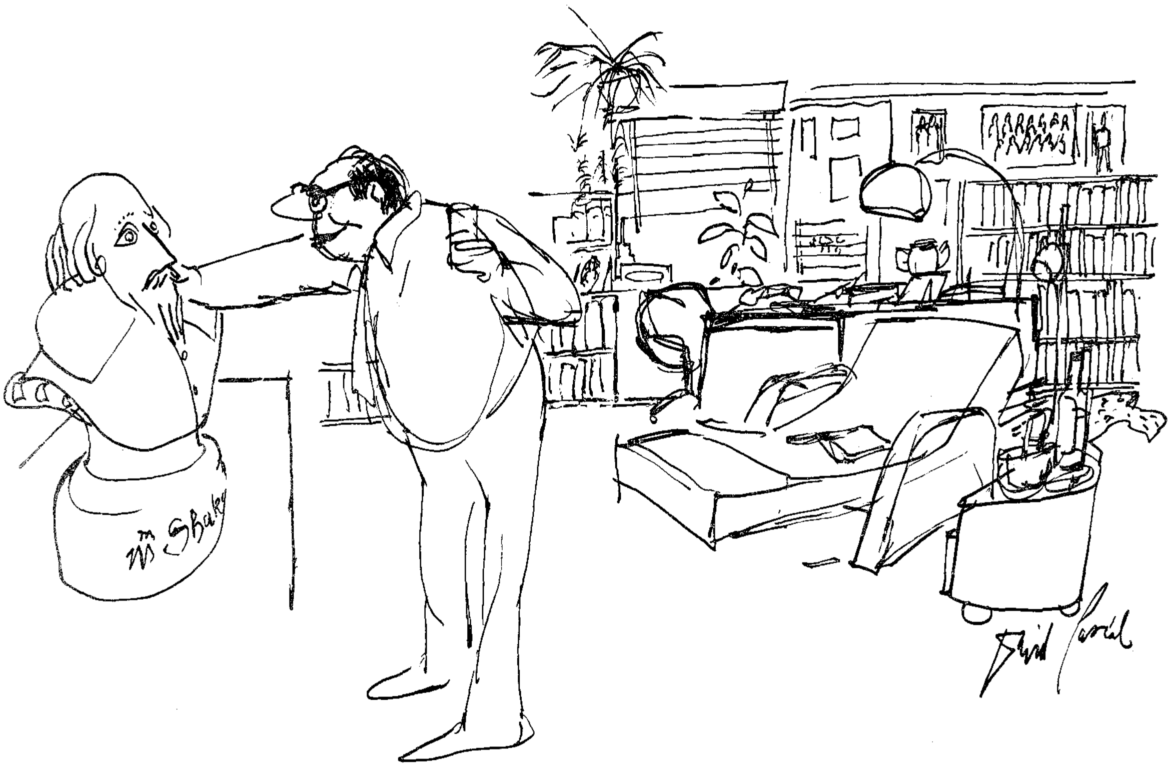
Frederica von Stade's success as a mezzo-soprano hasn't surprised me. Not that I would have predicted it, exactly, although years ago, in the little convent boarding school where I first knew Flicka, she already had a wonderful voice—a voice that, like its owner, was arrestingly pleasant. It's possible that back then I might have said, "I'll bet Flicka will be an opera star one day," but the remark would have been less a prediction than one way of referring to what seemed to be a very happy equation meshing Flicka with life. The remark would have conveyed not hope and suspense about a particular possibility but, rather, recognition of a general fact about Flicka. Her equation with life might have worked out in many different ways—not all of them having to do with success in the sense of career but all of them having to do with flowering in whatever situation she chose. Flicka was exceptional. She was not someone striving to be exceptional but someone who was just naturally a champion.

In later years, she and I lost touch—as happens—but if at any time in that period Flicka's name had come up, it would have instantly recalled a vivid image. It would have recalled light-brown hair, greenish eyes, a few freckles, a face that was somehow both chiselled and round, and a ready, smooth-browed smile. It would have recalled a very pretty girl with a tomboyish manner and gait; Flicka strode. It would have recalled a combination of serenity and jauntiness. And it would have recalled that extraordinary pleasantness: not charisma, because that word implies something a little too hard-edged and glittery; not even charm, because that word implies something actively seductive; but pleasantness—a passive quality that made room for other people. It's also true that mention of the name Flicka von Stade would have recalled a voice. It would have recalled the noontime sessions in which the entire school (seventy of us) stood in the study hall, in oxford shoes, knee socks, white shirts, and plaid jumpers, practicing various Gregorian chants, pieces by Palestrina, Josquin des Prés, and Roland de Lassus, and even, sometimes, pieces by such modern composers as Handel and Mozart—sessions in which Flicka's voice would buoy the often wandering and rickety efforts of the rest of us and, like a strong river, carry them firmly through the course. It would have recalled processions in May by the sea—before amazed weekend boaters—with windblown white veils, banal hymns to the Virgin, and a voice that would momentarily take advantage of the great outdoors and unleash its full power. It would have recalled standing in the little chapel on a midwinter morning before the sun had risen and hearing, in the parts of an a-cappella chant where the rest of us momentarily faltered, a particular voice, suddenly exposed in the imagined privacy of chorus, that was sure, deep. Sometimes startlingly deep. When we heard those special notes, which were deep in the sense of having a very rich tone but also in the sense of hinting at a depth of feeling—as though the notes were vehicles for a maturity of sentiment which had not yet come into being—it seemed that Flicka's voice had leaped decades ahead of the jaunty, good-natured schoolgirl we then knew.

As it happened, eleven years went by before I was reminded that Flicka was an ongoing person as well as a memory, but when the reminder came, it was a forceful one. In the winter of 1973, I learned that Frederica von Stade would sing the lead role of Rosina in "The Barber of Seville" at the Metropolitan Opera. I was excited on learning this, but, as I have said, not really surprised. The news brought with it a feeling of satisfaction. It did not precisely fulfill an expectation, but it was both arresting and gratifying, like the sound of an apple falling out of a tree into a pond. Plop. It was right. So I bought a ticket to the opera, and sometime during the Christmas season of 1973 I sat in the dark in one of the upper balconies listening to the music and to the other singers and waiting, with keen but complacent feelings, for Flicka's entrance. In the center of the stage was a tower. A little way into the first act, from out of nowhere, it seemed at first, and then evidently from the lighted but shuttered window up in the tower, emerged—at a moment when the orchestra was practically quiet—a simple melodic phrase, sung in a tone that was clear and pure and that reached to the very back of the house, where I was sitting. It sounded effortless—almost casual. It was Flicka's voice. Later, I learned that after leaving school she had worked as a nanny in Paris, as a salesgirl at Tiffany's, and as a secretary for the American Shakespeare Festival, in Connecticut. On a bet, she had entered the Mannes College of Music, and by chance she had enrolled in the opera workshop. Before graduating, four years later, she had decided to become a nurse, and would have done so if Harold Schonberg had not singled her out for praise in reviewing a Mannes College production. The review spurred her to enter the 1969 Metropolitan Opera auditions, and before she got to the finals Rudolf Bing had given her a contract. *Plop.*

A few years after I heard her voice emerge from the tower, I caught up with Flicka in person. She had the same smile, the same breezy manner, and the same striking pleasantness that I remembered. I had assumed that this would be so. There is a quality about Flicka that one assumes will always be there—refreshing yet ever the same, like the way a beach looks on a clear summer day. There were, of course, changes, too: an undercurrent of seriousness—a kind of weightedness—and a mature quality settling into her features which almost seemed to be at war with the old jauntiness. She and I chatted about her performing. Since "The Barber of Seville," I had heard her sing a number of times in recital—where a singer is much more exposed than in an opera—and there was one quality in particular that I wanted to ask about. Onstage, as in person, she seemed to be remarkably devoid of conflict, and the result was a feeling of freedom and generosity about her performance. She seemed liberated from all the contradictory reservations and urgencies that usually dog performers. She just was. Her songs would come out in her splendid voice, which over the years was becoming more and more technically proficient and expressing a wider and wider range of emotions—a gift to the audience with no strings attached.

I asked her how she had managed to achieve this freedom, and she told me that it was something that came to her naturally. It was a part of her temperament. "I have never worried about making a fool of myself," she said, almost apologetically. "At a certain point in every career, you have to take a step based on blind confidence. One time, I was wiped up by the critics, and my reaction was to go one step farther instead of withdrawing one



"Philosopher, playwright, knower of men, colleague, pal o' mine."

step. I was mad." That, I thought, was the champion speaking.

I asked her if fame and glory had been in any way upsetting.

"There are a lot of dealings having to do with how much money you are worth that I don't do," she said. "I've seen letters of haggling, though, and it's not very pleasant. As for the rest, after being away for a while I panic at the publicity in the first few weeks, but then it becomes addictive. I expect a period of enormous lack of interest sometime ahead, though. I've noticed that the public loves newcomers, and that the transition from newcomer to veteran is disallowed. The prospect makes one come back to why one is doing it—whether one is doing it for fame and glory and recognition or for the joy of performing, to develop the technical ability to serve the music better, to expand all the possible colors in your voice."

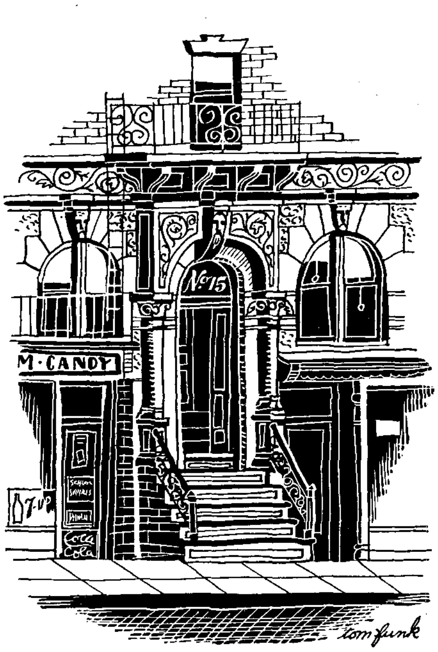
Then I drove out to New Jersey with her, where she had an appointment with her voice teacher, Sebastian Engelberg, at his home. The work was obviously a pleasure to them both, but during that session I also got a glimpse of the continuous, disciplined effort that is joined to those qualities of temperament which give her performance such ease. Solid work underlies Flicka's art like an innerspring mattress. And I remembered a concert I had heard her give out of town. The dreariness of the school auditorium, the audience that was suspicious of the strange songs by Poulenc and Debussy, the sense of being in a place that one travelled to on highways by car at night made me reflect on what a large part of Flicka's life—that part spent giving concerts out of town—must be like. Hers is not an easy lot. But it has its compensations. "Personally, I feel extremely happy," she said on the way back from New Jersey.

I last heard Flicka sing a few weeks ago, at Alice Tully Hall. She had, in the interim, sung with the Paris Opéra, with the Royal Opera at Covent Garden, with the San Francisco Opera, with the Geneva Opera, and at La Scala—just to pick a few spots at random—and had given innumerable recitals, and had also taken time off to have her daughter, Jennifer Rebecca. (She is married to the baritone Peter Elkus.) The audience was clearly crazy about her. For many performers, the New York engagements must be the most daunting ones, but at Flicka's concerts the atmosphere is that of a homecoming. There is a special sound to the applause. Just at the point where you expect it to start dying out, it escalates, like the beating of rain on a tin roof when it is about to become a really apocalyptic deluge. There seems to be something more going on at Flicka's New York concerts than simple appreciation of music. It's as though she were to the audience the embodiment of a dream. It's as though, in some odd way, they were clapping for themselves, as though her happiness were their happiness. At this concert—the last in a series of three—as at others, old schoolmates of Flicka's rediscovered each other in the shadows of the hall. "Isn't it wonderful?" said one. "Just think of it. Our Flicka."

Mothering

"I DIDN'T get my hair fixed. I didn't know what this was. She just said come on up. Well, there's nothing I can do about my hair without a hairdresser," said a grown daughter of one of the recipients of the National Mother's Day Committee First Outstanding Mother Awards when she saw all the reporters, photographers, and television cameras at the Outstanding Mother Awards reception in the Princess Ballroom of the Sheraton Centre Hotel.

"The best Mother's Day I ever had was back when our children celebrated Mother's Day and Father's Day together and gave us a new chicken coop for our farm," said Mrs. Harriet S. Adams, Outstanding Mother, head of the Stratemeyer Syndicate, author (under the name Carolyn Keene) of the Nancy Drew and Dana Girls books, grandmother, and great-grandmother, in response to the question "What was your most memorable Mother's Day?" asked of her and the four other Outstanding Mothers present: Carol Jenkins, WNBC newswoman; Jane Muskie, wife of Senator Edmund Muskie; Lenore Hershey, editor-in-chief of the *Ladies' Home Journal;* and Charita Bauer, actress in the CBS series "The Guiding Light."



"Caring is what mothering is all about. Children are not pieces of property. What they need is space. Mothering does not end when the child turns twenty-one," said Carol Jenkins when she received her award.

"O.K., ladies, now will you please stand up and show us your legs," said a photographer when all the Outstanding Mothers were seated behind a table on a dais.

A couple of the Outstanding Mothers began to stand up, coöperatively.

"No, no, no, no, no! I was just kidding," said the photographer.

Basil

ON a recent warm spring day, we stopped by to see a didactic friend who has an office seventeen floors up in a midtown building, and found him standing attentively before a table on which was a sturdy-looking redwood box a yard long. Scissors in hand, our friend was snipping bright-green leaves from a tall tangle of plants growing in the box, and packing them into an aluminum measuring cup on the table, which also had on it an empty ceramic flowerpot, a box of plant-food tablets, and a trigger-action plant sprayer. An earthy aroma reminiscent of cloves and mint perfumed the office. We questioned the air with our nose.

"Sweet basil," our friend said. "*Ocimum basilicum*, in the Linnaean system. I haven't yet managed to afford that place in the country everyone is supposed to covet these days, so this, for the time being, is my surrogate. I bought a package of seeds from a plant store in my neighborhood last year—sixty-nine cents—and the redwood box from a store on Ninth Avenue. I also had to buy the dirt—pasteurized Pennsylvania dirt, eight pounds for a dollar-forty-nine. *Dirt!* Like a lot of people who live in this city, I grew up in a place where when you wanted some dirt to put in a pot you went out into the back yard and dug some. Anyway, I had a great crop of basil all last summer and well into the fall, and the plants never did go to seed—basil's an annual—because I kept harvesting them. Then, one Monday during the winter, I came in to work and all the plants in the box looked absolutely dead, wilted, because the office had got so cold over the weekend. I didn't hold out much hope for their survival, but they're flourishing now."

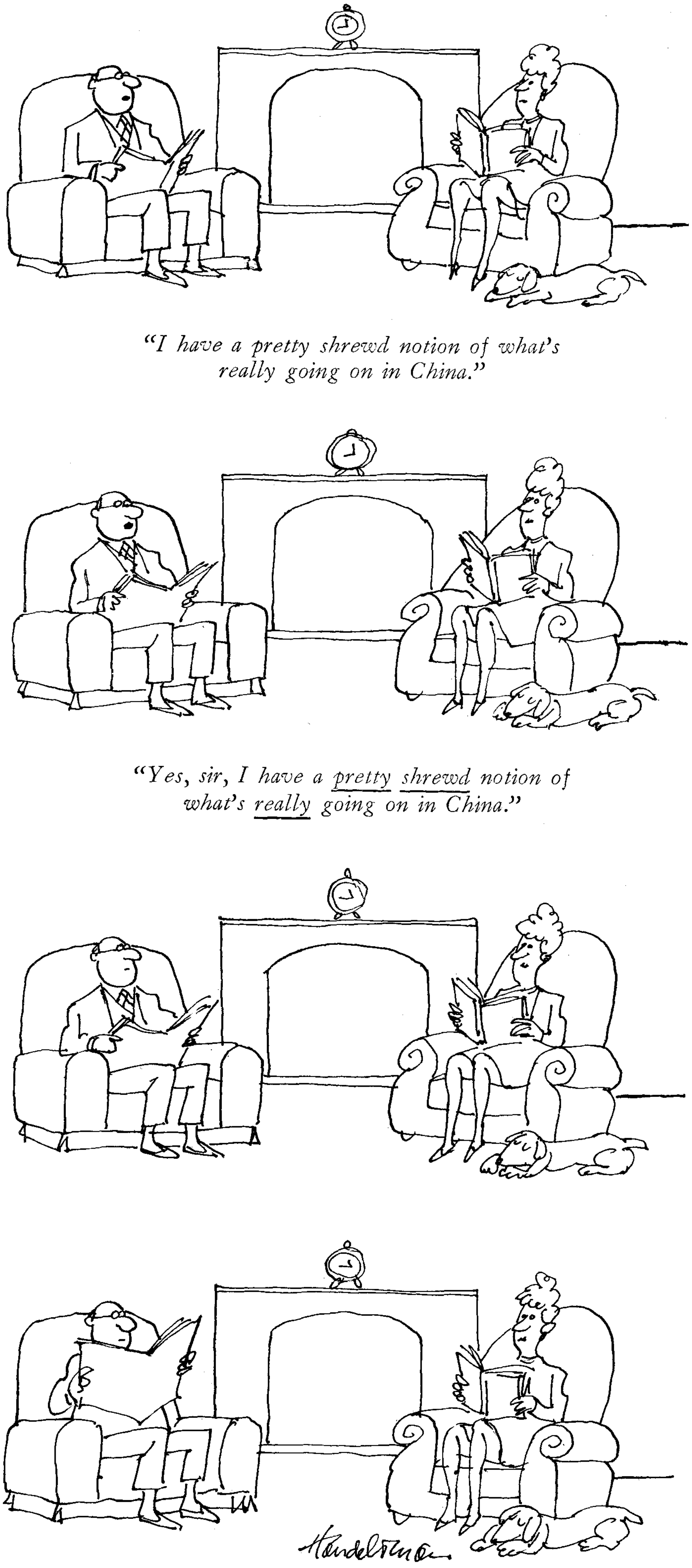
Our friend snipped an oval leaf from an eighteen-inch stalk that was green in its upper reaches and brown and woody where it emerged from the soil. He chewed the leaf thoughtfully, and then said, "This stuff has been reputed to have a lot of mystical qualities. The great seventeenth-century English herbalist Nicholas Culpeper attributed a certain evil nature to it. He wrote, among other amazing things, about a French scholar of the twelfth century who claimed that an acquaintance given to 'common smelling' of basil had, presumably as a result, had a scorpion born in his brain. Now, that seems unlikely. The name of that French scholar was, by the bye, Hilarius."

Lowering his head to sniff fearlessly at the basil, our friend went on, "The French seem to have mixed feelings about this plant. On the one hand, there's a French phrase about *semer le basilic*, to sow the basil—anyone who's sowing the basil is ranting and raving." For an explanation, our friend stepped across the room and took a copy of "The Rodale Herb Book" from an overflowing bookcase. He opened the book to a section on basil and handed it to us. "Early Greek and Roman physicians believed that basil would thrive only if it were sown amid vile shouts and curses," we read. Our friend continued, "On the other hand, French chefs do call it *l'herbe royale*, in allusion to its Greek origin, *basilikos*. Over all, the plant has had a good reputation. Shelley mentioned it lovingly, Michael Drayton called its scent 'wondrous pleasing,' and Keats also wrote about it. And in India the Hindus hold it sacred, to a degree. Their variety of basil is planted in or near temples, and a protective sprig of basil is sometimes burned with the Hindu dead."

Our friend returned to his task of cutting leaves and putting them in the measuring cup.

We asked what he planned to do with his harvest.

"Do with it?" he said. "Make pesto, of course. Basil leaves. Garlic. Olive oil. Pine nuts. Grated Parmesan cheese. Put that on a little linguine." He paused to glance at his waistline and then said, "Put that on a tomato—a *good* tomato, like the ones we'll be getting from New Jersey soon—and broil it, and that makes a feast fit for a king. *L'herbe royale*. These days, I never think that winter's truly over until I've got the first jar of pesto in the house."


"I have a pretty shrewd notion of what's really going on in China."
"Yes, sir, I have a pretty shrewd notion of what's really going on in China."
Handelsman

FAMILY MATTERS

THEY tell me now to make peace. A sister! they say. How can you not see a sister? It's time, they say. It's—what? It's nearly twenty years. I don't say anything. They give me tea, cakes. Or would you rather have coffee? Make him coffee. No, no, I say; tea is fine. I drink the tea, eat the cakes. Come on, they say. It's not nice. People are talking. What's the matter with you? I look down at my tea. Listen, they say; she's not very happy. That husband. It's not good. They go on and on. They won't stop. Finally, I try to explain it to them. I say that I know it was a long time ago, I understand, I am not interested in blame, I don't hold any grudges; in fact, I never think about it. It happened. It's over. It's finished. It's forgotten. I live the way I do and I'm perfectly happy and why start that all over again? What for? But a sister? they say. What's the matter with you? A phone call?

No.

MY mother died, and then my father. It all happened very suddenly. My sister moved back into the house. I was twenty-two years old. My brother was twelve.

It was the family's idea that my sister should move in and "look after the boys": my uncles and aunts. I said that it wasn't necessary. I said that I was quite capable of handling everything myself. "How?" they said. I had quit college. I didn't have a job. "Please," I said. No one listened. My sister moved in.

There were fights right from the beginning. My sister had married a Lithuanian two years before. He ran a service station. The first thing he did was move all my parents' furniture out, into the garage, and move their own furniture in. Everything. The refrigerator, the lamps, the glass-fronted sideboard, my mother's mahogany dining table with its six elegant chairs. He was renting his house unfurnished.

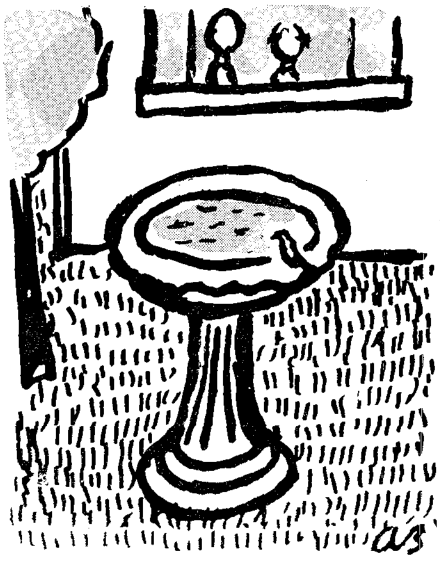
I had gone with him to his room the day he married my sister. This was in a boarding house. Everything he owned was in a suitcase under the bed. He didn't have a family. He resented being Jewish. A tough man, wide-shouldered, strong. A survivor. A bully. My father hadn't liked him, but said nothing. Herman openly sneered at my father. Worse. He taunted him. He mocked him. He called my father a coward, a weakling, a nothing.

I have said that my parents died suddenly, but that isn't exactly right. My mother was sick for a year. On the day that my sister was engaged, she collapsed. This was at home. It was the first time I had seen my mother in bed during the day. "It's the excitement," everyone said. The engagement party, which filled the house, went on. My mother was in the hospital on the day of the wedding. We all went there, straight afterward. Someone took photographs. By now, everyone knew that my mother was dying. The wedding gifts were lavish, for my mother's sake: a house, a refrigerator, furniture. My father died two months after my mother. Herman drove me to the *Chevra Kadisha*. It was a Sunday morning, hot. Herman lolled in front of the desk. "The cheapest!" he said. "A hole in the ground, throw him in, what difference does it make?"

He joked, he laughed, he smoked cigarettes. He had lost his family to Hitler. Brothers, sisters—I don't know exactly. When I could take no more, I stood outside, in the sun.

My parents had made no wills. The house had to be sold, but the legal arrangements were complicated and protracted. It took a year. In the meantime, the house was divided as though there were a line down the middle. My brother and I spoke in whispers. My sister locked rooms. I had a job as a clerk, and then in an advertising agency, as a copywriter. Coming home each day was unpleasant. I dreaded and delayed it every way I could think of. My heart began to pound every time I turned into the street.

There were fights about everything, about nothing. A newspaper. The radio. The bath. Twice the police came. Things began to get broken. Windows, a door. In the garage, my parents' furniture became battered and scratched, grimy, deep in dust.



Two old ladies came to buy the house. The lawyer gave me the papers to sign, and then took them to where my sister sat. He knocked on the bedroom door. Herman stormed into the garden. We had three months to vacate.

The last fight was about a chair. It had stood in the hall for twelve years, next to the telephone. Suddenly it was gone. Their bedroom door was open. I saw it in there. They were in the dining room. I put the chair back next to the telephone. Herman came out of the dining room. He was screaming, wild. I shouted back at him. He grabbed the chair. And then I made a mistake. I pushed him. He began to punch me. I fell over. I lay on the floor, trying to shield my head from his kicks. My sister stood in the doorway, watching. I stared at her face. I was beyond pain.

An uncle came in twenty minutes. I stood in the kitchen. He asked my sister to come in. I couldn't look at her. My uncle spoke quietly. He lit a cigarette. "It's only another month," he said, "but all right, it can't go on. It didn't work out. I'm not talking whose fault; that doesn't matter. You'll move out, he'll move out, the furniture we'll put in an auction. Whatever it fetches, everyone will get a third. Everything. Except, of course, personal things."

"What do you mean, personal things?" my sister said.

"For instance," my uncle said, "Ben's bed."

Ben is my brother.

"No," my sister said. "I want that bed to be sold."

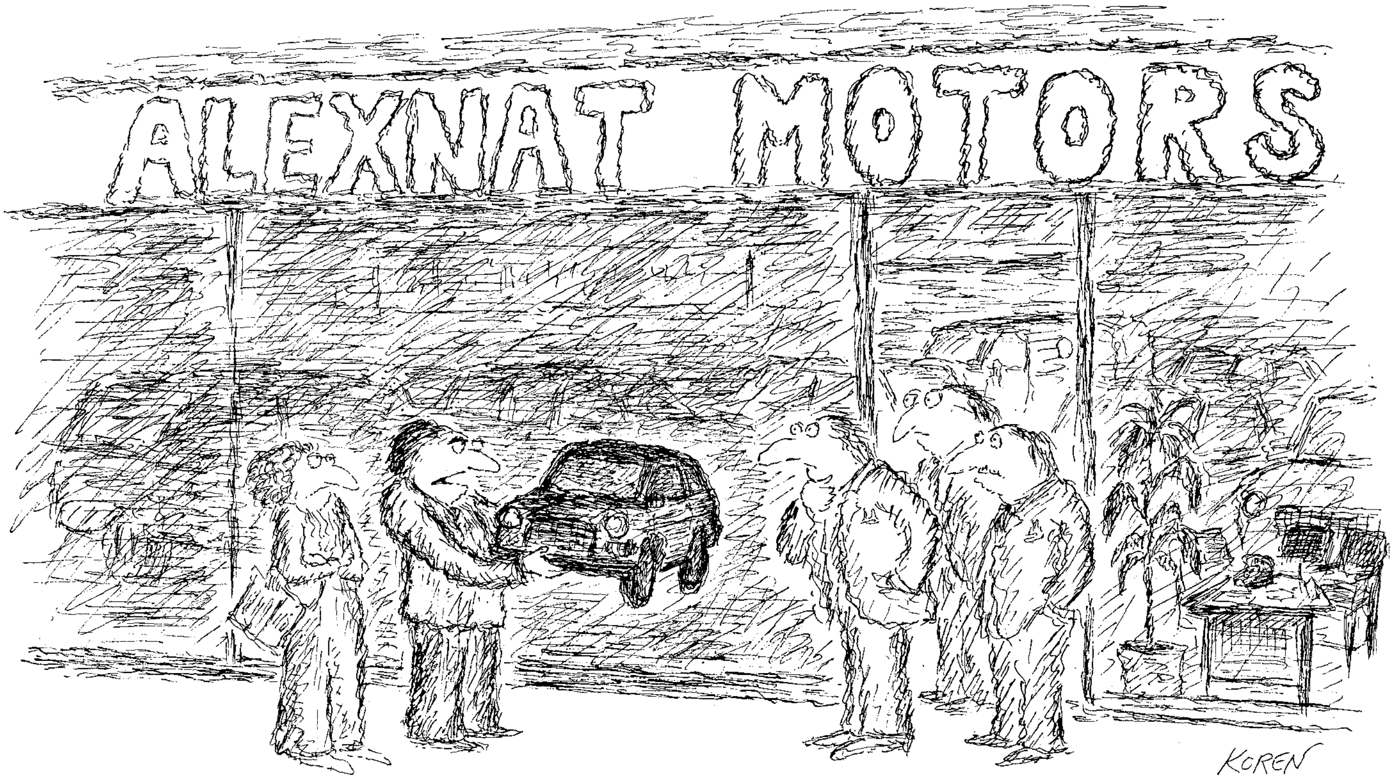
"Your brother's bed?" my uncle said. "What will it fetch? Ten dollars?"

"I don't care if it's only one dollar," my sister said. "I am entitled to a third, and I want it."

My uncle put me into his car. He drove for over an hour, the same streets, around and around. When I dared to look at him, I saw that he was crying. Finally, he pulled up, at the end of our street. He gave me a cigarette. He looked tired and old, and suddenly I felt angry. I had had enough. He looked at me. He must have seen what I felt. He nodded.

"All right," he said. "Tomorrow morning, this is what you will do."

MY sister is two years older than me. From the earliest I remember, she always had trouble with her weight. She was always on a diet. Once



"It shrank."

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she went into the hospital, for tests. I went to visit her. She looked the same as always, sitting up against a lot of pillows, reading magazines and smoking. She was the first person in our family to smoke.

She was bright at school. It all came easy to her. She couldn't understand why I studied so much. I was too serious, she said. When I read comic books, she thought that was silly. Later, when I became interested in jazz, she thought that was silly, too.

My mother sewed her dresses. My sister lost her temper when they weren't ready on time. My mother would sit up till one or two in the morning, sewing.

From the earliest I remember, I always wanted to be something: a painter, a writer, an architect, a designer. I kept changing, I never knew exactly what, but something. My sister wanted a husband.

As a child, whenever she wanted something, she would sit on my father's lap. She rubbed his hair. She tickled him. My father would frown, pretending to be annoyed. "Come on," he would say when she tickled him, laughing, red in the face, "that's enough."

HAD I forgotten anything? I made a list, and slept with it that night under my pillow. In the morning I stared at it, alone in the empty house, went over it coldly, again and again. Had I forgotten anything?

1. Lawyer
2. Police
3. Auction
4. Removal van
5. Gas
6. Electricity
7. Water
8. Telephone

Stand in the garden, then—stand and wait. The morning around me is silent. The lawns. The fruit trees. The vegetable beds. My fingers know every inch of this soil. Stand and look and wait. I am sad, angry, impatient, anxious, jittery. Frightened.

What if they suddenly come back?

My brother is at school. He knows what's happening. He knows where to go.

I am wearing the suit I wear every day to work, a white shirt, a tie. At eight o'clock I left the house, the way I leave every morning—eight o'clock, right on the dot—and walked to where I always walk, to the bus stop, but then I kept on, round the corner. And waited. And then, at nine o'clock, came home.

Everyone gone. My sister to the library where she works, first dropping off her child at the woman's house where she leaves *him* every day. The child is two years old. Herman to his service station. No cars in the drive. I entered my parents' house, tiptoeing like a thief.

I phoned the lawyer. An old man. He knew my parents well. An old family friend. "With my blessing," he said, but his voice was sad and old. And then suddenly hard. "And if there's any troubles," he said, "phone me at once."

The locked doors. I ran to the police station. The policeman there had known my mother, too, had helped her carry home parcels from the bus, arriving at our house hot and sweating, my mother embarrassed (she carried two like that every day, it was nothing)—the embarrassment of having a policeman coming to your house, everyone would see. She gave him tea, soda water, please sit down. And he had been back since, too—for the fights. "Go home," he said to me. "I'll be there in an hour."

Telephone calls. Explanations. Cigarettes. Checking and rechecking the list. Everything arranged.

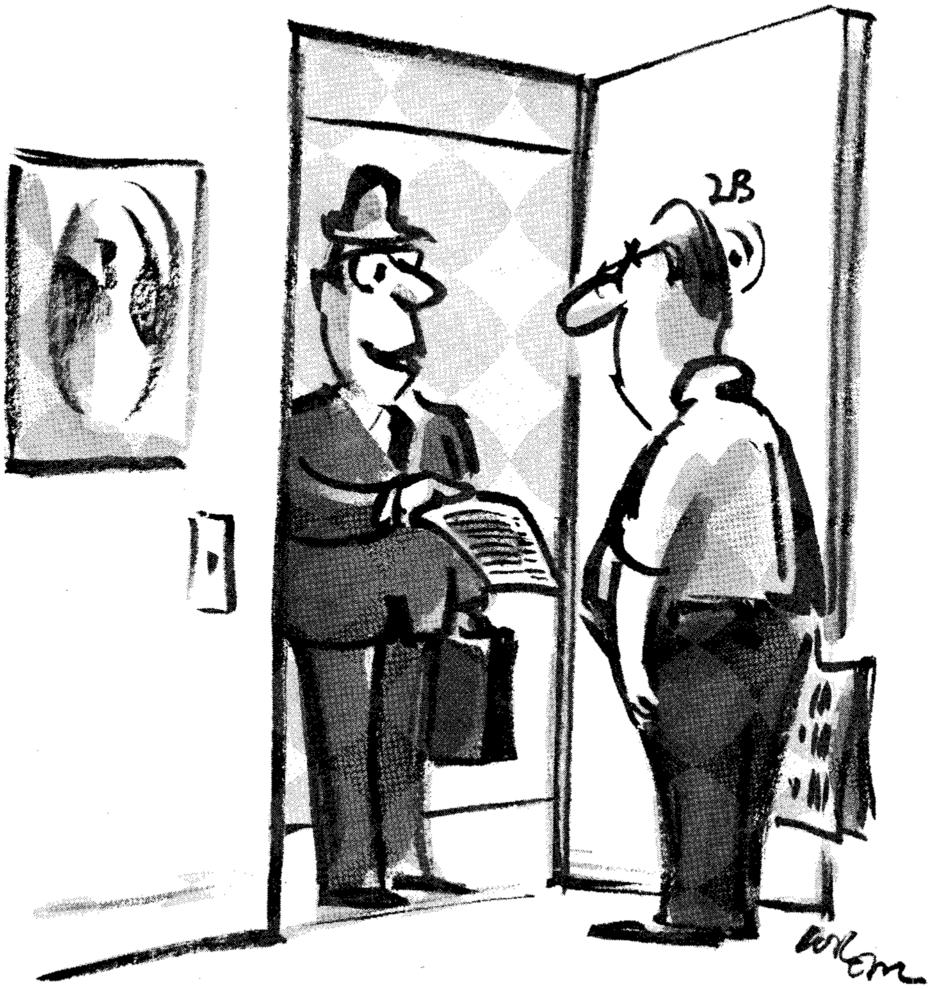
Five minutes to ten.

No one. Nothing.

In the house, out of the house, looking up and down the street. The house again. Walking from room to room.

Twelve years.

I came here when I was ten. My first own room. Twelve years of sky through the fruit trees in the back gar-



"Good evening, sir. As you may know, the soaring costs of recent environmental-protection legislation have forced us to pass part of this burden along to the consumer. Your share comes to $171,947.65."

• •

den, looking out of the window, lying on my bed.

This is the first house that my parents owned. I was born in a narrow gray house that they rented—a long dark corridor down one side, a sunless yard at the back—and then they moved three times, and when my mother bought this house she paid cash. Every penny. If she owed money, she told me, she couldn't sleep.

Locked doors.

Ten o'clock.

Nothing happening. No one coming. The silence all around me like an explosion.

I can't smoke anymore.

Stand in the garden, then—stand and wait.

And then everyone came at once. The policeman, the removal van, the man from the gas. The auction house came in a large truck—two burly men, cigarettes hanging from their mouths. I told them to start with the things in the garage. "Everything," I said.

Everything had to be itemized, described, listed, loaded. The policeman opened the locked doors. The man from the gas read the meters. My parents' bedroom suite stood on the front lawn, out in the street—the double bed, the bedside tables, the dressing table, with the scratches and dust mercilessly exposed. The mirror on the dressing table trembled in the bright light.

Garden tools.

Vases.

Ashtrays.

The man from the electricity came. It was twelve o'clock. Everything was still standing outside. Nothing had been loaded. I was afraid they would come back.

Just after two, my uncle arrived. "How is it?" he said. He walked quickly through the house, into every room. "Good, good," he said. "Listen, you had lunch? Of course you didn't. Here." He gave me a sandwich and a bottle of lemonade. I ate on the run. I couldn't stand still. My uncle poked into boxes. "What's this?" he said. "Towels, sheets. This you'll need." "No," I said, "they're not personal things." "Come on," he said. "What's the matter with you? Take it. Look. Your father's coat." "No," I said. "I can't. It has to be sold."

Shoes.

Umbrellas.

Cutlery.

Crockery.

The telephone was disconnected, the water cut off. The men from the auction house kept asking me things—was this personal, was this for them? The man with the removal van the same. I ran everywhere. I could hardly see.

Photographs.

Tablecloths.

The dining-room clock.

And all the time I kept looking for Herman's car, his red car, turning into the street.

We finished at a quarter to five. Everyone drove away. I walked one last time around the house. What should have been now vast and empty looked meagre and collapsed. It meant nothing. I was weak with fatigue. Their things stood in a corner in my parents' bedroom, pushed there, a dark impersonal stack.

They would come back to this, she with her child, he in a fury, to no gas, to no electricity, to silence, to dust. I turned at the front gate and looked back. The house was, even from the outside, no longer there. It was dead.

We slept that night, my brother and I, on mattresses in my uncle's house. There were no phone calls, no visits. Nothing happened. The next day I began to look for a flat.

ABOUT a year ago, a friend's house was burgled. "It's awful," he told me. "I still keep going to a drawer to get something. I don't know—scissors, cufflinks, things like that, and then I remember. I keep doing it. It's awful."

It's twenty years.

I never think about it.

Honestly.

Except every now and then, sitting alone, usually at night, I suddenly think, Where is my father's pocket watch, with the chain, and the thing you wound it with on the end, and the photograph of my mother that my father had cut out and put inside the lid? Where is the penknife he made in the shape of a fish? Where is the old cigar box that he kept his collar studs in, and old foreign coins? Where is my mother's wooden darning egg?

—MORRIS LURIE

CIRCLE OF FRIENDS

BY Sunday morning, I figured I would call Marina pretty soon. But first, while my husband, Michael, was still sleeping, I went out to the garden, set my coffee cup down on the concrete walkway, and got a start on tearing the ivy out of a small patch of ground I intended for flowers. In Brooklyn, ailanthus trees and ivy are the only things that grow for sure, and trying to uproot them means putting off other things indefinitely. The thin visible runners led to thick, entrenched roots, which had to be chopped off with a spade, and soon I had dirt all over my face from pushing back my hair, I was swearing louder than under my breath, I'd blessedly forgotten Marina, and my coffee was ice cold. Michael came out the kitchen door, the Sunday paper under his arm.

"Morning, Sarah," he said. "Did you call her yet?"

"Does it look it?" I asked. A five-by-five patch was almost clear, and I had probably growled.

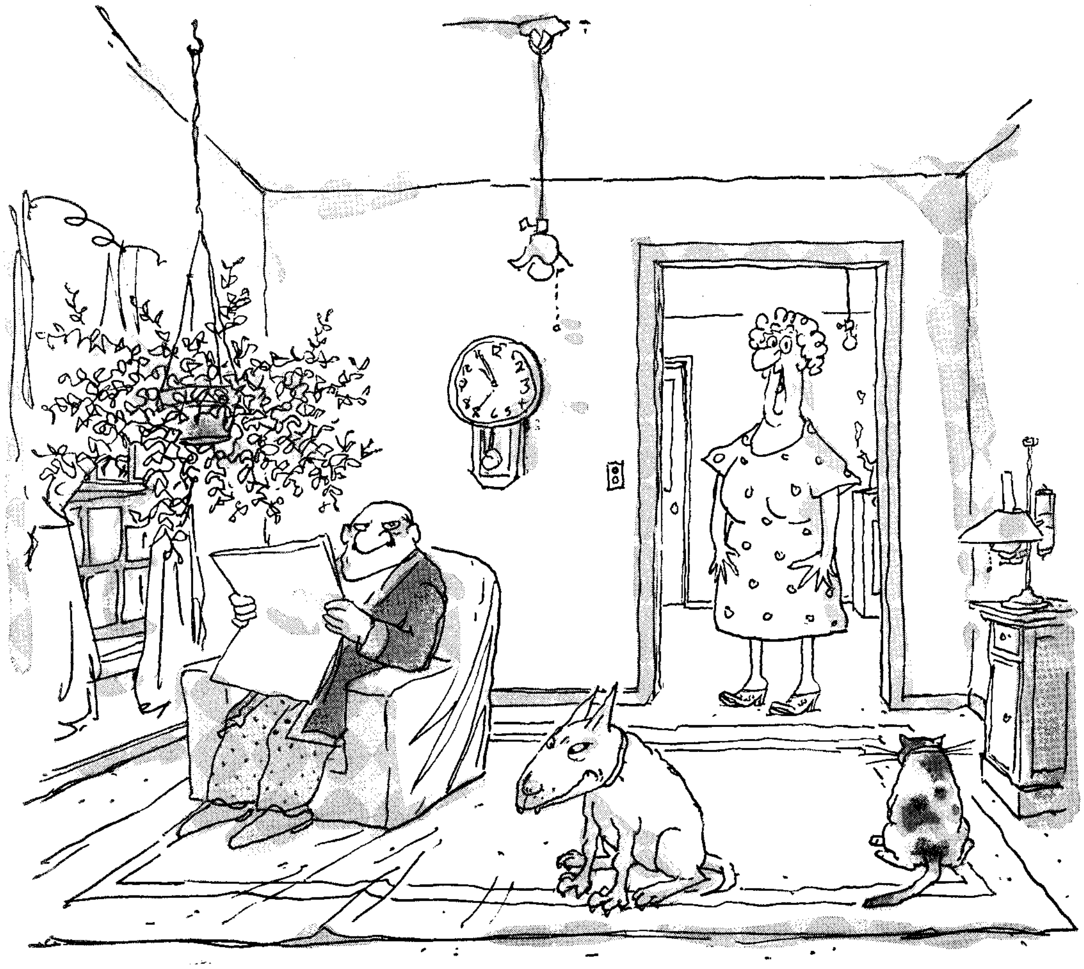
Michael ignored me, sat down in a folding chair, and opened the real-estate section. I finished my coffee, looking at the pear tree in the corner of the yard—leaf buds were there but still unopened—and then went in to wash up. Marina had sent us a postcard, which arrived the Thursday before, and Michael had been saying, "Call her. Call her. We can go in to see her." But I knew that her urgency had to do with Lucas—the card said, "Come quickly! There's been an invasion in the harem!," signed "Marina the Odalisque"—and I felt I could do without the particulars on this one for a while. Then the weather turned warm, the sun came out, I had things to do. And I hate bad news over the telephone. For months, I'd been seeing Marina everywhere I looked—in parked cars, walking down the street a block ahead of me, or at concerts, always with Lucas—but it was never her. The way she talked, she saw him all the time.

When I went back outside, having cleaned most of the mud off myself, Michael looked up and said, "It's past ten. That's late enough to call."

I said, "O.K., keep your shirt on," and went in again and poured myself another cup of coffee.

On Thursday evening Michael had wanted us to go into Manhattan right away, to come to Marina's aid. For a while there, when we were first married, I thought he had the hots for her, but she was always straight out with him, and he soon settled into that one-of-the-family attitude that men adopt toward their wives' friends. Marina and Michael would have been too much; Marina and Lucas was enough. Back in September, when she was first getting to know Lucas, I would sit with her at lunch and hear her being flamboyant about him. She kept promising to bring him by the Alazán bookstore, where I worked, to meet me. I felt that if she ever walked in with him, I was likely to go after her with a dictionary or a tire iron. Or cry. So I would say to her, smiling, "On second thought, why don't the two of you come to dinner sometime?" Sometime meant never. And she would say, "Oh, that would be nice," and I'd tell her I would check with Michael—adding, to myself, Fat chance. Restraint is a marvellous thing.

For me, Lucas was an escape, a national park. I could tell him strange, spur-of-the-moment ideas I could never tell Michael, and he would listen—hard—and know immediately what I was talking about. And he was an astonishing man—comforting, peculiar, with a straightforward smile and a benign mustache. He had come into Alazán the first time a couple of years before, looking for a new Vargas Llosa novel we had on order. Anyone who climbs three dismal flights of stairs in some industrial loft building looking for a book deserves a reward, so I let him have a free copy of *La Codorniz*, and he sat down on a wooden stepladder in the middle of the room, looking at the political cartoons, and talked to me while I worked. We ran through titles together, making sounds of recognition or agreement—the way conversations go with customers in a bookstore. As he talked, I was looking down the aisle between the fiction shelves—the blue-bound Austral novels giving way to the white Áncora y Delfín ones, and beyond them the black-



"Like my cowboy clogs?"

DREAMING THE GARDEN

It must first of all be fun.
There must be an air of insouciance,
of *je ne sais quoi* about it.
Someone else has already moved the stones,
limed the soil. You have only to turn
the shovel lightly. The rains have left
moisture, but not too much.
You plan the lawn, sloping to the terrace,
the marble balustrades, cracks hidden
under the wash of plumbago.
You are half down the slope. Beyond
are oaks and beech trees surrounding the view
of the lake. Beyond it—the lake—
are mountains, green overlying the hidden villas.
A single boat loiters among lily pads.

But there is work to do.
You put the shovel deep in and turn
up humus, earthworms, a bulb or two
beginning to send a green shaft skyward.
By the lake, back from the point where the
trees obscure the boat now,
a cluster of statues watches the view
from atop the columned wall
above the anchorage.
The boat will be heading this way.

To your left, past the maze,
the lawn, edged by nymphs hip-deep in azaleas,
moves toward the folly.
Beside the stairs to the terrace
geraniums flow out of their vases, pink and lavender.
Off toward the south, aisles of lantana
and cannas, the air harsh where the sun
drags the strong scent from the strident blooms.
But on the right the cascade
plunges through pools, descends in shallow falls
noisy as a brook. Grottoes and archways span and interrupt.
Dolphins rise from the pool
and a great shell collects
the last outflow, from which it vanishes.

You have done so much this morning—
two shovelfuls of earth. The third
leads to the clipped ilex on the terrace.
Diamonds, circles of low hedge
hold bouquets. The square pool marks
the heart. Beyond,
water and light make the statues move,
the sky a lake of clouds under the arches by
the shell. You walk under the falling tide
with the nymphs who hold spirals of shells
wreathed in ivy.
You go up the water stairs. Cascades rush by
on either hand. Shade dapples the path.
You reach the main pool:
against the hillside a grove,
in the grove the goddess—
white, serious, stone—follows the deer
at the edge of the glade. You have come just in time.

—Ann Stanford

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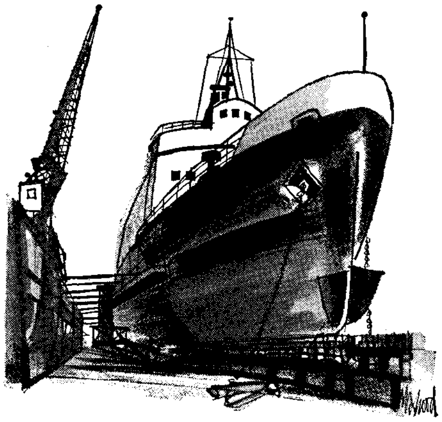
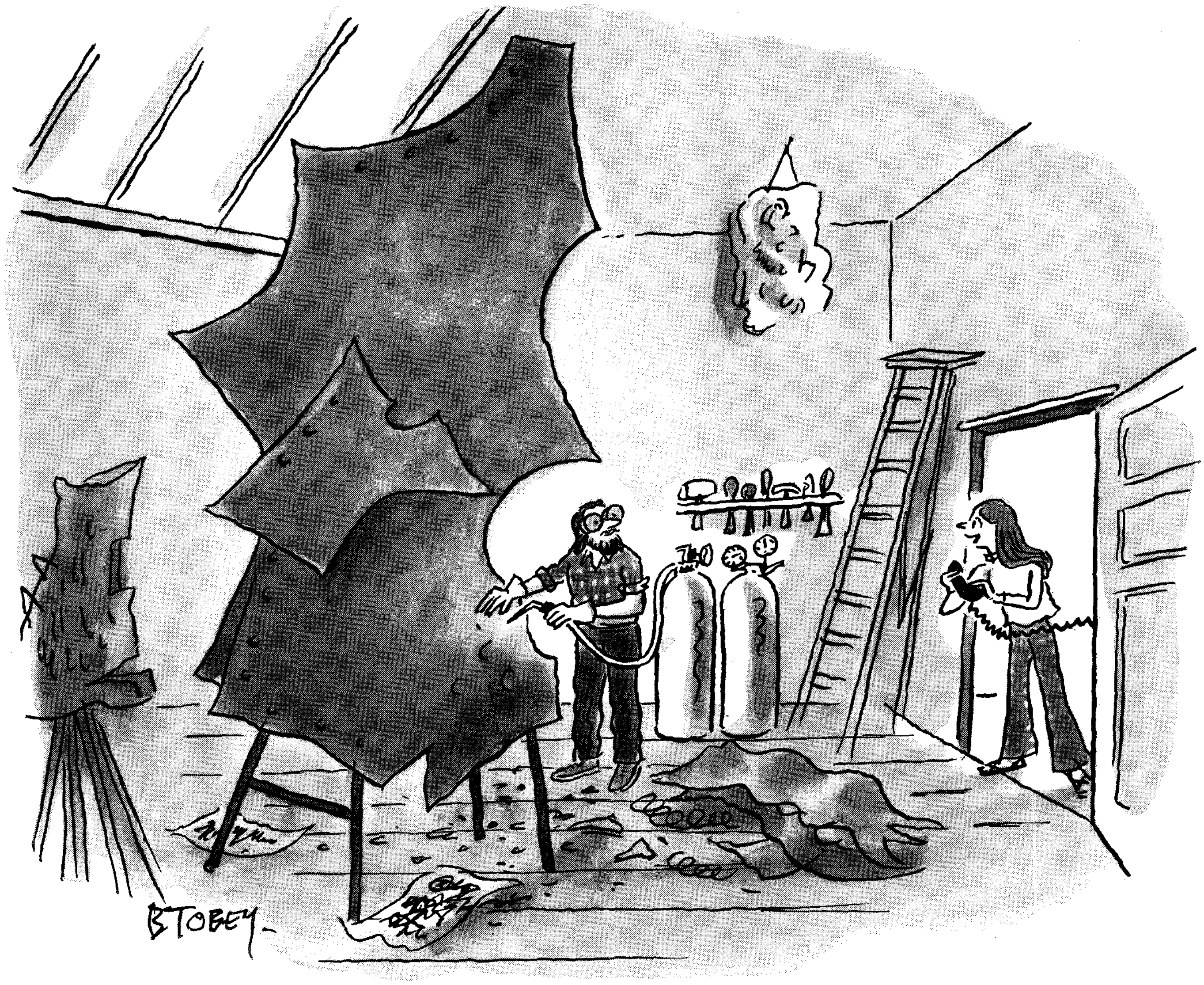
spined Seix-Barrals—and I wondered how all this looked to him. I'd been working at Alazán for three years, ever since Michael and I got married and moved to New York, and the place was so entirely familiar to me that I could have found things in the dark, which was almost the way it was—the overhead lights were hardly ever on. There was a bookstore game I'd made up for myself: guessing where the pull chains for the lights were, reaching up and tapping them lightly every time I passed, to see them swing and to see if my tapping them would make any difference in the long run—to put my stamp on the store. As Lucas sat watching me that first day, I was making my way down the second aisle with a pile of books on one arm and the other arm up, tapping the chains. Then I wondered what that looked like to him—what I looked like to him.

From then on, he came back about once a week—sometimes buying books, sometimes to talk. One day in April, I'd opened all five of the windows that faced onto Twenty-third Street, the weather was so warm. I had store-bought tulips in a juice jar on the sill, and I was leaning out the window, watching people go in and out of the subway down the street, pizza eaters standing on the sidewalk across the way, when I saw Lucas come out of the luncheonette catercorner from the store. He waved his paper bag at me and came up. He'd brought an extra Coke, and sat with me at the desk, going through book catalogues. The shelves were no less dusty than before, but it was definitely spring. For months we had been talking about things other than books, and that day I said something like "Ten years from now, I bet we could have a really good affair." I looked over at him sideways; he didn't look shocked. He said, "Ten years. *Ten years*?" I said, "Eight?" And we bargained down from there.



ON the phone, Marina said, among other things, "Two. Two o'clock. Am I glad you called—*boy*, am I glad you called. I've been sitting on this story for an entire week. I should have called you, but you're never home. Are the mails terrible? A friend sent me a card from Rome in September and it reached me last week. Do you think you'll eat before you come in? I could get some raisin bread. Are you sure?" Marina acts as though New York Telephone monitors every call and if they hear any silence they'll break the connection. In person, there's muffled excitement in everything she does—mixed with a certain laziness. It takes her six rings to get to the phone, which in her small apartment is never more than twenty feet away. All her energy seems channelled into speech. She wears her brown hair short, in no particular style; it looks wood-grained and iridescent, though, and shines like somebody's Steinway and always has the fragrance of some strange mixture of flowers—rinsed daily with a Jamaican cologne a friend gave her. Her face is sallow, but no



"It's your gallery. You just had a nibble."

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one minds; all eyes follow whatever she brings to her mouth—a teacup, an orange, a cigarette. She seems always to be eating, or doing something with her mouth, or holding one finger to her lips to shush the company and make a pronouncement. Her light-green eyes get a certain look to them—crazed—and the corners of her mouth turn down as if she were about to laugh. Then she'll say something breathless and asinine and fascinating, like "Oh! The crippled-looking trees in front of the Frick are the *exact same color* as the stone of the façade!" She'll immediately brush it off, in a don't-look-at-*me*-did-*I*-say-that sort of way, but once she's said it, and recovered, everyone does think it was somehow marvellous, or pretends to.

When I first introduced her to Michael, he seemed tolerant but alarmed, and he wasn't impressed with her at all until he sat in on one of her gatherings and heard her make a few pronouncements, in among her friends' unending readings of Neruda. That evening, everyone had politely spoken English—Michael and a few others there didn't know Spanish—but when they got excited about some bit of poetry, they took off. Marina was over in a corner with Michael, interpreting for him word by word, attempting to explain the controversy. I could hear her: ". . . and then he says, '*Las centellas*'—you know, 'sparks,' like 'scintillate.' Oh! I can never hear the word 'scintillate' without thinking of 'Bride of Frankenstein,' when Elsa Lanchester has been zapped into life by the lightning coming down the kite wires into the laboratory, you know? And she's standing there, the bandages are just off, the bells are ringing, and her hair is flying all around her face, and she's actually *scintillating*, moving her head around in quick jerks like some kind of electrified bird!" Michael's eyes were suddenly interested, and though he raised one eyebrow at me across the room, he was silent on the subway back to Brooklyn.

SUNDAY afternoon, he and I ran all the way from the Astor Place station to Marina's lower East Side apartment and climbed the shabby wooden stairs to the third floor, panting like hounds. She yelled for us to come in—Marina never locks her door when she's at home—and we found her basking on the sofa in the sunlight, covered with crisscrossed shadows from the gates on the windows and surrounded by some flowered pillows she'd silk-screened. She didn't look too upset about whatever it was with Lucas. She'd been reading, or trying to, but she'd also been drinking tea laced with a good deal of rum; she had smoked a joint or two and was fading out. A round blue china teapot sat on a low table in front of the sofa. Since the last time I'd been there, the landlord had painted the apartment robin's-egg blue, and Marina had done what she could with this disaster. She'd hung white muslin curtains at the windows facing the street. The kitchen bathtub was covered with a sturdy white-painted board—so sturdy I wondered how she could lift it off to bathe. On the board were two or three books, a basket of tangerines, a box of wooden matches. The room looked like a Flemish still-life. One of the books was Guillén's "Cántico," which I'd sold Lucas a copy of. A spray of indefinite hydrangea hung from a glass pitcher on the bookshelf across from the sofa and wavered in the light breeze from the kitchen window, wide open onto a narrow courtyard. Michael refilled Marina's cup with tea and no rum, then poured both tea and rum into the two cups she'd set out for us. He sat down on the sofa, lifting Marina's legs like a dead weight and placing them across his lap. Marina didn't seem too eager to dive into her history; she barely acknowledged our pointed thanks for the card. I sat down on the wide windowsill a few feet from her head and looked out the window, thinking nothing, until she could bring herself to speak. Across the street, in the blacktop playground, a March game of informal basketball was taking place. The air was getting crisp but was still pretty warm. Six teen-agers were playing, dressed in sweatshirts and jeans, their windbreakers hanging from the chain link fence. Michael was saying something or other to Marina—how his work was going, something—and she was listening, murmuring "Right . . . yeah" from time to time. One kid, tall and skinny, was a dribbling wizard, faking, then slipping around them again and again and dunking the ball neatly while the other guys flailed. The ball made a tinny sound each time it hit the blacktop, and everyone kept razzing Spiderman, yelling tauntingly as they tried to recapture the ball.

"Sarah?" I looked over, and Marina waved her hand up and down: snap out of it. "When I was *it*," she said, "Lucas really seemed like the sultan, but when I was demoted, he wasn't anymore, you know? And now he's got a new one, so I've relinquished all responsibility." She brought her hand to her forehead in the standard dramatic gesture of self-denial. "You want some smoke, to get into this? Have a little more tea, Michael." She proceeded to roll a joint, talking instead of concentrating. She explained that what she had here was "art dope" (as opposed to "artisan dope"): grass that was "probably specially treated to bring on the Grand Revelations."

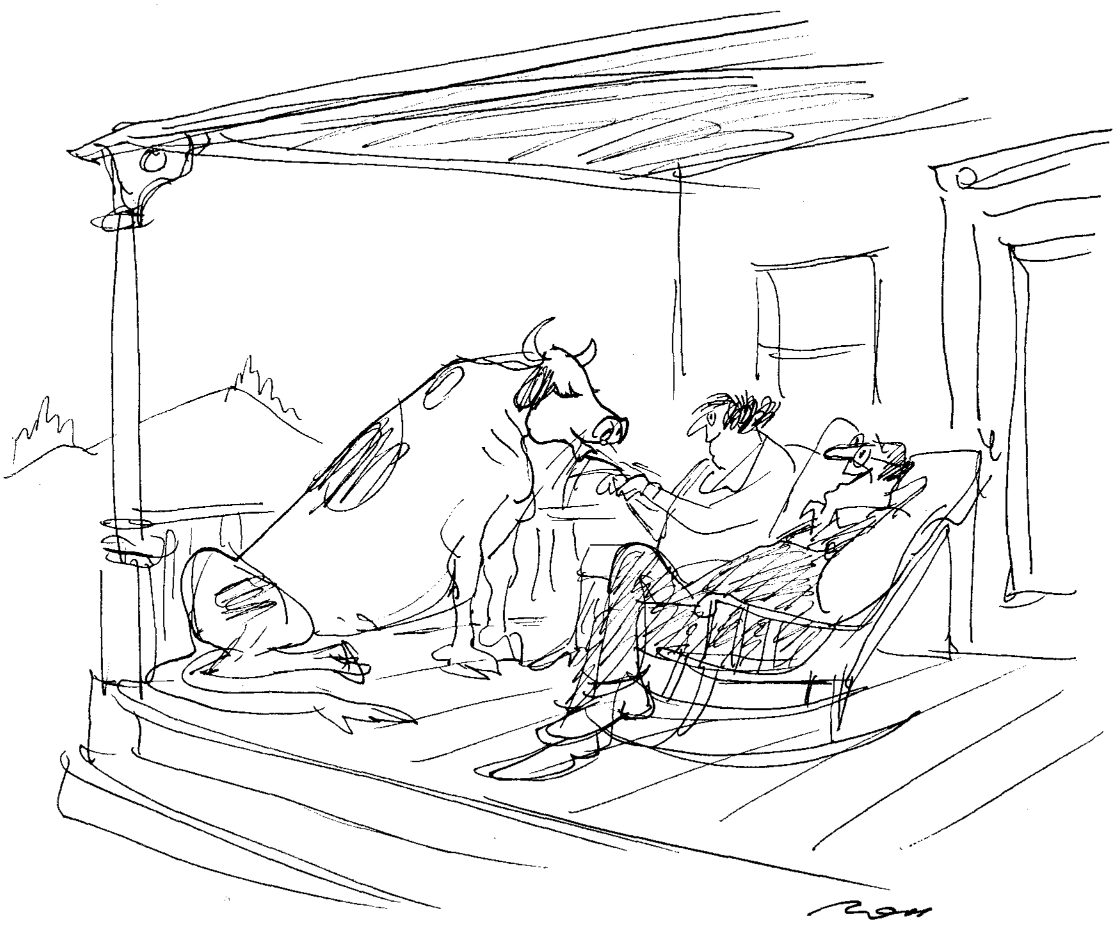
"You would not believe the kind of month this has been," she said, wetting down the cigarette with her tongue and placing it on the radiator to dry. "I guess you told Michael what was going down with Lucas and me."

I had. Married women are not to be trusted, much of the time. I would come home from a lunch with Marina and tell Michael all about it, and he would listen, fascinated—secondhand thrills. Marina had met Lucas through Héctor, a translator friend of hers; he was an old family friend of Héctor's—or the other way around, Marina could never remember. The three of them had gone for coffee at the Elephant & Castle, a restaurant in the West Village, Lucas matching her one on one in pronouncements on translations of Cabrera Infante, Lezama Lima, and hermetic verse. Marina perked up. Then Lucas told her of the various stages of exile he'd been through since he left Cuba with his parents in the early sixties, when he was about fourteen. The talk had been slipping back and forth between Spanish and English for some fifteen minutes when Lucas suddenly exclaimed, in English, "You like it the Cuban way!" Marina looked up from ladling sugar into her second cup of coffee. Her eyes took on a wild, sexy light, and she started laughing. Lucas, she'd said, was exasperated for an instant before he got it. Then he grabbed her wrist across the table in an Indian hold, laughed, and said in a mad stage whisper, "The sugar, *tonta!*" Marina is good at planting ideas, though. A few minutes later, Héctor discreetly left them. As they sat talking for the rest of the afternoon, Marina learned that Lucas had almost tried to go back to Cuba in the late sixties; that he'd decided instead to go to Cornell and agitate, while studying, to further the Revolution; that he'd lived since then in a variety of "communal spaces;" that what he told her was far outweighed by what he didn't tell. A few weeks after they met, he began to visit her at home, and to stay overnight. At the time, she described what that was like. "Never consummated! Never! But he's incredible, so nice, so fine: we hold each other, we sleep together—un*clothed*—but he never touches me. Nothing!" It was driving her crazy. When I told Michael, he said, "Gay. For sure." Marina said that was ridiculous—Héctor had mentioned a woman Lucas used to live with up at Cornell. I reported back to Michael. "Closet," he said. "Do you tell *her* about *me*?" By then, Michael had heard almost the whole story. I'd shown him a snapshot I'd taken of Lucas with his friend Rafael, and told him that Marina took it. "The one on the right? He's nothing much."

"I wouldn't know," I said. "I've never met him." The attraction of Lucas had little to do with the way he looked, except perhaps the eyes. The eyes were dark brown and unquestioning, calm. Lucas was taller than Rafael. In the picture,

May Awakening

they were standing together, serious-faced, by a table at a sidewalk bar on St. Mark's Place. It was a weekday summer morning, Michael had gone up to Syracuse to visit his parents, and I'd stayed at Lucas's the night before. Both men wore T-shirts; Lucas wore jeans; Rafa was wearing painter's pants—he looked like an ice-cream vender. Lucas was holding a bottle of Schaefer, and the sun was hitting his crow-black hair. It was about ten o'clock. None of his hair would ever lie flat; it was curly, and after he brushed it in the morning, it always looked the same as when he got out of bed. Marina, too, went on at great length about his hair, when explaining Lucas to me. Marina the Odalisque knows the great value of such hair as Lucas's; she said that one morning, in the beginning, she washed his hair for him. I could imagine him leaning over the sink in his kitchen, Marina's long fingers in the shampoo suds. She said she spent over an hour playing and, finally, brushing it dry.



"Who was it said 'Into each life must come a cow'?"

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DISTRACTED, Marina began again: "What a dream I had last night! Straight out of 'Owl Creek Bridge.' I was lying on my back in the river, feet downstream, when this bullet came flying over my head, missing me by only about three inches. The great *triumph* was that I didn't even open my eyes. Completely impassive. The trigger-happy son of a bitch who shot at me would never know how terrified I was. What a marvellous sense of satisfaction."

Michael gave me a brief, stoical look; Marina could easily go on like this forever. Still, we nodded and congratulated her. The kids outside had gathered in a huddle, hands extended and overlapping in the center, consulting, probably unnecessarily. Then they broke—"All *riight!*"—and went to their positions, randomly slapping five with their teammates. Spiderman began to star again, as if he couldn't help it. The game went back to the rhythm I'd seen before. I remembered Marina's telling me once that all Lucas's abstention had been a massive effort to avoid every kind of rape and that he'd told her, "You deserve gentle. Loving should be joyful." That sounded just right, exactly like Lucas. Quoting him, Marina's eyes had widened. "Where did he learn this? At Ithaca, maybe?" I'd said I supposed so. Lucas was a throwback to the sixties. Working in the city, he'd lost many of the outward and visible identifying signs—he'd cut his hair; he'd shaved, some—but the inward and spiritual graces, or whatever they were, had survived in him. Sometimes they showed up in Marina in odd places, as Old England shows up in the speech of someone who's read too much Dickens.

"Lucas is a good friend to me," she was telling us now, back on the track. "I was part of his space. For a while there, I really felt like the favorite. But when he started seeing Sophie I figured 'Ah, well . . . the little bitch,' and I never let on to her that I had been the favorite before her. Not a word. He was just being the way he is with everyone—all his friends. Such a saint." I closed my eyes; this sounded very familiar. "But he keeps repeating himself." None of it was making much sense to Michael, I could see, but I knew what she was talking about. There had been a few months there when it was difficult to reach Marina on the phone. You'd call her during the daytime and she'd say, "I can't talk now. I've got to get this work done before tonight. Lucas and I are going to see 'Orfeu Negro.'" Then you'd call her in the evening and get, "Can I call you? Lucas is here." You'd finally have to make a date for lunch, and even that would be none too certain. One noon, she made it to lunch, at a small Ukrainian restaurant near Cooper Union. It had been snowing all morning and most of the night before, and lunchtime had the tone and color of five o'clock. The restaurant was gray but brightly lighted, with real light bulbs, not fluorescent. Nothing seemed dismal, but when Marina came in and folded her coat over the chair behind her, the room crumpled. Her face was pale, even for winter, and she hadn't washed her hair. As she'd told me, she and Lucas had "consummated things long ago," and he'd apparently been with her the night before. "How can you be jealous of women who were around almost before you were out of puberty?" she asked, waving her fork in a tight circle. She was speaking of

Beth and of Gaby, two women she knew of for sure from Lucas's past. Beth was the Ithaca one, freaky and serene; Gaby was the divorced one, whom Lucas had comforted in her hour of need and then, as Marina said, assimilated into his circle of friends. "You can't be jealous! You can't! But he's been *keeping* them all, like ashes!" The fork swooped some more; Marina was getting agitated, and a little loud for the small room. "Last night, casually, *casually*, he slips me the information that he's got to set the alarm early, for six, so he can catch the first train for Philadelphia. So Gaby's still in here, too—she may not be the favorite or anything, but she's in here. 'Oh, jes. I am gone to see my fran Gaby in Feeladelfia.'" Marina exaggerates Lucas's almost nonexistent accent when she's angry, but the meaning is clear. "My fran Gaby, my fran Beth, my fran Maxine, for God's sake—we've got a whole transcontinental harem on our hands! And the next thing we're gonna get is My fran Marina, the Great Odalisca. Did you get that? Are you taking notes? It's Amtrak Superservice: *Bos*ton-New *York*-Phila*del*phia. Come see the reclining women, the Arab arches, the Cuban sultan. All aboard." She caught her breath, but only for a moment. "What we ought to do: I could get together with Gaby and the rest of the crowd—maybe we could rent Madison Square Garden—and we'd have one of those 'Name Your Baby' books, you know, a list of all women's Christian names? And we could all sign in, fill up the whole book, and hand it to him like a petition." She stopped. She responded to the usual comforting—"Pretend he's a bastard. Chalk it up to tuition"—by saying, "No, no. God damn. His intentions are good. I'm sorry. I didn't sleep at all last night."

Once, before he'd met Marina, Lucas told me, "My friends are everything. What do I have if I lose my friends?" I was tempted at the time to mimic his words in some preposterous accent, but Lucas expects to be bereft at any second. There he was, trying to explain; in his eyes there was confidence that everything would be straightened out, wouldn't it? To pull the rug from under lonely people is no service to the community. I sometimes carry in my head a cartoon-character Lucas—a slim, hapless man, whose chief feature, and the reason he is in the comic strip at all, is that his pockets are full of holes, and there is always a dime, a subway token, or a cigarette lighter sliding down his pants leg and landing at his feet. In subsequent panels, spangly new change piles up over his shoes to ankle level. I wanted to step into the last frame with a needle and thread and mend the pockets, retrieve the change he'd lost, and hand it to him. I could do that for him, certainly; he wouldn't need anything else. But the real-life Lucas would have looked up startled and searching: What was I trying to tell him? I gave up then, and figured, Dammit all, Lucas, keep your friends, see if I care.

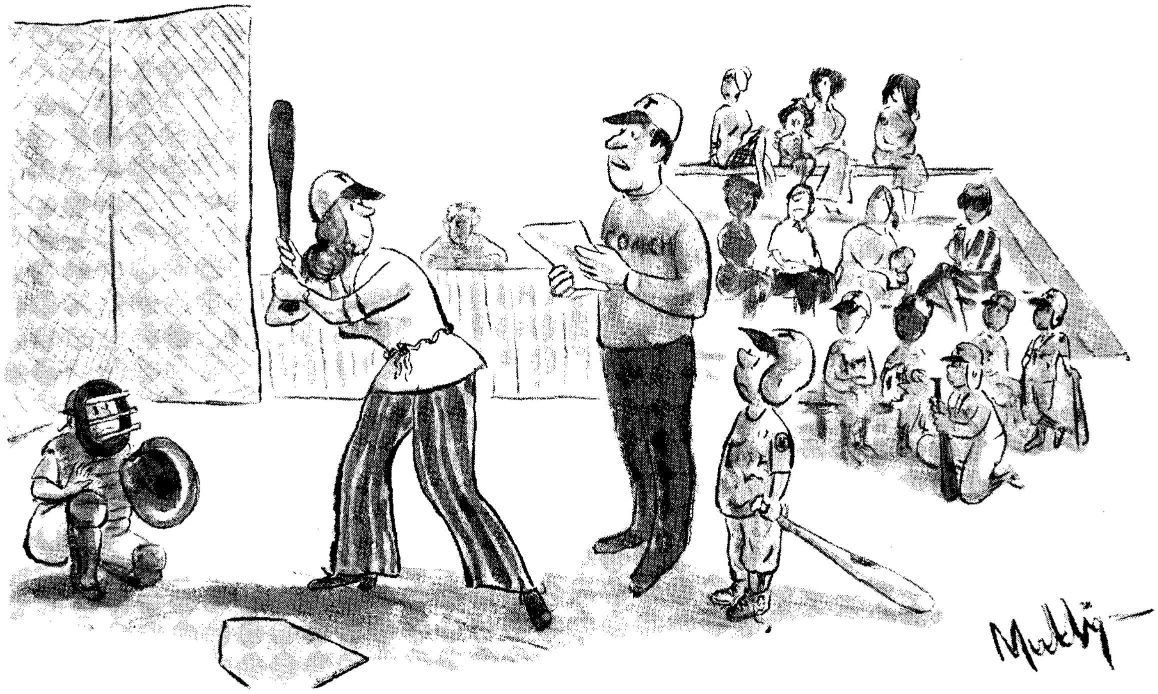
Still, Marina's blowup that day left me feeling exhausted: we'll never learn. Out of the restaurant, we walked as far as St. Mark's Place together, arm in arm because there was what felt like glare ice under the snow. When we got to my bus stop, she kissed my cheek, gave me a hug, then made her way slowly through the curbside snowbanks and headed downtown back home. She was wearing a bizarre-looking full magenta wool coat, and I could see her a block away, waiting for the light to change, looking like a carnival prize. I wondered whether she was still angry, or just drained.

ENCHANTING!
BEAUTIFUL
DELIGHTFUL!
STEVENSON

"*Sure it was lousy, but it was better than reality.*"

MICHAEL disengaged himself from Marina's legs, reached over to the radiator for the joint, and lighted it for her. When she took it from him, he stroked her hair, doing what he could, and said to her, "Come on, now." She smiled for a moment—a real, small smile; then one corner of her mouth went up, and the smile was crooked. You could see her preparing for the fireworks.

"Cameras ready? Taking notes? All right. We find ourselves on Delancey Street one bright and shining Sunday morning. You know Rafa? Lucas's friend the fence? Well, not really, but God only knows where he gets all those clothes he sells. Well, we're standing around on the corner of Delancey and Essex, right by the subway, and he has these big boxes of sweaters, you know, and he's going into his spiel about them, and Lucas and I are standing around keeping him company, watching the traffic along toward the bridge, and we're talking. And Sophie arrives. And I'm wondering maybe did Lucas plan this. Anyway, I'm pretending to be more with Rafa than Lucas. Sophie's talking to Lucas, when Marie-Carmen arrives—the new one, one of those long, tall Argentine women who wear alpaca all the time but a true space cadet at heart. And *she's* talking to Lucas. So Sophie pretends to be talking to Rafa and me, but she's spitting mad, you can see it. This is so weird. And I'm there thinking, Oh, Jesus, the poor kid—because, you see, I don't *care* anymore."



"Please, Mrs. Enright, if I let you pinch-hit for Tommy, all the mothers will want to pinch-hit."

• •

Marina smiled, a real one, and went on. "The four of us go into the Crown Deli for some coffee, which may have been a mistake, but who knows. Lucas is talking with Mari-Carmen, telling her about Woodstock, I forget how he got started on that, but she's fascinated. He goes, 'A bunch of us were in the middle of a field, and someone had a bottle of Crazy Bubbles. We were getting stoned and we'd take a hit, then blow a bubble. The bubble would float down the hillside. Someone else would catch it, then break it in front of his face,' and like that. So Lucas is there with the hand motions, whisking the air into his lungs. And Sophie had obviously heard this story before, and *I* had heard it before, almost word for word, and Sophie is furious. But I was remembering Lucas telling me once, after I'd heard some story of his for the *n*th time, 'I'm just telling it again for the joy of the telling.' So I'm thinking this, watching the interplay. This is when Sophie gets up and smiles, gritting her teeth, and says, 'Excuse me,' and plunks down a dollar for her tab and makes for the door. I count out my share, then follow her. Lucas is looking disturbed, worried about her, but it's like he trusts me to take care of her. I catch up with her, she's got tears running down her face, and we go around a corner and into Beckenstein's and stand there, supposedly looking at patterns and material. She still doesn't know then that I'm one of the harem."

Marina paused. The street seemed too quiet to be real, and you could hardly hear the cymbal sound of the basketball hitting the chain link fence. I was smiling as hard as I could smile at Marina, and she gave me a look that should have been a wink. I could see that somehow she'd learned the secret.

"So I'm telling Sophie, 'Listen, don't give him another thought,' and she's saying, 'No, I'm O.K.' And she tells me that Lucas told her last week, 'I want to be free to love my friends—and I love a lot.' So I start cracking up—I've *heard* that somewhere before. And the devastating thing is that it's all true! Sophie's there, staring at me as if I've gone completely gonzo, but I don't care, you know? I just felt so fond of her, right at that moment, as though I'd been purged. And I realized that I've been so damnably tired of being a bitch because of a man. So I drag her off to Yonah Schimmel's and buy her a cherry-cheese knish and make her drink a cup of coffee. She was still there with the soggy Kleenex and whatnot, and the mascara running down her face, but I leaned over and got most of it with a napkin. I figured she'd come around eventually. The sultan image doesn't work for Lucas anymore. He's just another poor jerk whose friend I am, you know?"

WE all three exhaled at the same time. Marina started to laugh again, stoned, carrying me along with her, the two of us leaving Michael behind, smiling like a fool. When he caught our attention, snapping his fingers, he said, "You call this an emergency?"

Marina said, "You'd better believe it—right, Sarah?" I was just about to tell her to hush up, but then I felt I was safe with her, she could do anything she wanted then, but she would never harm me.

At the door, as Michael and I were leaving after a third cup of tea, Marina took my arm and pulled me back with her into the kitchen alcove. Still holding my arm, she looked me in the eyes, then leaned toward me and whispered, close to my ear, "Have I got it right?" I nodded and hugged her, once, fast—she had it so right I couldn't even say.

When Michael and I hit the street, it was only four o'clock. The sun was in its familiar slant on the avenue, when all the buildings on the east side are orange and on the west side not. The cross streets were filled with a great deal of noise, as though every jackhammer in the city had been on hold until that second, and then let go.

—ELIZABETH MACKLIN

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A MASSIVE NUCLEAR ATTACK on the U.S. would cause abnormal behavior in Americans and result in wide-ranging shortages, according to a new congressional study.—*News-summary item in the Tulsa (Okla.) World.*

Noted.

GOD'S MEASUREMENTS

(Todaiji Temple, Nara)

The statue weighs 452 tons, measures 53.5 ft. in height and has a face 16 ft. long by 9.5 ft. wide, eyes 3.9 ft. wide, a nose 1.6 ft. high, a mouth 3.7 ft. wide, ears 8.5 ft. long, hands 6.8 ft. long, and thumbs 4.8 ft. long. The materials employed are estimated as follows: 437 tons of bronze; 165 lbs. of mercury; 288 lbs. of pure gold; 7 tons of vegetable wax; and an amazing amount of charcoal and other materials.—*Japan: The Official Guide.*

As incense smoke thins, a stupendous,
wide, brooding face emerges above us. The long
ribbon-looped
ears, ending in weighty teardrop-
fat lobes, slowly unravel from the wrappings of smoke
trails
as we advance, the whole bronze olive-green head
mushrooming from its mask
of mist. It floats, hovers—balloonlike, isolate—
over the befogged shoulders. A cosmos
of global body,
seated cross-legged on a great lotus-
blossom bronze pedestal, ascends

into the clearing before us,
the pedestal in turn installed on a broader stone base
which knows touch of our hastily donned
slippers, blocking our passage. Not one forward step
possible,
we backstep twice to see the more clearly
over the jutting head-
high edge of stone, the full figure now vivid
and preternaturally clear before us,
body draped in swirls
of cloud, itself cloud-shaped, cloud-alloyed,
growing into a mass, a solid—

if wavery—form. Still, it is the head,
so distant, holds us. Why do we so thrill at eye-guessed
estimates of measurements, measurements!
The eyes and mouth, wide as you are long, my son;
the length
of ears makes two of you, the height of lofty face
three of me, and, yes,
you could ride lying on the thumb, your near mate
for length and width, the two of you nestled
together mimicking
a God's freakish double thumb! But, no, I
will not lift you to the stone ledge,

launching your unstoppable climb
to test my twin-thumbs caprice, despite your scandalous
wails
reverberating in the temple
upper chambers, strident in my ears; nor shall I scold
or muzzle you, but hoist you to my shoulders,
where, first clasping hands
for lift and support as you unfold to your full
height above my head, I clench your ankles,
as much to steady
and balance you as to prevent surprise
leaps. Together, of a tallness

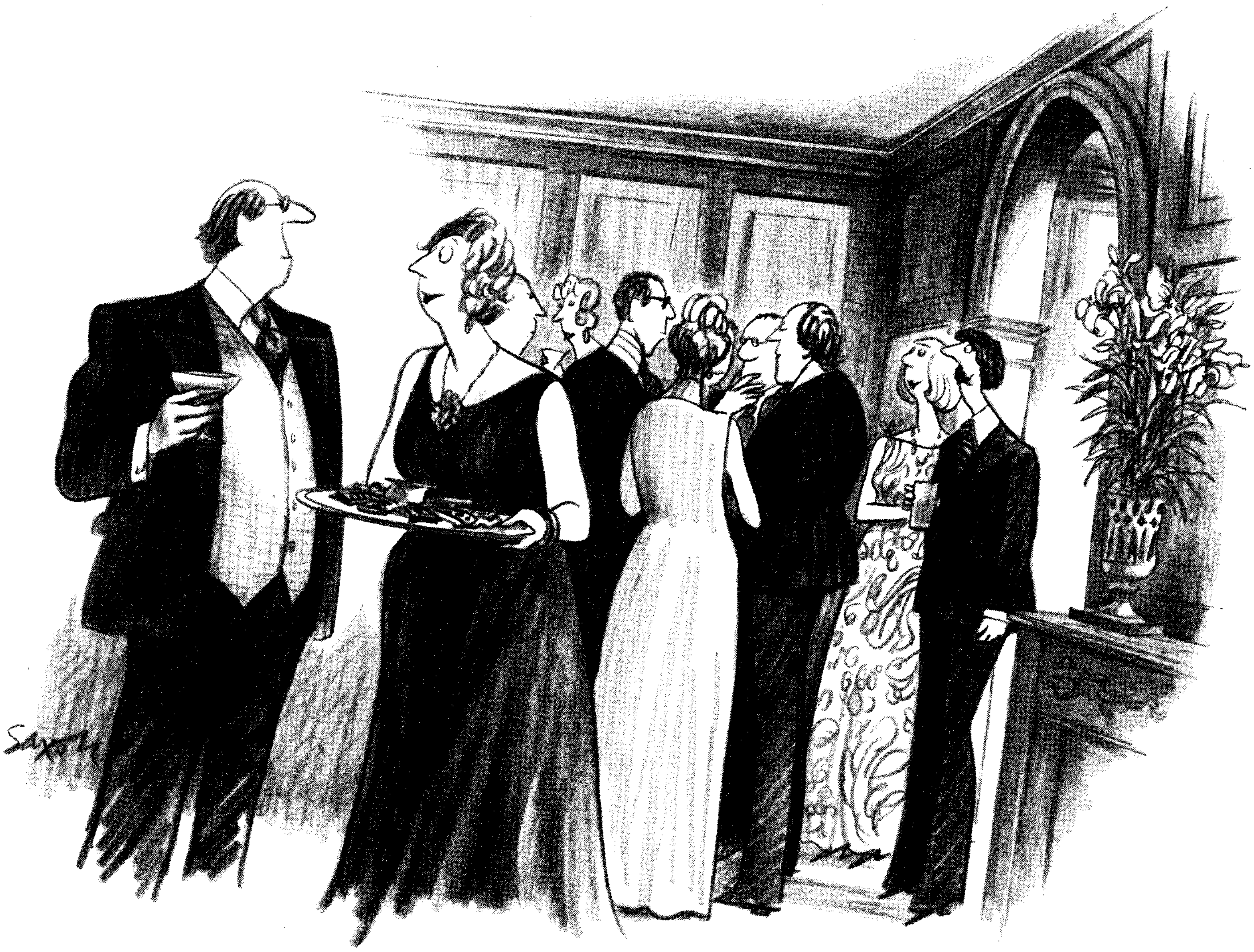
to match, or exceed, the whole hand's length,
let us promenade around His Excellency's right flank.
Now, wobblingly, we stalk: you, stilt-jack,
in love with instant towers sprung from the idiot body's
endlessly stretchable elastic of flesh, I
half scaffold, half anchor,
the two of us a father-son hobbling hinge—
telescope of our bones, joined end to end,
not doubled up
in laughter or loss of balance but bending
and unbending into beatitudes. . . .

We look up, to scrutinize the God, stilt-
walking our charmed gavotte. Then, looking into
each other's eyes—
I staring up, you staring down—
we both shudder, communing between your flexed legs,
spread
the width of my two shoulders: our four eyes,
riveted in silence,
agree! We have seen the bronze head nod. The
eyelids
flutter. The bronze bosom draw breath. The tarnished
skins
of metal wrinkling
into folds over charcoal hid ribs. Organs—
heart and lungs—of vegetable wax, waxen

liver, waxen pancreas. All glands,
mercury, but in pure form, not poisons fed upon
by dying
fish hordes. Our eyes swear we both saw
bronze flesh breathe, bronze knees shift for comfort
under all
that obese weight (no gold in the fat buttocks, fat
hips, we agree to that!),
grand flab he can never jog off in throes
of deep meditation. Does he diet, or fast?
Does he shed bronze, gold,
or weightless, sad wax only? We crane our
necks
to see how he leans and sways, as we wend

our wide, counterclockwise, happy circle
around him, counting splendid curled petals of the
great lotus-
blossom seat, the petals alternately
pointing upward and curving downward, the puffed
whirlwinds
of incense smoke eddying up, thinning out,
in sudden gusts and lulls,
as if the blossom itself exhaled the perfume
clouds submerging all but the Ancient's head, breath
after vaporous breath. . . .
We revolve, degree by slow degree, circling
the statue's base, half again wider

than the vast lotus throne half again
the diameter of the bloated God's girth, and
we behold
the thousand views of the Buddha's
changing postures, the torso's bulk crafted by an army
of master sculptors. *Eight near-perfect castings*
in three years. Aborted casts,
unnumbered. No surmising how many dozens



"I'm delighted we agreed to invite the Sandersons. They're so appreciative about being, you know, included."

• •

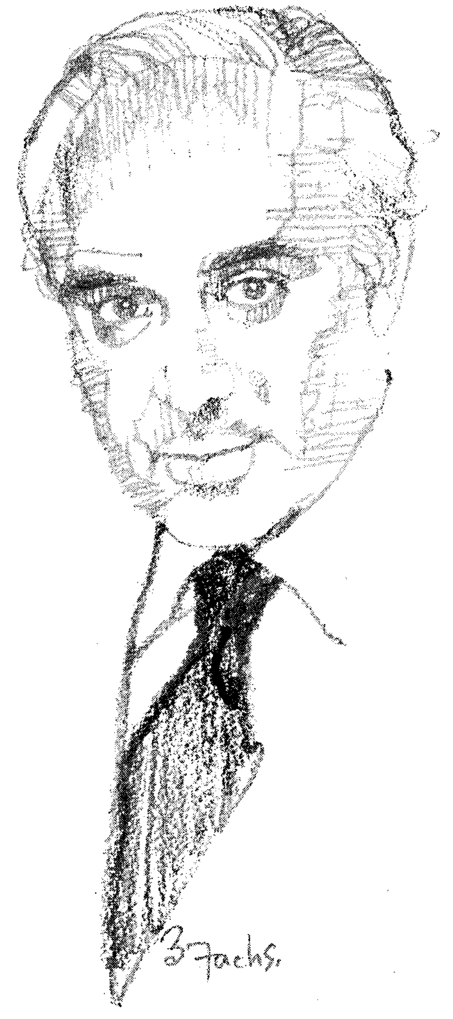
of failed castings, cracked one-hundred-foot-wide
molds, collapsed scaffolds,
casters of irreplaceable genius crushed
in falling debris . . . Sudden glare!
We squint, sun cascading into the hall
from hidden windows high in the temple cupola—
thousands
of sparkly points on the statue's
coruscating skull flare on, off, on, off, and I can see
great circles connecting all dots of light
on meticulously shaped
rondures of annealed jaw plates, shoulder plates,
breast
plates, my sight travelling in arcs and swirls, curved
lines running in a mesh
of intersecting spirals dense as cross-
hatching in the divinely crafted
anatomies of Hieronymus Bosch
or the woodcut body dissections of Vesalius: God's
or human's, all the light-lines engraved
on the celestial body's grandly continuous surface
intersect. *Our body, a wing shining*
in the happy, happy
light of its wholeness. A moonlit angel's wing
in flight. Or underwater devil ray's
wing torchlit
by diver's forehead searchlight beam. . . .
High throne-back behind the Buddha's
head usurps our view while we wind
around his back side, topped not by headrest or
flat cushion,
as it had appeared to us wrongly
in profile, but a goldleaf-covered broad wooden halo
decorated with portraits of sixteen Bosatsu,
by our ambulatory
count, a troop of gilt sub-deities, satellites
in orbit perpetually—each a mirror,
or reflecting moon,
to the one Daibutsu. . . . *Oh, look! The*
whole halo
is shimmering, dancing before our eyes!

—LAURENCE LIEBERMAN

PROFILES

EQUATIONS

ONE day in late March, I went to see Robert S. Strauss, officially the United States' Special Representative for Trade Negotiations—he has the title, which he relishes, of Ambassador, and is in charge of our participation in the current trade negotiations among ninety-nine nations, and of guiding the result through Congress—but also the Administration's kibitzer, political adviser, fund-raiser, pinch-hitter on all sorts of matters, and conduit to all manner of people. In addition to all this, a few weeks after my visit he was named Ambassador-at-Large for the Middle East negotiations—a job he is to begin after Congress has acted on the trade bill. By the time I reach his office, which is a few blocks from the White House, at eleven o'clock, Strauss has already: talked to Hamilton Jordan, the President's chief political adviser, about Carter's recent trip to Texas, during which he attended a luncheon for some hundred and fifty people at Strauss's home in Dallas (Strauss also has a penthouse apartment at the Watergate), about a forthcoming decision to close certain military bases, and about the next of the biweekly Monday breakfasts that Strauss and Jordan attend with Vice-President Walter Mondale and Cyrus Vance, the Secretary of State; spoken with an assistant to Alfred Kahn, who is in charge of the Administration's wage-and-price program, about the current wage negotiations between the Teamsters union and the trucking companies (Strauss is the conduit between the Administration and Frank Fitzsimmons, the Teamsters' president); spoken with Henry Owen, who handles international economic matters for the National Security Council; spoken on the phone with Mike O'Callaghan, a former governor of Nevada, who is now executive vice-president of the Las Vegas *Sun*, and who called to thank Strauss for arranging an invitation for Hank Greenspun, the editor and publisher of the *Sun*, to the recent White House dinner honoring Israeli Prime Minister Menachem Begin and Egyptian President Anwar Sadat; and worked out a difficult problem involving Senators Edward Kennedy, Democrat of Massachusetts, and Robert Dole, Republican of Kansas, which threatened to hold up progress on the trade legislation.


Robert S. Strauss

"That's a pretty good morning," Strauss says. "I'll tell you something. I am going to pass a trade bill, and I'm going to make it so easy they won't know wha' hoppened." During our talk, he places a call to the office of Senator Harrison Williams, Democrat of New Jersey, and tells an aide to Williams that Fort Dix, in New Jersey, is going to be virtually shut down, that he tried to help but couldn't, and that he is giving Williams advance warning so he can be prepared. Then he talks on the phone to Cyrus Vance about a number of matters. One of them is Strauss's backing of the appointment as Ambassador to Mexico of Robert Krueger, a former Democratic congressman from Texas who lost an election to the Senate last year. He has been arguing that the appointment of Krueger, a moderate Democrat who has had support from the oil industry, would be good politics for the President in Texas. Some of the career foreign-service officers are opposed, and Strauss has suggested, typically, that Texas might do the President more good in 1980 than the foreign service can.

Strauss, who is sixty, is, as always, dressed immaculately. He is wearing a dark-blue suit with pinstripes about an inch apart, and a blue shirt with "RSS" embroidered on the cuffs and with the spread collar that he favors. He has olive skin and almond-shaped, somewhat soulful hazel eyes, and his hair, grayish white, sweeps back in waves. He speaks with a strong Texas accent, and his voice is nasal—he sometimes sounds as if he were honking at you rather than speaking to you—and can reach a squeak when he becomes agitated. Strauss talks fast, and a lot.

His particular problem with the trade negotiations and legislation at the moment is to get a bill through Congress extending the authority of the Treasury Department to waive what are known as "countervailing duties"—duties that are to be imposed on imports that have been subsidized by foreign governments. He needs to get the bill through Congress in the next few days, he explains to me, so that the negotiations with the European Communities, or E.C.—nine European nations that form a customs union and negotiate on trade with one voice—which are a prerequisite to reaching a worldwide agreement in the multilateral trade negotiations, or M.T.N., can be wrapped up. Last year, the bill became hostage to some members of Congress seeking protection of certain interests. One of those members was Russell Long, chairman of the Senate Finance Committee—which handles, among other things, trade—whose concern was for his sugar-growing constituents in Louisiana. So this year Strauss was instrumental in getting the Administration to support legislation to raise prices for United States sugar producers. If the countervailing-duty bill does not pass, the European Communities might not sign the trade agreement, because it would mean that the United States would have to impose a duty on Danish butter cookies. And one of Strauss's negotiating counterparts, Finn Gundelach, is from Denmark. (Butter cookies have become the symbol of the countervailing-duty issue, but, in fact, if the bill does not pass, import duties may have to be imposed on a number of European exports.) These are among the thousands of equations that Strauss must keep in his head as he

“Same kind of tree that we have outside, only we have it inside.”

• •

tries to work out the trade issue. His problem this morning is that Dole wanted to attach an amendment to the countervailing-duty bill, which has already been passed by the House, to repeal a tax reform passed in 1976. “That meant that the President would have had to veto my countervailing bill,” Strauss explains to me. “So I said to Dole, ‘Attach your amendment to something else.’ ” Dole decided to attach it to a minor tax bill that the House had passed, and Strauss promised Dole that that bill could be voted on before the countervailing-duty bill was brought up. But then Kennedy objected to that, because he wanted more time for debate on Dole’s amendment, which he opposed. So each senator then had Strauss’s countervailing-duty bill hostage. Strauss talked to Kennedy and to Dole and to Long and got an arrangement under which all parties were satisfied, and the bill is now expected to be taken up and passed by the Senate this afternoon. “We’ve had fifty things like that,” Strauss says.

Strauss’s office, which is large, is decorated in beige and gold velours and has print wingback chairs, a French Provincial desk, a conference table, a flag, and a large globe; and on a table next to Strauss’s desk there is a sign that says, in gold on maroon leather, “IT CAN BE DONE.” Averell Harriman, who backed Strauss for his previous job, as chairman of the Democratic National Committee, gave him the sign. Strauss shows me some letters he has written in longhand. “I do something other people in government don’t do,” he says. “I write my own letters, in longhand. I get them out quicker that way, and people appreciate them more. I don’t know anybody in the bureaucracy that writes in longhand.” Pause. “I don’t know anybody in the bureaucracy that writes.”

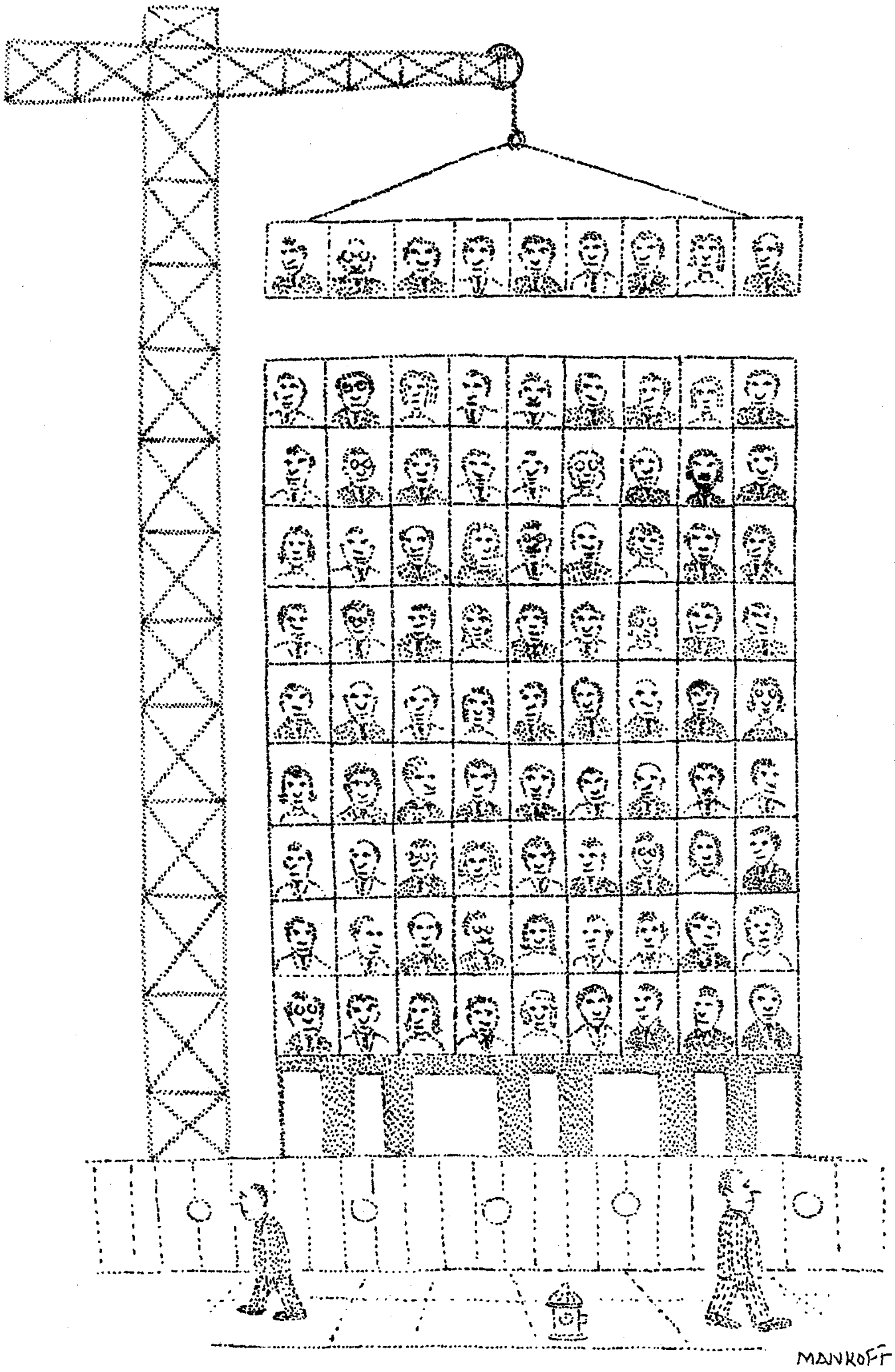
He decides to check with one of Russell Long’s aides, to be sure that all is in order on the countervailing-duty bill and that it will go through the Senate this afternoon. Strauss has taken the time to cultivate this particular staff member (the number of people he has taken the time to cultivate is staggering)—an exercise that yields him, among other things, information when he needs it. And he and Long are old friends (Long also lives at the Watergate) and are worthy of each other as bargainers. “There’s always some staff jerk up there who thinks of something he wants to add at the last minute,” Strauss says.

He reaches Long’s aide, and asks him, “Did you talk to Russell?” There is a momentary silence, and then Strauss says, “Oh, for Christ’s sake. Who thought of that goddam brilliant idea?” Clearly, someone wants to add something to his bill. He listens again. “Well, is there any controversy in this sonofabitch?” He continues, stressing his efforts, which have been successful so far, to keep either chamber from adding an amendment to his bill. That way, once the Senate passes the bill, it can become law. Strauss says to Long’s aide, “We’ve just got to keep that bill clean. I can’t stand that. I better talk to Russell. He’s got to put that on something else. I’ve only got three or four days to move in. This would have to go back to the House, and then we’re dead. It would free up some time for me. I’ll get out of the government this afternoon. I’m going to have to talk to Long. Where is the sonofabitch now?”

While he waits for Long to come to the phone, he explains to me that the latest hitch is that Long wants to attach to the bill an amendment to extend child-support and day-care programs.

Now Strauss says into the phone, slowly and sorrowfully, “Russell, I can’t take that goddam child-support thing. It’ll have to go back over to the House, and this is my last shot before the April 2nd E.C. meeting.” Silence. Then Strauss’s voice rises, nearing its squeak. “Godalmighty, Russell, you’re wearing me out. You sonofabitch, I’m putting myself in your hands. If that amendment goes through, I’m getting out of the government tomorrow, because that will louse it all up.” Silence. "Trust me. Russell, let me tell you something. I've worked out problems with Dole; I've worked out problems with Kennedy; I've worked out problems with the Japanese. I just can't work out this one, too. There just isn't enough time." Now Strauss is getting truly agitated—or acting as if he were truly agitated—and he talks very fast. "Russell, if this thing goes through, the trade bill is through, and that's good for me—I'll be practicing law and making some money." Then he laughs, and says, "And the first thing I'll do is come down to Louisiana and get someone to run against you. Don't give me that 'little old noncontroversial amendment' stuff." Pause. Then, sorrowfully again, "But Russell, how'm I going to get the House to act on this? Let me tell you this, Russell, if we can't get this waiver by April 2nd, I'm dead. I'm not kidding. I've got to get it before the E.C. by April 2nd. Then we can get the trade bill through Congress by July 15th. I don't want to go down on crap like this. We've got Dole in place. Isn't there some other bill of yours we can put this on? I know it sounds simple to you. It doesn't sound simple to me." Now he squeaks, "I know I'm a tough sonofabitch. *You're* a tough sonofabitch. I've solved every problem. I've worked these guys on the Finance Committee to death for two years." He is silent while Long talks. Then: "Russell, don't get me against day care and child support. I'm for 'em. Russell, it isn't *right* to do this. I know I'm right. This is the first time I've said, 'This time I'm right and you're wrong.' I just can't have this. Now go and get another bill to attach that thing to." Pause. "All right."

And then Strauss hangs up, and says to me quietly, somewhat wrung out, "He'll go along."



ROBERT STRAUSS is a peculiarly Washington phenomenon, and even within the context of Washington he is a phenomenon. He arrived on the scene in 1970, at the age of fifty-one, as the treasurer of the Democratic National Committee and a protégé of John Connally (then a Democrat), became chairman of the Party in late 1972, and, through a combination of force of personality, a special set of talents, and circumstance, established himself as a major power in the city—and the nation. Strauss is not simply a "fixer" or "wheeler-dealer." He can fix and he can wheel-and-deal with the best (or worst) of them, but he is also a man who takes on big, awesome problems—like putting the Democratic Party together again, like negotiating a highly complex trade package—and stays with them and throws himself into working them out. He is not a miracle man, and he does not accomplish everything that he sets out to do, or as much as he would sometimes have people believe, but he does accomplish a great deal. He was not notably successful in running what there was of the Administration's anti-inflation program, which he was asked to do, on top of his trade job, for a few months last year. His is a particular kind of power: it is not tangible, as a corporation chairman's or a military commander's or a President's might be, and it is not transferable. When the head of a Cabinet department or a White House official or a President assumes his job, he assumes a large amount of transferable power—to make of it what he can. Strauss's power is peculiar to Strauss and is his own creation. He parlays just about every situation into more than most others could make of it, charms more people, and works harder at it all than just about anybody around. He has a long memory, a special skill at negotiating among conflicting groups, and a very strong drive to show the world just what Bob Strauss—he often refers to himself that

Waterford®

Fire born of fire.
The light of a thousand stars.

PHOTOGRAPH: PESIN

9 OUT OF EVERY 10,000 AMERICANS PREFER CAMPARI

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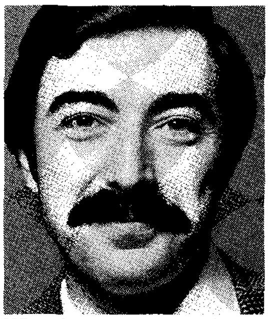
"My dog and I like Campari and water. I drink the Campari —she gets the water." —Betty Mekeel, Petaluma, CA



"When I was away at seminary school they never served Campari. Now I drink it religiously." —Joseph Scheideler, NY, NY

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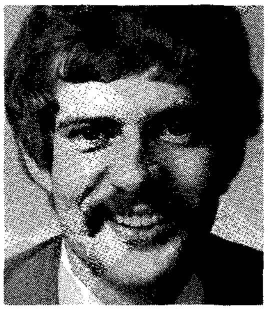


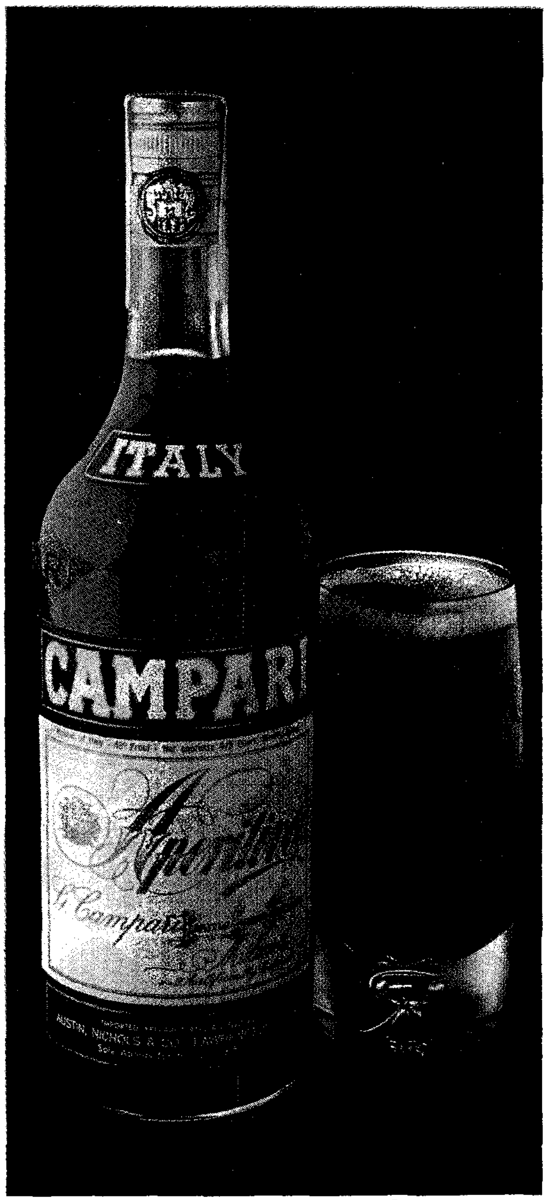
"Developing a taste for Campari is like falling in love. It takes a while but it's fun along the way." —Stephen Peppler, Schofield, WI

"When Dick asked me out for a soda, I found him engaging. When the soda was mixed with Campari, I found myself engaged." —Babs Klein, Cheyenne, WY

"When I began drinking Campari my friends thought I was seeking a spiritual experience." — Earl Starr, Seattle, WA

"Why Campari? Because David and I like seeing the world through rose-colored glasses." —Kimberley Kreicker, New Orleans, LA

"I found that Campari & Soda is good between sets of tennis ...I've learned to play fast." —Curt Wesser, Nazareth, PA



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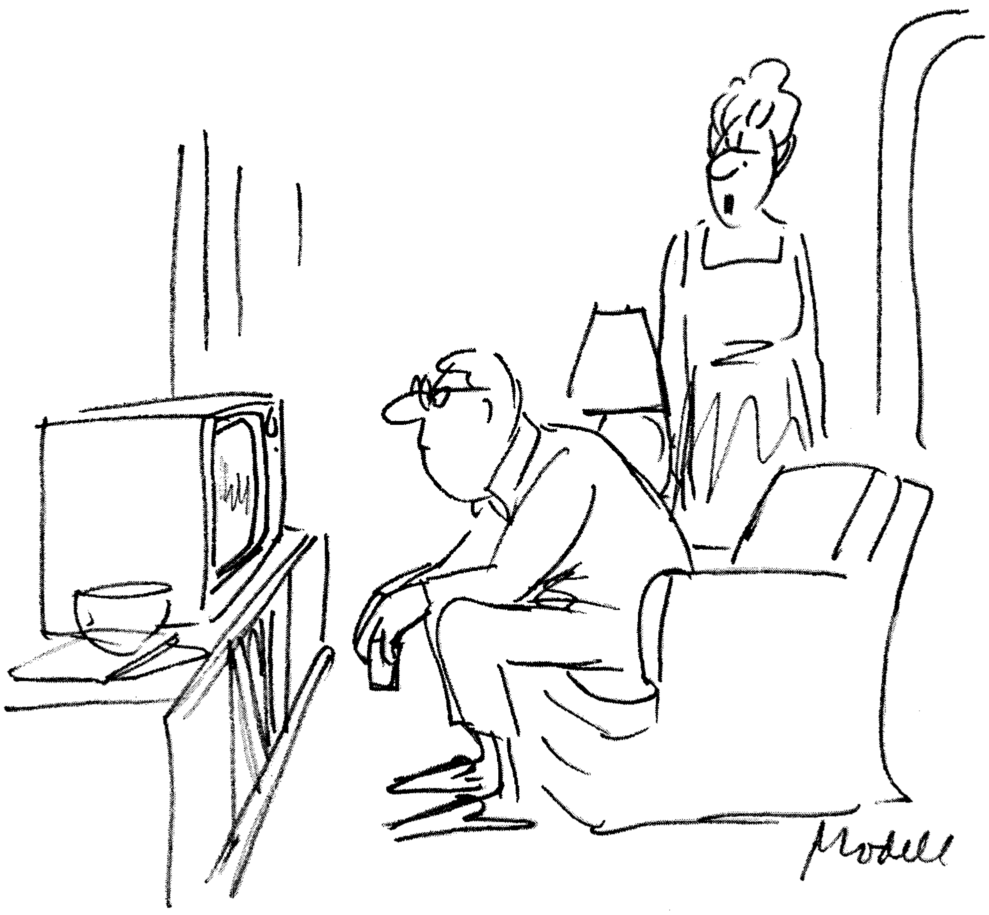
way—can do. He is an almost classic story, even a cliché, of the poor boy out of a small Texas town who made it big, first in Texas politics, business, and law, and then in the nation's capital. In the process, he has also made himself a controversial figure. There are people who are put off by his bluster, his bravado, his self-promotion; there are people who think that he consistently gets in over his head and that he will do almost anything to make a deal. Strauss *is* a self-promoter, and that is part of his effectiveness. He reads Washington very well: he understands that to be seen to have power in Washington is to have it, and to get more of it. Power is the ability to influence others' behavior; if people think someone has power, they act toward him as if he has, and therefore he is powerful. The more people who think that Bob Strauss can get things done, the more likely he is to be able to get them done. He has a very wide range of contacts, which causes him to have an even wider range of contacts, as word spreads that Bob Strauss is the man to be in contact with.

All of this is of value in an Administration that is not exactly filled with people who know how to get things done or who have a gift for reaching out. In a Johnson Administration, a Strauss would be an addition; in the Carter Administration, he may be crucial. But, whatever the Administration, such people are essential in Washington. Strauss's value is that he can deal with the numberless conflicting elements in a political transaction. He does not preoccupy himself with substance—he makes a big point of not appearing to do so. There are many people around who concern themselves with the substance of issues, but not all that many who can work them out. If the political process is to function, somewhere among the people of ideas and the people (in Congress, in the law firms, and in the lobbying organizations) whose sole role is to take home all the coonskins they can there must be a few who can piece things together. People who do this well do it through a complex combination of winning trust, threatening, rewarding, and conveying—accurately—an impression of power. It becomes firmly fixed in thousands of minds that these are people who know what they are doing, that they have a kind of competence that can be trusted.

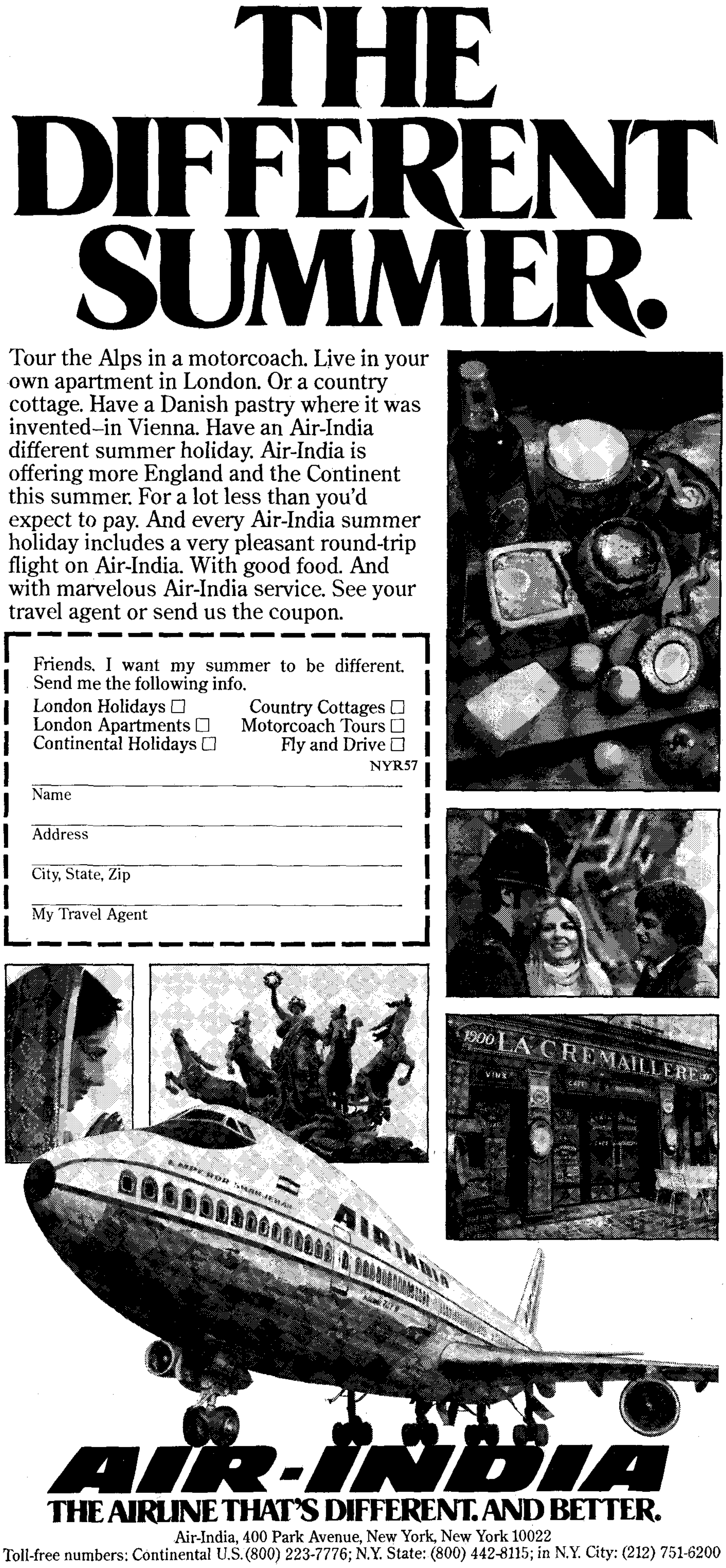
Strauss's method of operation is characterized by native intelligence, a shrewd understanding of people, flexibility, a willingness to go by instinct, and humor. He disarms people and defuses situations with his humor. One White House aide who has at times been at odds with Strauss says, "It's very hard to get mad at Strauss, and if you do it's hard to stay mad at him." Strauss himself has said to me of one political figure, "He can't get his hands on me as long as I keep kidding him." He also disarms people with put-downs and sheer effrontery. In the recent trade negotiations, at a particularly sticky moment he threw an arm around a presumably startled Nobuhiko Ushiba, his Japanese counterpart, and said, "Brother Ushiba, you're crazy as hell." After the Canadians, in a negotiation with Strauss, put forward their trade proposals, Strauss looked at them and said, "That's nice. Real nice. You have as much chance of getting that as I have of going to bed tonight with Farrah Fawcett-Majors." And he disarms through self-exaggeration: he turns his substantial ego and love of success, and even his clear need for applause, into a joke.

His network is probably as large as any around, and he works hard to keep it. One of his friends says, "His network is everywhere. It ranges from bookies to bank presidents." (Strauss is a devotee of the race track—he got to know Frank Fitzsimmons at the track at Del Mar, California, where Strauss and his wife, Helen, go each summer—and also of poker.) Hamilton Jordan said to me recently, "Strauss is all over the damn place. He's got contacts on the Hill, he's got contacts in the states, he's got contacts in the business community, he's got contacts in the press. There's just nobody quite like him." Someone else who has observed Strauss for years says, "It's not just his contacts; he knows how to use his contacts." One of Strauss's friends said, after telling me of an instance in which Strauss got in touch with Attorney General Griffin Bell on behalf of a Washington lawyer, "He runs a lot of errands like that for friends, and then he can go back. So when he needs things he can go get them. He's been doing that all his life." Washington is a city of channels—front channels and back channels. The front channels are the normal processes and meetings by which things get done. The back channels consist of people getting in touch with other people who can put them in touch with other people or can relay a message. A great deal of Washington's business gets done in the back channels,



"Are you absorbed or just pretending to be absorbed?"

• •



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and Strauss is often there. He seems to find time to make innumerable phone calls to "keep in touch;" he cultivates secretaries as well as senators; he will befriend a middle-level White House aide whom other important officials won't bother with. Every few months, he sends candy to the White House switchboard operators. There is a genuine warmth to him. He performs more acts of kindness—of the type that people aren't likely to forget—than most people far less busy than he. He also seems to know the value of having other people's gratitude. He is highly skilled at dealing with the press. And he appears to be the only person in Washington to have established a kidding relationship with Jimmy, and even Rosalynn, Carter.

When I asked people about his ubiquity, his involvement in so many matters, it was explained to me that this stems in large part from the way he approaches problems. He will listen for a while and then say, "I don't know much about the substance of this, but one thing I do know about is politics, and here's what I think will work politically." Sometimes, I'm told, he will say of someone else in a meeting, "So-and-So was just saying, 'Bob, you don't know about the substance of this, but the thing you do know about is politics,' " when So-and-So has said no such thing. Appearing to be uninterested in substance can provide a certain safety—keeping one from getting caught in details—and also a credential for coming at questions politically. And Strauss is not bashful about injecting himself into all kinds of situations. His advice having been valuable a certain percentage of the time, his contacts being known to be of a certain range, he is likely to be listened to. Some say that he will be flexible within the confines of the problem he is dealing with but there are limits to how far he will go. One man who has observed him closely, and who does have a moral base, says, "He's one of these guys who like through their gruff exterior to imply they're manipulative and unprincipled. But I think he has principles—he just wouldn't attribute them to values. He always explains that it's the political thing to do—he covers his decent values with that sort of language." Barbara Mikulski, a Democratic representative from Baltimore who was part of the Democratic Party's reform movement and headed a reform commission while Strauss was Party chairman, says of his chairmanship of the Party, "I thought he was absolutely fantastic. I consider him to be my political mentor. One of the things you learn when you

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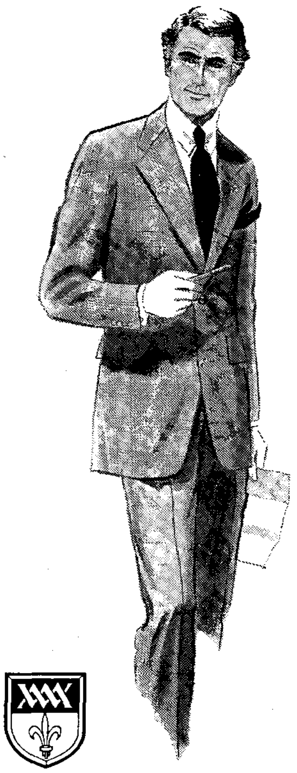

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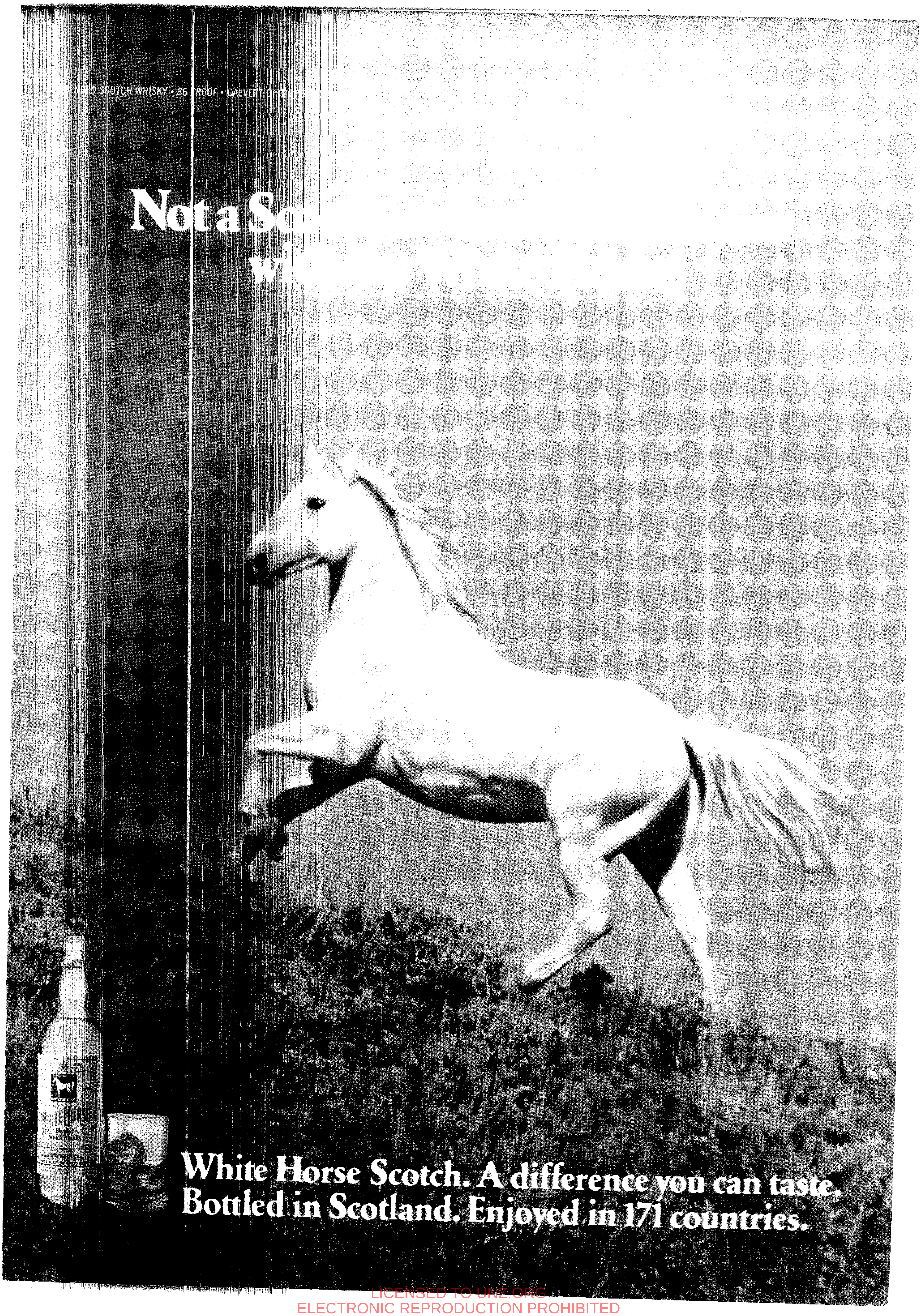
work with Strauss is how you broker conflict, which is the essence of government. He doesn't look for A's or F's—whether it's the Democratic Party or the M.T.N. He's an absolute genius negotiator. I've found him very straight, very straightforward. He's factual, and if that doesn't work he charms, and if that doesn't work he arm-twists." Strauss uses an expression about himself that is instructive: he says, "I'm a closer." One man who has seen him in negotiations says, "He almost cultivates an air of superficiality, remains above the battle, until the crucial moment, and then he comes in and closes the deal." One man in the State Department—which is traditionally suspicious of trade negotiators—says, "He's able to seize the political issue quickly. He can say, 'Here's who you have to talk to and here's how you have to put it to him.' He's a master. He's the *only* person who could get the M.T.N. through Congress—the only one." And when the Administration wanted someone to take over the continuation of the Middle East negotiations after the peace treaty between Egypt and Israel was signed, it turned to Strauss.

A FEW days after my visit to Strauss, I accompany him to Boston, where—at the request of Kennedy—he is to address a luncheon of the New England Council, Inc., an organization of businessmen from the six New England states. ("Teddy can deliver me pretty well where he wants to.") Strauss does a great deal of travelling, to attend political fund-raisers, to drum up support for his trade bill, to pay back favors, to earn new favors, and often combines several of these purposes in one trip.

As we rush from his office into his waiting car, I ask Strauss where, exactly, in Boston we are going. Last week, he was in New York and Columbus, Ohio; this week he was also in Chicago; next week he will be in Tucson.

"I don't know," Strauss replies. "It's all Indianapolis to me. Every other goddam day, one of these trips. Next week, East Lynne." He gets in the front seat, next to his driver, Nat Brannum, picks up the telephone beside him, and calls his wife. The Strausses are famously close. He talks of her quite often ("I was saying to Helen," "Helen and I were talking about . . ."), and she travels with him on most of his trips in the country and overseas. They have three children, with whom they are constantly in touch, and six grandchildren. The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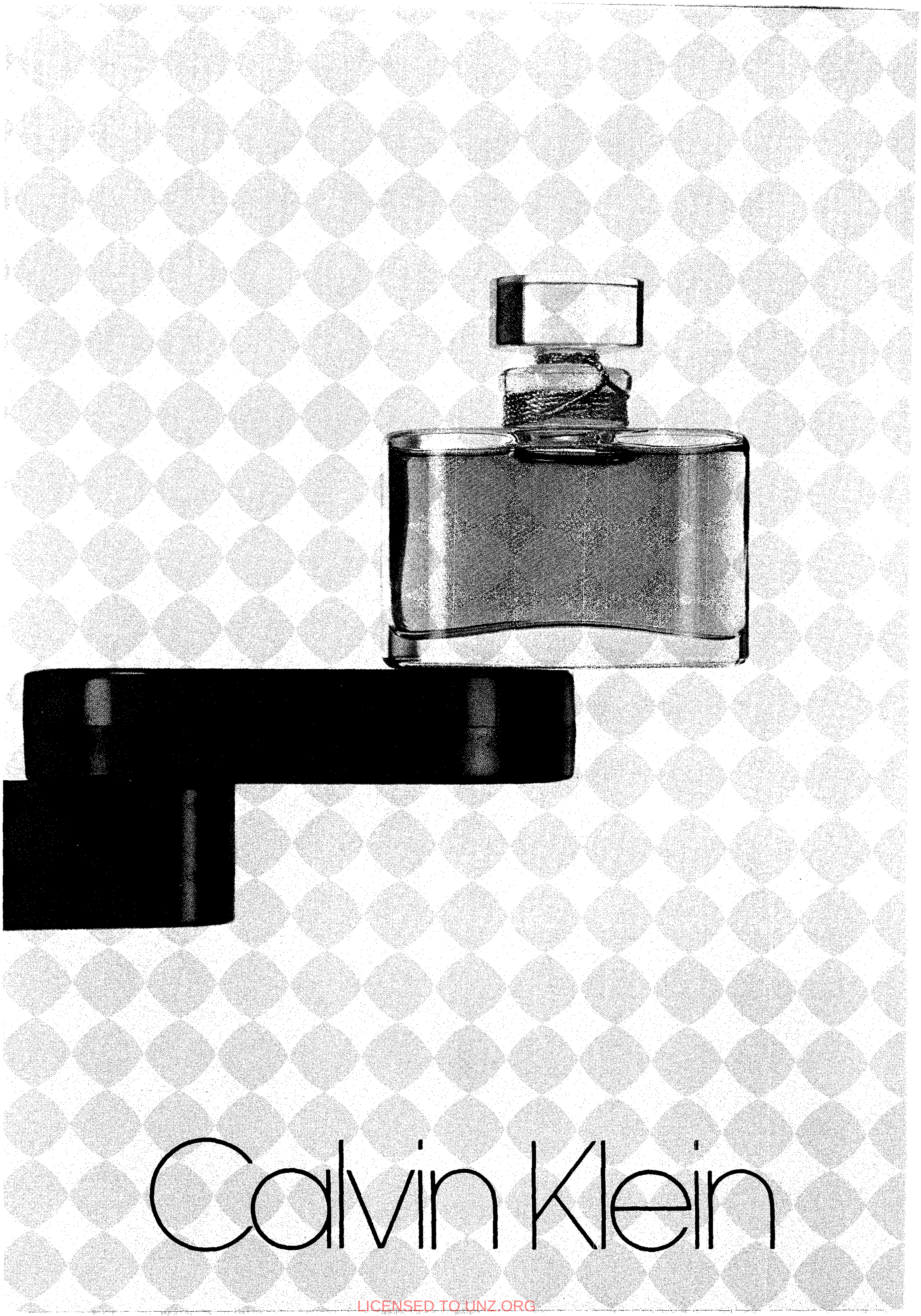
Calvin Klein

Strausses try to return to their Dallas home at least once a month. Helen Strauss is short, dark-haired, warm, and very intelligent, and seems to understand her husband quite well. The Strausses have a good time. On the way to the airport, Brannum makes a somewhat chancy turn, and Strauss says, "Nat, I don't want my obituary to say that he was hit on a half-green light. I want to go down in style." Brannum laughs. Next, Strauss calls Henry Owen at the White House. He says, "Tell them I'm as stretched out as I can be—I can't go any further. I'm losing some friends of mine and I'm fighting the Japanese as hard as I can. Just press on. Good. Goodbye." He tells me a story: "When I first came into this government, I wrote a memorandum to the President and I didn't get an answer. Another day went by. After about five days, I said to someone over there, 'What happened to my memo?' He said, 'We didn't think it should go to the President.' I said, 'Let me tell you something, you sonofabitch. Any time I send something to the President of the United States, you make goddam sure it goes in there. You can put on top of it 'This is crap' or 'Strauss is crazy,' but you get it in there, or I'll walk out of here or get you thrown out of here, or both.' Other people in the White House heard about that, and it helped."

In the airport, we encounter a political reporter, who asks Strauss where he is going. "New Hampshire," Strauss shoots back. "To see what's going on. I couldn't tell from reading your story." The reporter laughs.

On the plane, Strauss studies some material for the luncheon, and talks. "God, I'm tired," he says. "I must have thought a half hour in the shower this morning. I always think through my problems of the day in the shower—and I also lick my wounds." By seven o'clock each morning, Strauss has read the Washington *Post*, the New York *Times*, and the *Wall Street Journal*, and at some point in the day he also reads the Dallas *Times Herald* and the Los Angeles *Times*. Today, Strauss is particularly interested in how the papers played the story about a meeting he held with Japanese negotiators yesterday afternoon. At the meeting, Strauss broke off the negotiations with Japan on the question of government procurement of telecommunications equipment, complaining that Japan's offer to relax its restrictions on access to its market was "wholly inadequate." The issue was which equipment Nippon Telegraph & Telephone,

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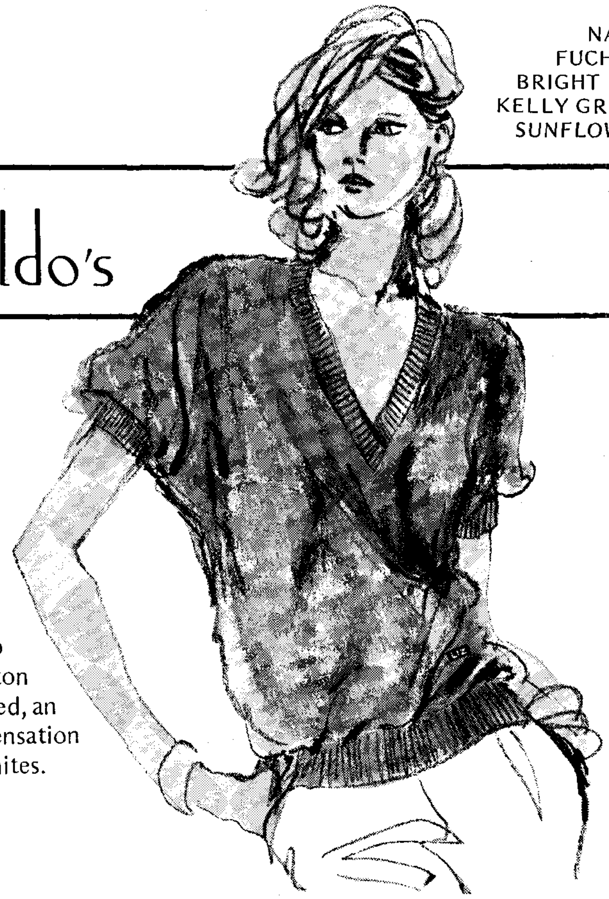

a government-owned utility, might open to bidding from foreign countries. The Japanese offered to allow bidding on contracts for such things as steel telephone poles but not on those for any sophisticated equipment. ("Now, how many steel telephone poles do you think we'll sell in Japan, with their steel business," Strauss says. "What the hell good does that do us?") There is reason to believe that Strauss actually *did not want* the Japanese to be more forthcoming as yet—that he did not mind having an opportunity to criticize the Japanese, whose restrictive trade policies have become a political issue (one that John Connally, now running for the Republican nomination, is using against Carter), and that he saw breaking off the talks as a good move after he had got the countervailing-duty bill through Congress. He thought about how the story would play both in Japan and in the United States, and he assumed that the Japanese would want to talk about the matter again. That sort of thing Strauss refers to as "instincts without evidence." One man who has observed Strauss as a trade negotiator has told me, "I've never seen him do anything that hasn't been thought through, even when it doesn't appear to be. Even when he's throwing a temper tantrum, he's thought through the effect and he's usually planned the next move—when he's going to call the other guy back in and smooth things over." Someone else involved in the trade negotiations says, "Strauss is a master of theatre." I have been told by others that Strauss's standing is actually very high in Japan, that the government there believes he is the one to deal with—the one who can make the deals—and also believes he is a kingmaker in the United States.

Strauss tells me, "The reason my credibility has gotten so high in Japan—and it is—is, number one, I haven't lied to them and, number two, when they've negotiated responsibly I've gone and told that to the Congress, and that's not a particularly politically popular thing to do." He explains the problem with the Japanese over telecommunications equipment and then he says, "Two years ago, I wouldn't have been able to deal with these things. I'm not an intellectual, but I learn fast."

I ask him what else he has been doing in the last day or so.

He tells me that he has been talking to someone in New York about playing a major role in Carter's reëlection effort; talking to Hamilton Jordan about two or three matters, including the Mexican Embassy and "the kind of

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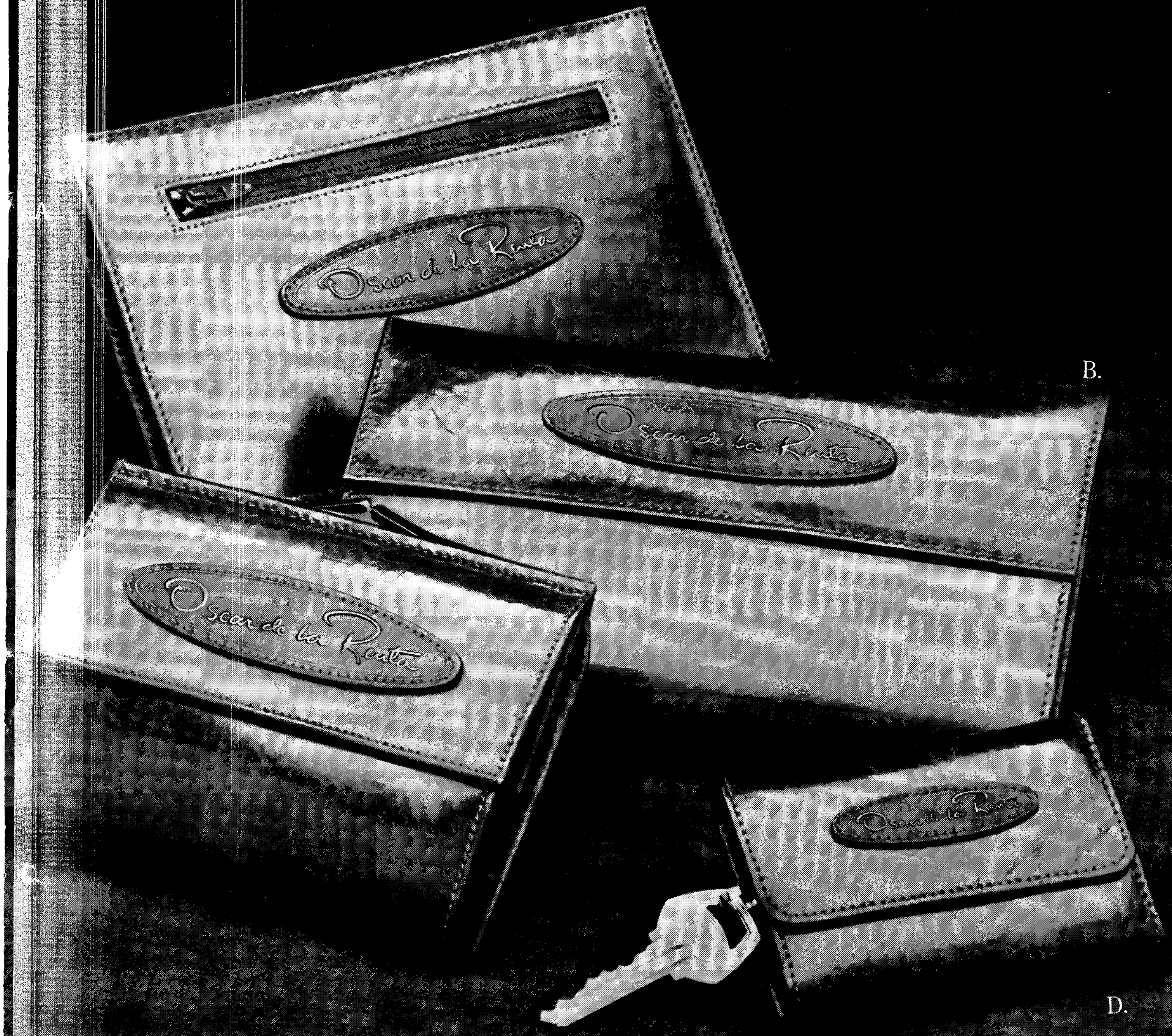

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people we ought to use in the campaign next year;" talking to Alfred Kahn and his aide about the Teamsters negotiation.

Then he talks about his wife, and says, "Little ole Helen is a hell of a woman. She knows who she is and what she's about, and she knows who I am and what I'm about. I bore easily; my attention span is not great. Helen doesn't bore me."

Then he talks about his mission today. "My basic problem up in New England is that people don't really understand what trade means to them. It's such an easy subject to demagogue. It's so easy to say shut our doors to imports, and they don't realize what that would do to us, and how desperate they are to shop for the best products. They're all protectionist until they go out to shop. The first thing I did when I came on this job was to cut back on the imports of Japanese TVs. This fellow back in Dallas came up to me and said, 'By God, Bob, I knew when you came on this job you'd put the goddam thing in shape and you'd tell it like it is.' I said, 'You know what I really did over there?' He said, 'No.' I said, 'You got a TV set?' He said, 'Yeah, got two or three.' I said, 'How much you pay for them—about four hundred dollars?' He said, 'Yeah.' I said, 'I'll tell you what I really did. The Japanese government's been subsidizing that set, and it would otherwise cost five hundred dollars. I cut out that foolishness. I stopped those Japanese from cutting down on the cost of that TV set.' He said, 'Is that what you did?' Actually, he used a little rougher language. He said, 'I guess it's a little more complicated than I thought.' "

There are those in the United States government—professional bureaucrats who do not share Strauss's outlook or style—who give him the credit for keeping the international trade negotiations alive at all. He is dealing in a world that has become increasingly protectionist. The current round of trade negotiations was decided upon at a meeting of more than ninety countries in Tokyo, in 1973, under the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade (GATT)—the set of rules and arrangements adopted for the purpose of reducing trade barriers. (It is called the Tokyo Round; some people used to refer to it as the Nixon Round, but times have changed.) The countries pledged not only to cut tariffs but also to try to get at the increasing number of non-tariff barriers to trade—subsidies, quotas, government procurement policies, varying standards for applying tariffs, and so on. The current round

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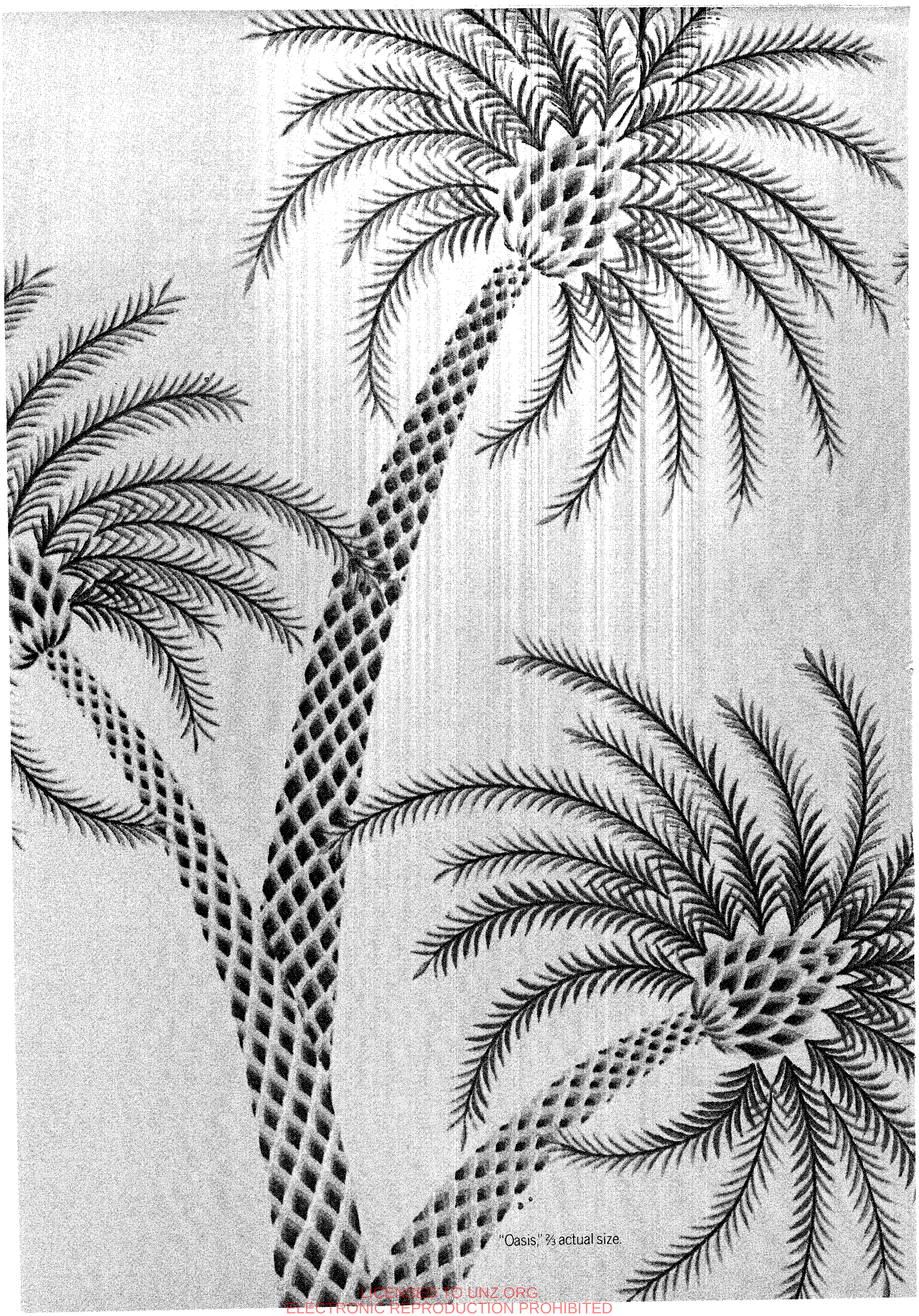

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amounts to the most ambitious trade negotiations in history. But after the Tokyo meeting came the oil embargo of 1973-74, and a worldwide recession—and a change in the political atmosphere surrounding trade. The Tokyo Round became an exercise as much in staving off a wholesale retreat to protectionism as in freeing up trade. There was also Watergate and then there was the 1976 American election, and the trade talks were essentially moribund. Strauss likes to say that until 1977 the talks, which were taking place in Geneva, did little except "produce a bunch of fine skiers." A number of people say that it was the sheer force of Strauss's personality that got the talks going again.

On the plane to Boston, Strauss tells me, "The first thing I had to do was establish credibility, so that we could move these talks. The European Communities and the Japanese didn't think we could move, and they didn't think they could move—because of protectionism, a fragile world economy, the attitude in our Congress. The first thing I did was, I had several meetings with the E.C. and Japan and said that either we move forward or, protectionism was so strong, we'd move backward—that the status quo was not one of our options. Then I had to go and convince them that I was the one who could move them. I had a pretty good press ahead of me. One day in Europe, I told them a story: The first fellow who held my job was Christian Herter, a former Secretary of State, governor of Massachusetts— As a matter of fact, I'm glad I thought of that—I think I'll tell that story today. When John Kennedy was President, he called Herter in and said we need some people with a proper State Department background who might be able to fill this job. Herter said, 'Mr. President, you don't need a diplomat to fill this job. You need someone with a political background, someone who understands the Congress, who understands what the country's all about and makes it tick, and who particularly understands the political process on the Hill.' Kennedy said, 'I'll be damned, Christian. I hereby appoint you America's first trade representative.' I told that story over there. I said, 'President Carter has appointed such a man and I can make this thing move'—and we started talking. The next thing I did was make a decision that the Europeans were scared to death that someone was going to use this negotiation to destroy the Common Agricultural Policy—something they couldn't stand politically." The Common Agricultural

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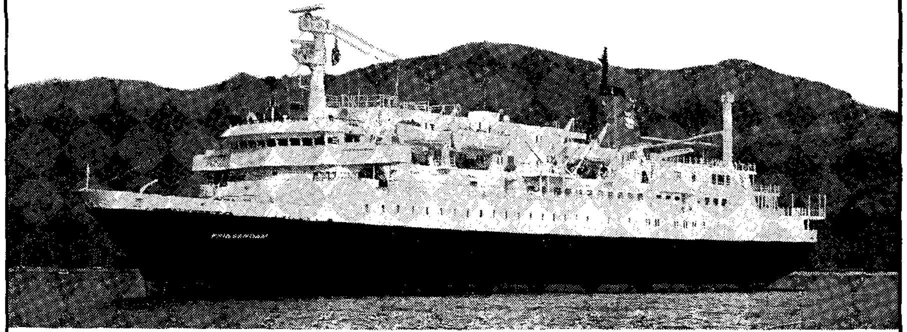

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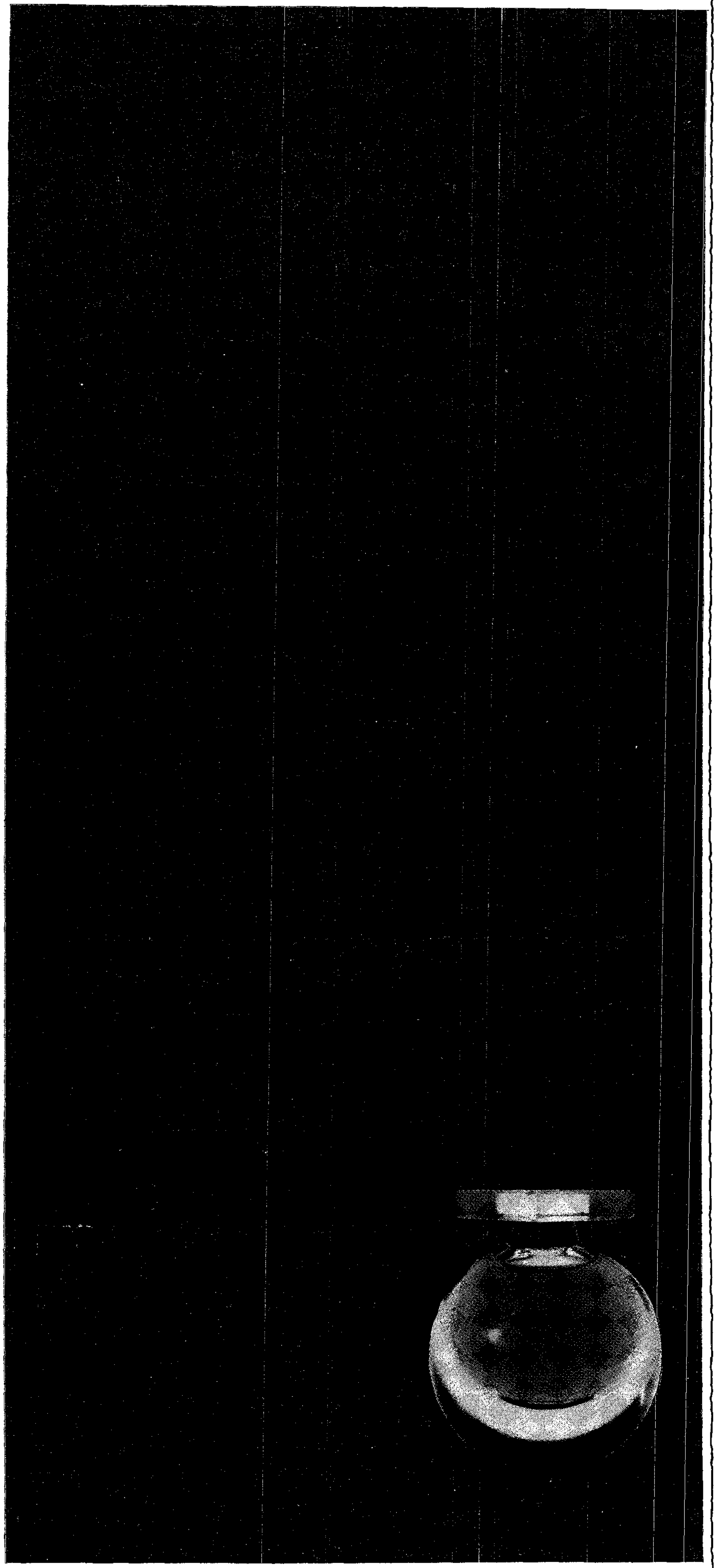
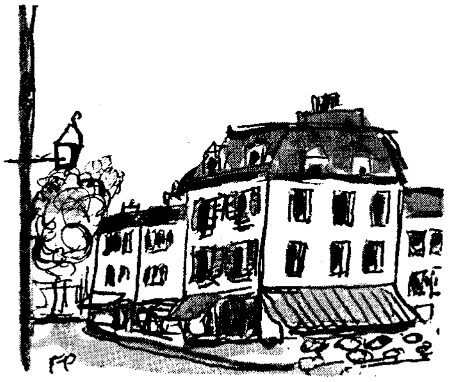
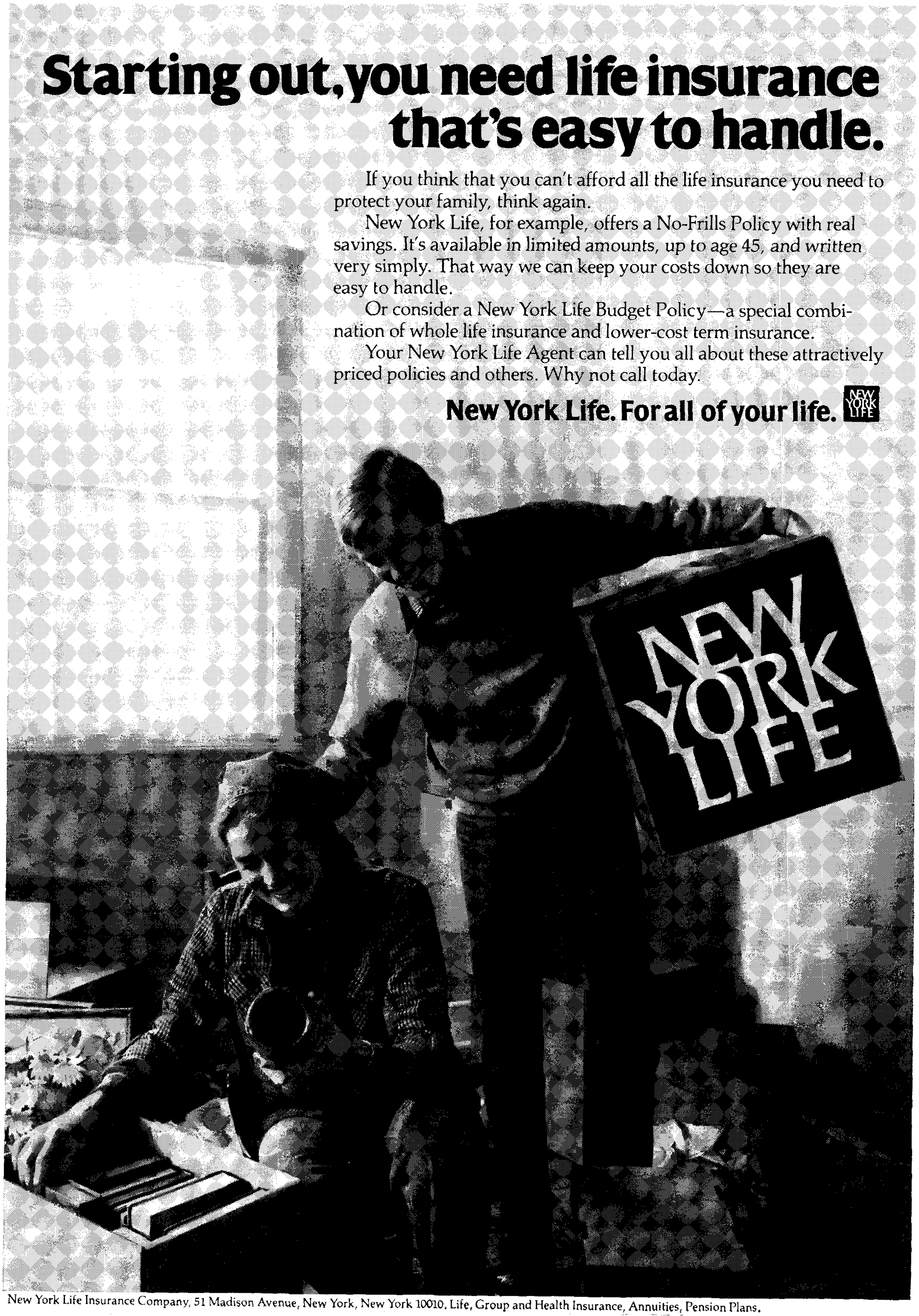


Policy, or CAP, is the system by which the European Communities supports the agricultural prices of its members, and it includes trade restrictions. "I told them that we weren't going to try to destroy it, that we would protect it *if* they would let us get our nose under the tent. It was silly for us to bay at the moon and get nothing—a third of a loaf is better than none, and we were getting none. That's the way we were able to get concessions on tobacco, rice, poultry, and many others. At the same time, we didn't give up too much in the way of cheese." (Strauss is currently negotiating with members of Congress who represent dairy areas—the dairy industry is very strong politically in this country—an arrangement to allow a certain additional amount of cheese into this country. In exchange for allowing more of some cheeses into the United States, the dairy industry has won a proviso that the price of imported cheese cannot undercut that of domestic cheese. Strauss and members of Congress are now haggling over how this proviso will be enforced.) Strauss continues, "We have a very delicate market on cheese. The Europeans will take all the grain we can ship them, but they'll put it in the mouth of a cow and they'll make cheese. So the process had to stop. We're sending more grain than we have been sending, but there's no point in screaming 'Take it all' when we know it will end up as cheese." At bottom, American trade policy is a massive, complex political problem. Nothing is simple when it comes to trade; if one button on the console is pressed, twenty lights are likely to go on. Each bilateral arrangement involves other products, other countries, their domestic politics, our domestic politics. Strauss has had to proceed with all this in mind. He is, says one of his aides, "a walking political computer."

Now Strauss tells me, "I kid a lot, but I don't kid myself. I know what my strengths and my weaknesses are, and one of my strengths is people. You have to develop personal relationships,





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credibility. You do what you say you'll do." One's "word" is crucial in politics, and members of Congress have told me that Strauss keeps his word. "You have to remember that my background is rather broad. I have a bit of experience in business as well as law, in government as well as politics. My business touched on banking and real estate and communications." Strauss is, by any measure, a very wealthy man. "I understand a little bit about a lot of things. That's what I bring to the government. Some people have a better intellectual background. I have a lot of common sense. And I'm not timid. I have a lot of confidence in myself and my judgments. I come to decisions easily. I may not always be right, but I make them."

Strauss tells me that once the negotiations were under way he invited a number of senators and congressmen to Geneva to receive briefings on them. "It paid off," he says. "When you can get them over there, and the buzzers aren't going for votes, and they don't have meetings to attend, and reporters aren't calling them up for interviews, they get a chance to see what the problem is and what we're doing. I make at least five calls to the Hill a day. It's a habit. Also, we take any partisanship out of it. We treat a Republican call and a Democratic call the same. It doesn't take long for word to get around about that. Then I started inviting senators and congressmen and their staffs to the White House Mess for briefings. I paid for it myself. No one had ever brought the staffs in. We gave them some briefings on what the trade bill would mean for their states and districts. The first thing you know, you have some action going." He befriended his European counterparts—even staged a post-Thanksgiving Thanksgiving dinner for them in his Washington apartment. "When the countervailing-duty bill failed last year, it created an international crisis," Strauss says. "I jumped in a Concorde, got to Paris, and jumped in a plane and went to six capitals in two days. Meanwhile, I talked to London along the road. I was trying to show that we cared, that we'd do what we could."

At the Boston airport, Strauss is met by Robert Griffin, his special assistant. The presence of Griffin on Strauss's staff is indicative of how Strauss functions. Griffin is the deputy administrator of the General Services Administration whom Jay Solomon, then the administrator, fired in July of last year, thus enraging House Speaker Thomas

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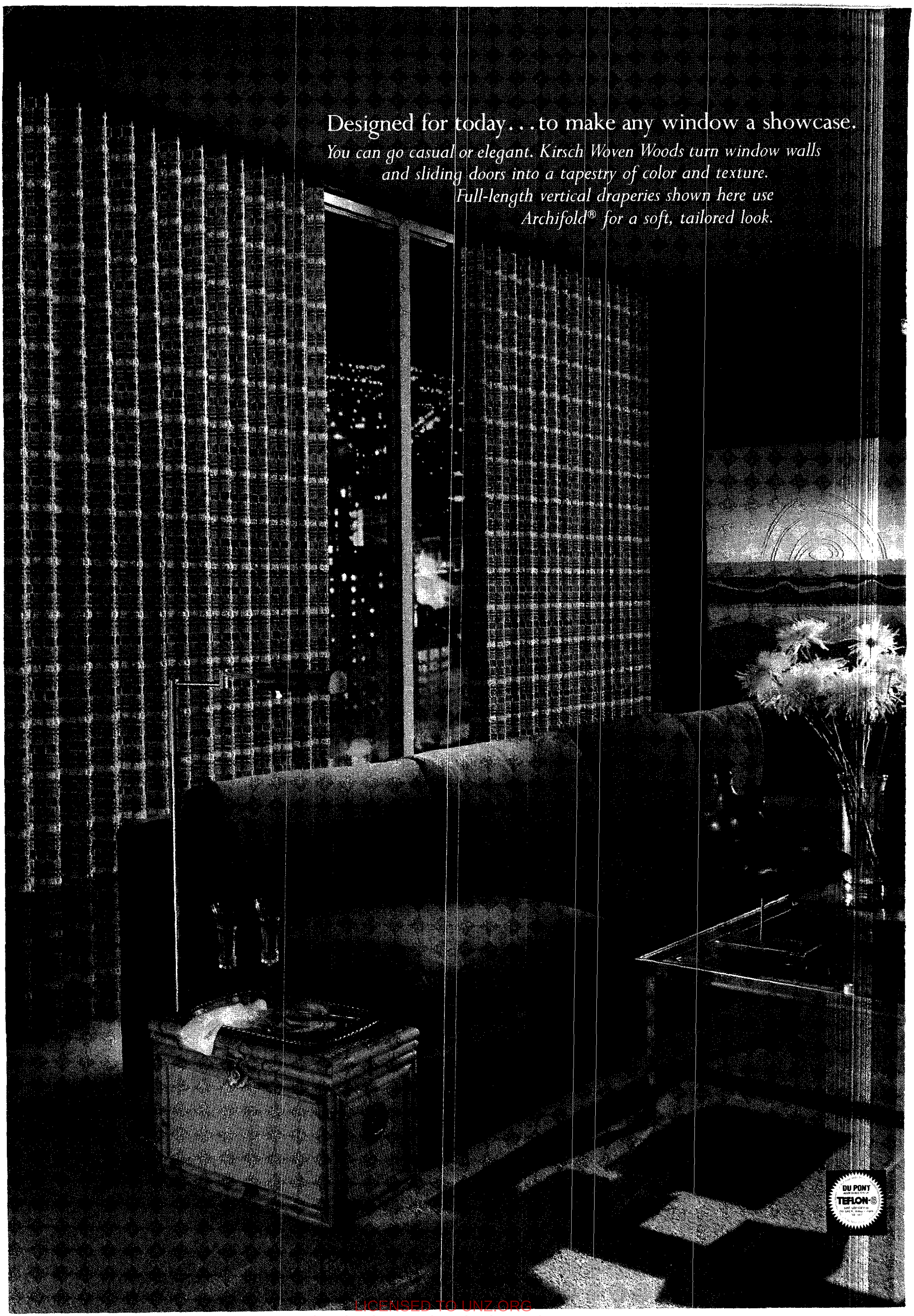

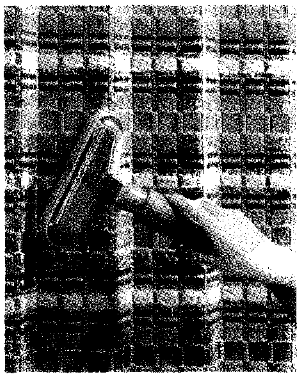

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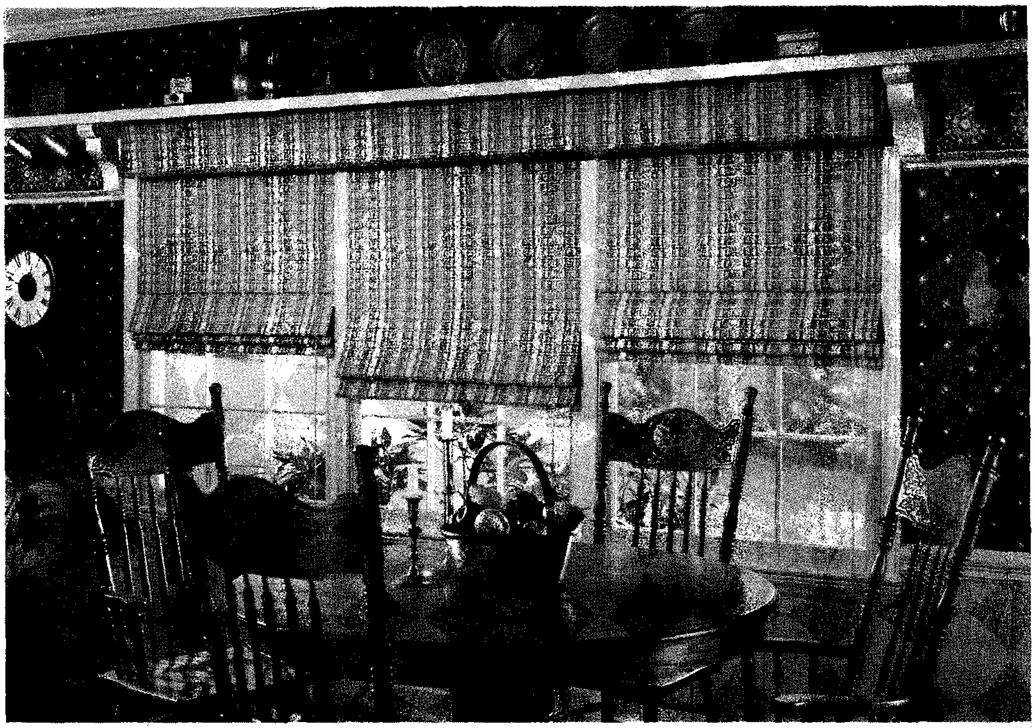

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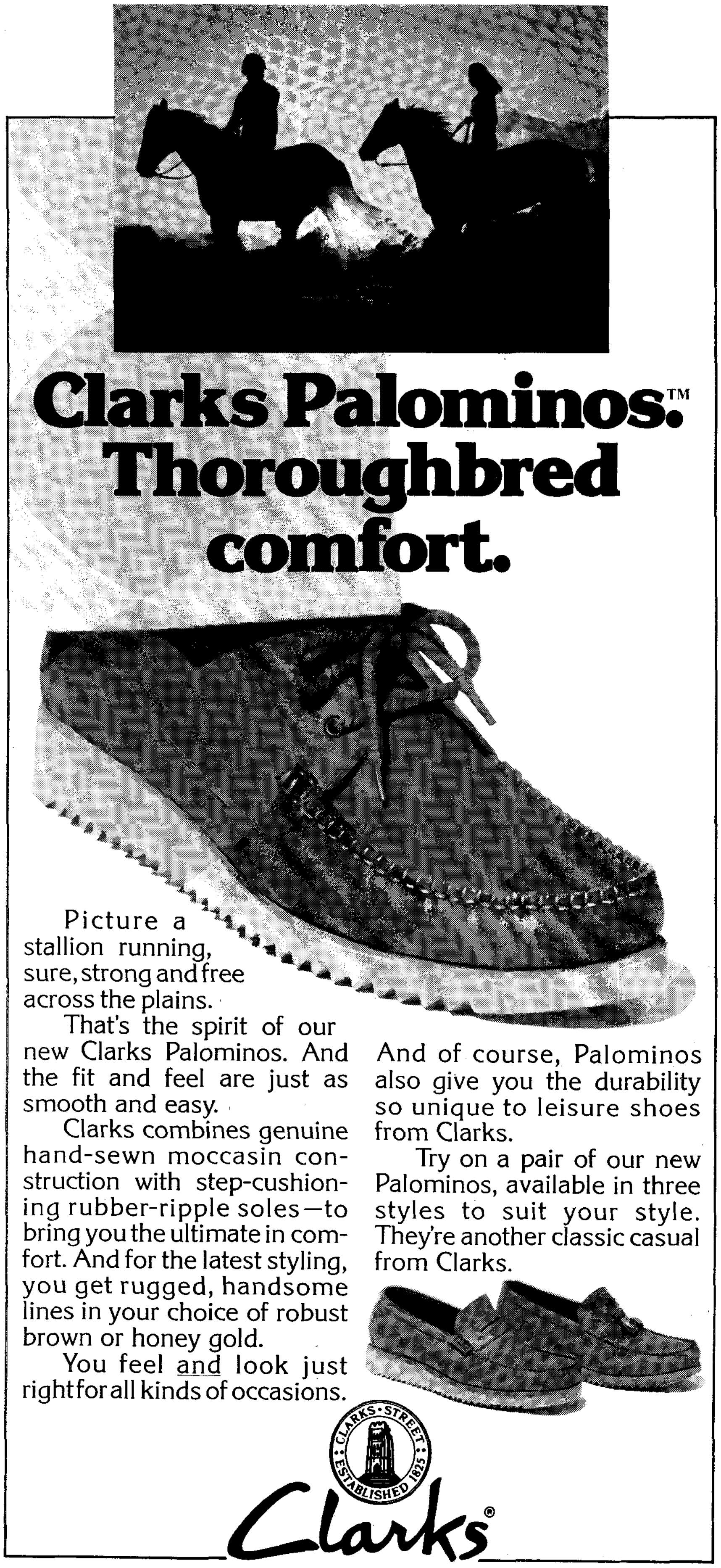
P. O'Neill, whose protégé Griffin had been. This put the White House in a fix. Whereupon Strauss offered to give Griffin a high-ranking, well-paid job on his staff. A number of people in Washington laughed, but Strauss had, in one stroke, relieved the White House of a problem, ingratiated himself with O'Neill, and added someone to his staff who could be useful to him.

AT a reception at the Copley Plaza Hotel, where the luncheon is to be held, Strauss, as they say, "works the room," and it is clear that the people here want to get his ear. He greets John Gikas, who runs a laundry business in New Hampshire and Canada. Gikas has been described to me by a friend of Strauss's as "one of those guys who if Strauss whistles they come with checks." The friend said, "They're the guys who kept Strauss going in the Democratic Party in terms of money. Whenever he's raising money, he can always count on John Gikas." I asked this friend how many such people Strauss had around. He laughed, and replied, "Scores. There are a few more now than there were five years ago, obviously." Strauss still involves himself in raising money for candidates and for the Party, and few whom he calls upon could be unaware of his importance, or of his potential for making decisions, or arguing for decisions, that involve their interests. As he introduces me to Gikas, Strauss says, "Right after I went to the Democratic Committee as chairman, I wrote a letter to about eight hundred, a thousand people and said, 'This thing is a mess—a bunch of fools, pot smokers, have been running it. I'm going to give it a ten-month shot to see what I can do. This is the year '73, and if you'll send seventy-three dollars a month for ten months, I'll send you a progress report to tell you how it's going.' One of the first checks that came in was from John. John raised more than ten thousand dollars. He's never said no. I try never to call him unless I need him."

Several New England congressmen are here, as well as a number of businessmen. Strauss spots Representative James Shannon, Democrat of Massachusetts and member of the Ways and Means Committee's Trade Subcommittee, and says to him, "I want to move the trade bill by the August recess, and I want you to help me. I want to come up to the Hill and see the New England Caucus." (Many think that Strauss's intention, or stated



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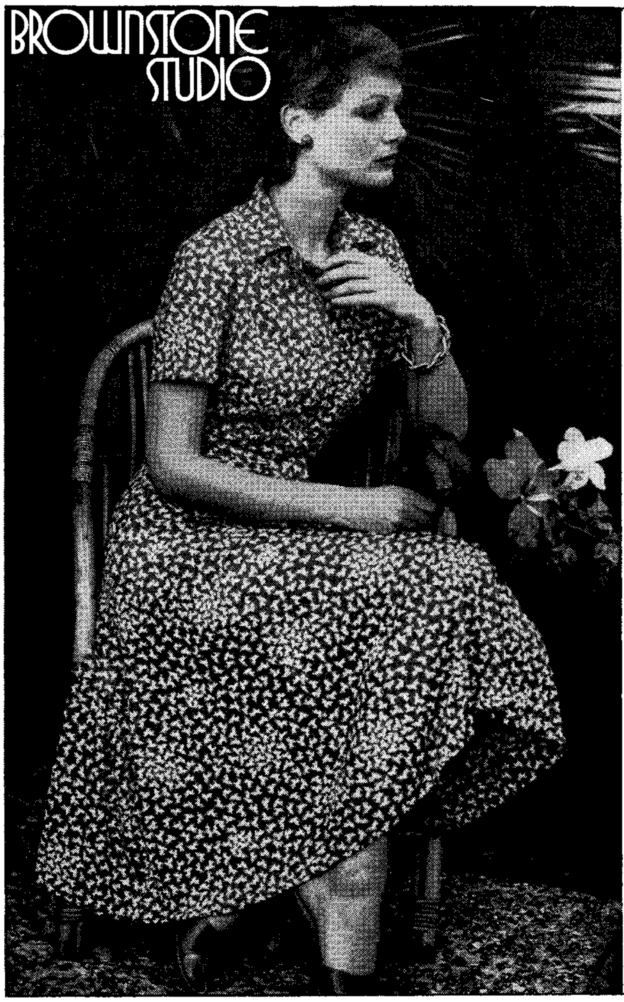
intention, of getting the trade bill through Congress by this summer is optimistic.) John Wasserlein, a division manager of Boise Cascade, introduces himself to Strauss. Strauss says, "I want Boise Cascade off their ass. I don't want you for the trade bill passively. I want you for it actively. You write to me, Bob Strauss, the White House. I'm glad you came up." Strauss, holding a glass of white wine in his left hand, continues to circulate. A man comes up to him and complains that he has offered to help the President's reëlection effort in New Hampshire and hasn't heard from anyone. Strauss, who knows all too well, replies, "I know. These things happen. They slip between the cracks. We'll get back to you. The President needs and deserves your support. They're good boys, but occasionally they don't follow through. But we do in our office. We'll be in touch." Strauss, obviously enjoying the attention, jokes, "I might come up here and run for office. Against Shannon or Kennedy. Kennedy up any time soon? I might come up and run against him." People laugh appreciatively. Strauss asks some of the people what is going to happen in New Hampshire in 1980.

A man comes up to Strauss and introduces himself as representing Wang Laboratories, in Lowell, Massachusetts. Strauss asks him, "What does Wang Laboratories do?" The man tells him that it is in the computer-processing business and that about forty-five per cent of its business is outside the United States. "Then you have a big stake in this trade bill," Strauss says. The man complains about what he describes as a tax problem, and starts to go into a complicated explanation. Strauss stops him. "That's not a tax problem," he says. "It's a customs-evaluation problem. You've got a real problem; you just don't know how to explain it. We're going to deal with it. You're right to be concerned, and we're taking care of it in a very constructive way." He talks to Rob Trowbridge, the publisher of *Yankee Magazine* and the *New England Business Magazine*. Strauss tells him, "The people of your region have a big stake in this trade bill, and only a few people understand it. They only hear from those who oppose. The great trouble in America is that only those who are opposed write in. With your subscribers, you can do a lot of good." Another man reminds Strauss that they met at Kennedy's home one Sunday afternoon, when Kennedy was meeting with about ninety Japanese. Strauss says,



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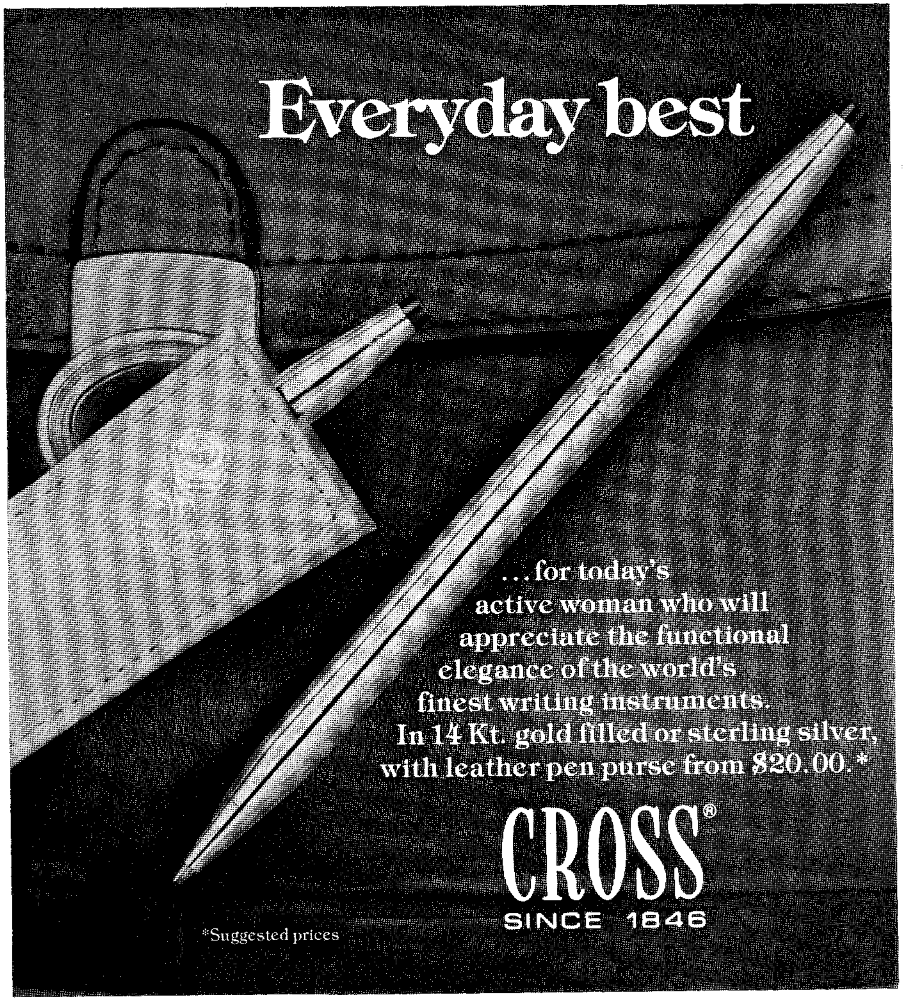
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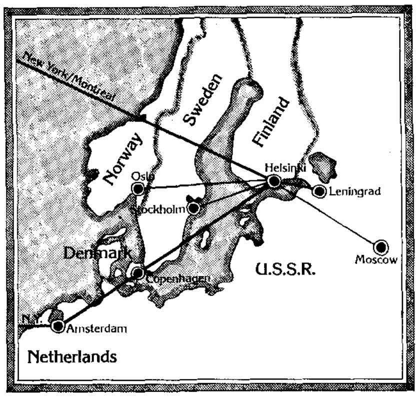

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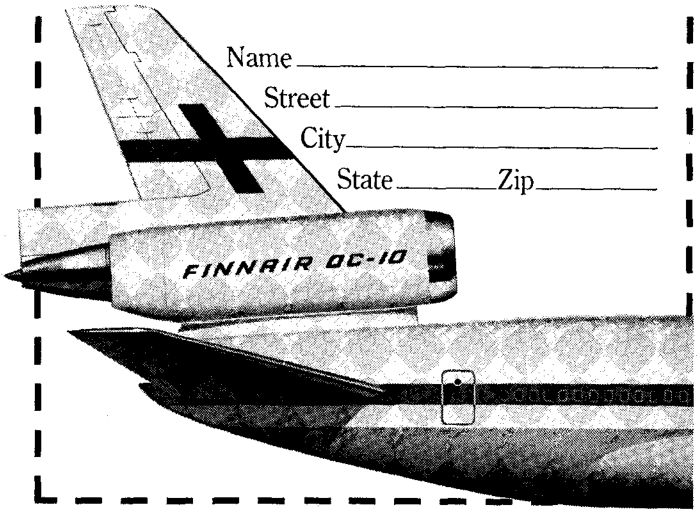

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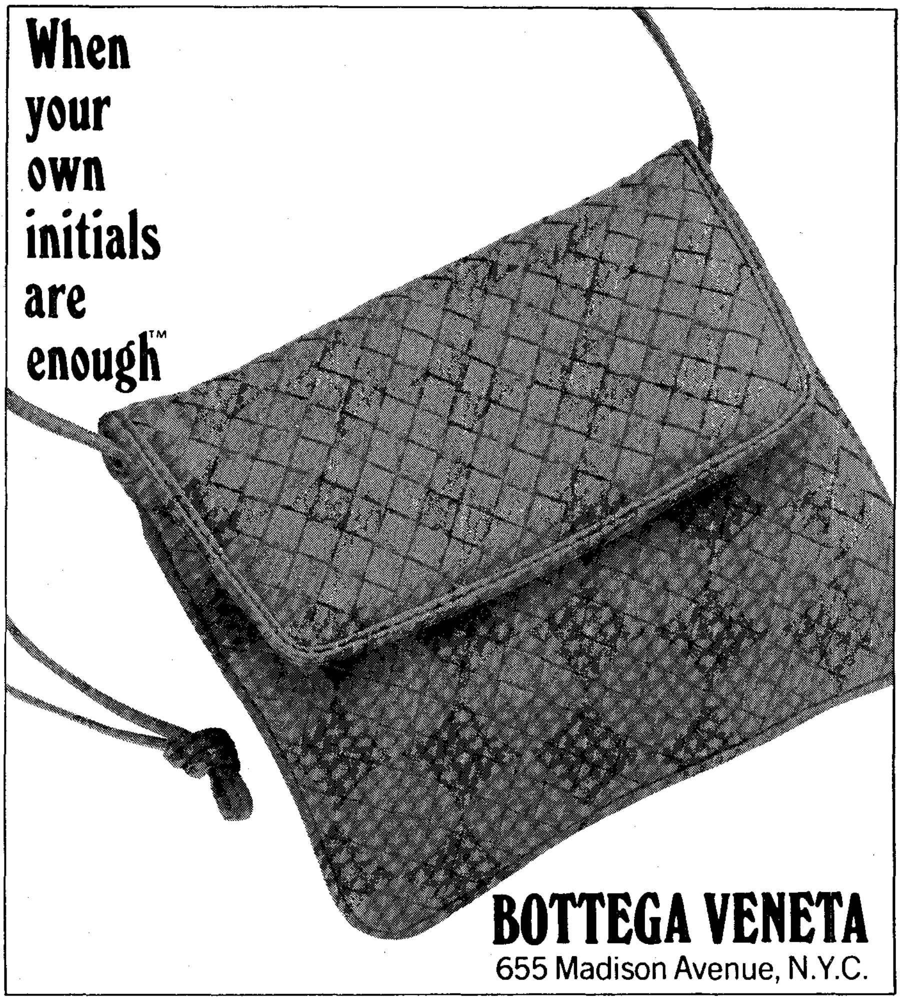
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smiling, "Kennedy delivered me. He was selling Massachusetts pretty effectively. I was trying to sell the country. I don't know how to spell Massachusetts. I know you're a significant state." Pause. "Not a major one, but a significant one."

Kennedy comes into the reception. Strauss fingers Kennedy's shirt collar and, referring to one of Kennedy's brothers-in-law, says, "You wearing Steve Smith's shirt?" He tells me that this is an old joke between them.

Kennedy laughs, and says to Strauss, "You got some good news for us?"

Strauss replies, "I'm going to survive."

Kennedy laughs again, and says, "What about Massachusetts? You've looked after Texas beef and oranges in Japan."

Strauss says, "I know what you're trying to preach, you sonofabitch." Then he grows serious for a moment and talks about the problem that was worked out recently with Kennedy and with Dole so that the countervailing-duty bill could be got through Congress. Kennedy says that he understood Strauss's problem and was satisfied with the solution. "You're a good man," Strauss says to Kennedy.

Kennedy bows slightly, smiles, and says, in mock humility, "Thanks, Bob."

New England is just one area that Strauss keeps in his brain-computer, but it is an important one, as it has been for some time in the matter of trade. Also in that brain-computer is the fact that New Hampshire and Massachusetts hold Presidential primaries that are among the earliest. The area's particular trade concerns have to do with textiles, footwear, high-speed electronics, and even clothespins, and Strauss has taken steps to see that these concerns are handled. What he is trying to do is to "pre-cook" the trade bill so that the members of Congress will be satisfied with it when it comes before them. He hopes to have the trade talks wound up shortly, to submit the trade package to Congress by May, and to get it passed by this summer. (In accordance with special rules for the trade bill, it is subject only to an up-or-down vote, and cannot be amended. An amending process could, of course, set off a logrolling jamboree such as has seldom been beheld.) To this end, Strauss and his staff have been meeting with members of the Ways and Means and the Finance Committees (in closed sessions) and with other members of Congress, to hear their complaints and suggestions. And, also to this end, Strauss has been making deals. The most complicated deal, having to do with textiles, involved, in effect, quintilateral negotiations, with the textile industry, labor, foreign governments, the executive branch, and Congress. The industry and its associated labor groups wanted, of course, a cutback in the amount of textiles imported into this country—and that industry is well represented in Congress, having plants in virtually every state, and constitutes the largest individual lobby on the subject of trade. Last year, on Strauss's recommendation, the President vetoed a bill passed by Congress to remove textiles altogether from the M.T.N. (The Kennedy Administration, in order to get its trade bill through Congress in 1962, also made a deal with the textile industry.) But Strauss's theory was that he must neutralize the industry, and that the way to do that was to slow the growth of textile imports. The State and Treasury Departments, which (unlike the Commerce and Labor Departments) usually take positions in favor of liberalized trade, and also some of the President's economic advisers were unhappy with the way Strauss was proceeding. Strauss negotiated over a period of several weeks with leaders of major textile firms and unions, and, on the basis of outcries from this or that participant (outcries that some observers believe he anticipated), renegotiated—balancing off the political questions, international questions, employment questions, inflation questions. Eventually, the State Department swallowed hard and accepted the arrangement Strauss worked out, as essential for the larger purposes of trade. (Treasury was never reconciled. Relations between Strauss and Treasury Secretary Michael Blumenthal are not good—a situation that has its origins in differences of style, of philosophy, and of policy, and in simple rivalry.) Strauss and Treasury are also at odds over proposals, backed by Strauss, to speed up the procedures for imposing countervailing duties.

Strauss is currently working on tightening existing restrictions on shoe imports, which affect not only New England but also such states as Georgia and Tennessee. There was the Administration's support for legislation to protect the sugar industry. Only sparing cuts have been made by the United States on imports of steel, and that industry is also protected through other pricing arrangements. Strauss's office recommended temporary import relief—which can be provided under the existing trade law—for the clothespin industry, which is concentrated in New

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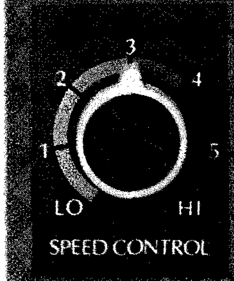

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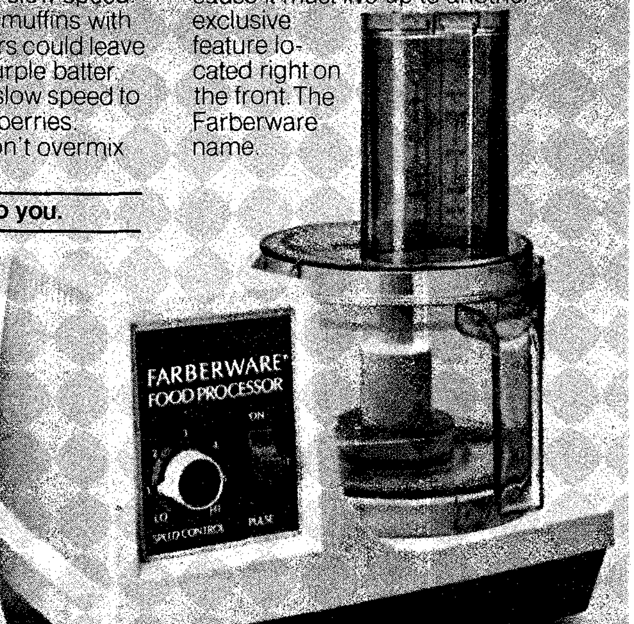

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England but is also situated in certain other areas of the United States. The clothespin industry is labor-intensive and does not require sophisticated technology or much capital investment; therefore, a number of developing countries—in particular, China—are going into the clothespin business and threatening American companies. Strauss also recommended that import restrictions be placed on "metal fasteners"—nuts and bolts and the like—which are made in plants in, among other places, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Illinois, and New York. One official has told me that this was done not so much because the metal-fastener industry is important politically as because Strauss wanted to demonstrate that the President would use the current trade laws to protect American industry.

A number of people around Washington argue that Strauss has given away the store; that he is paying too much to get a bill, *any* bill, that is called a trade bill. Others argue that the prices he has been paying are probably necessary. One State Department official says, "I feel uncomfortable about textiles, but Strauss is closer to the Hill than I am. Whenever I feel critical of something he's done, I look at it this way: Strauss is getting through a bill that is essentially, though not totally, a liberalization effort. Some of the deals that are made to get the bill through can be seen as protectionist, but the bill will improve the system—and in a period of incredibly strong protectionist pressure, here and everywhere." One man involved in trade policy says, "It's the classic problem with trade: sometimes you have to take one step backward to get two steps forward over all; sometimes you have to abandon ideals with respect to a particular sector where your political problems are great, so as to preserve the fragile consensus needed to move trade forward." The effects of what Strauss has been doing are hard to judge. One can look at this particular arrangement or that and find reason for discomfort about it, but he is working with so many pieces at once that any single move on the checkerboard tells you little. And the full implications of the M.T.N. agreement, should an agreement finally be approved, will probably not be known for at least a decade. It is also argued that if there were not a revision of the rules of trade, which is a major part of the current negotiations, the whole system could collapse.

Another thing Strauss has been doing is hearing out what trade conces-

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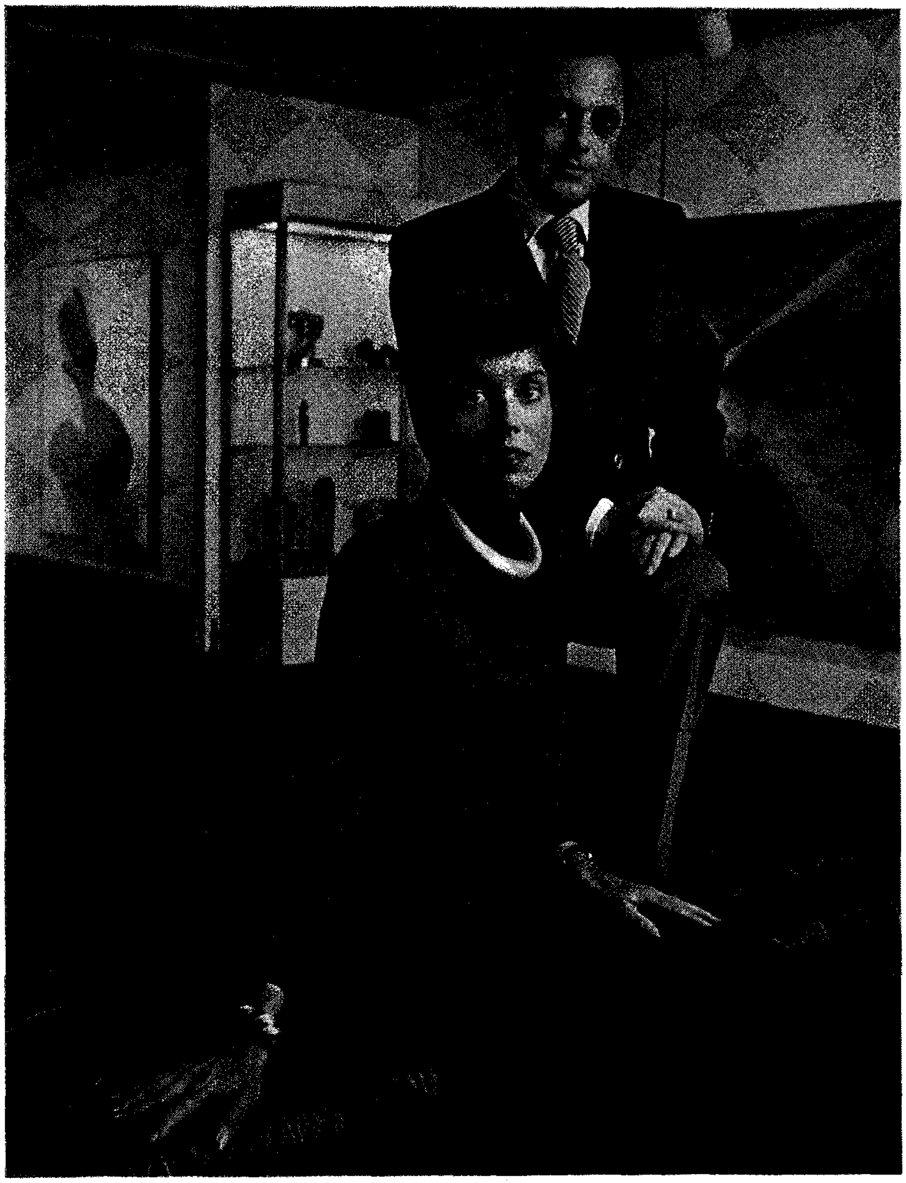

"My wife Fran cooks wiener schnitzel and sauerbraten like a Rhine maiden. But some of our best wines are Italian.

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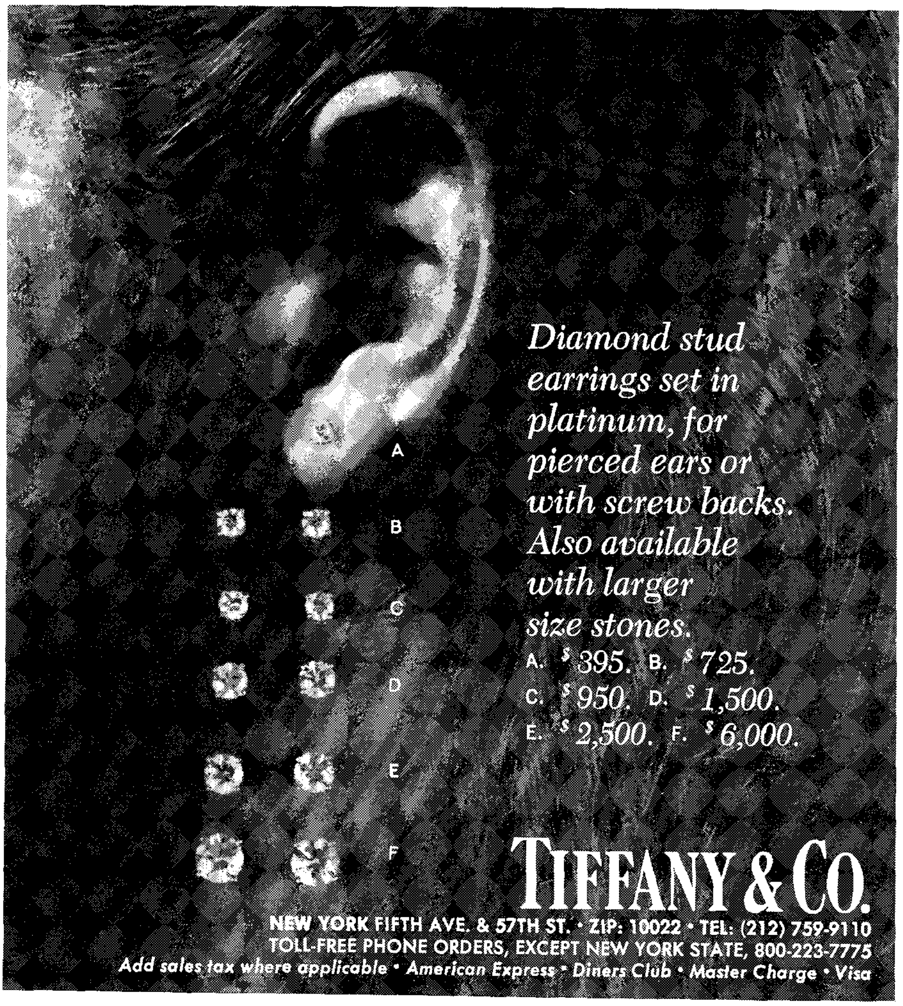
sions members may want for industries they represent and seeing what he can do. For example, Eastman Kodak is said to be pleased that Strauss, at the behest of Barber Conable, a Republican from upstate New York, got an easing of Japanese tariff restrictions on color film. He did get the Japanese to open their markets a bit to beef and to citrus crops. He moved quickly to mollify small business and minorities after the news broke that his staff had negotiated agreements which might have impinged on special arrangements for their bidding on United States government contracts. When Strauss was informed by a member of the White House staff that this could cause a political problem, he quickly went back to the Europeans and told them he had to have the decision reversed, and fast. (He paid for this by making another concession to the Europeans.) He thereupon got credit for having undone this terrible thing that his own office had done in the first place.

After Kennedy has introduced Strauss at the luncheon ("He has the reputation of being the top designated hitter of this Administration. I have found him accessible; I have found him willing to listen to legitimate concerns"), praised the arrangements that Strauss has made on footwear and textiles ("very sensitive to our needs"), warned him that New Englanders "are going to read very carefully the small print" of the trade agreement, and demanded to know what Strauss is going to do to increase exports, Strauss goes to the rostrum, puts on half-glasses, and begins in a subdued manner. He thanks Kennedy for his "generous" comments. He says, "I appreciate them and as a matter of fact I believe them." Then he tells a story—he tells it often: "Helen and I came home a few weeks ago after I'd given a long speech. It was good, if I say so myself. I said, 'Helen, let's have a drink,' and then we had another one and another one, and after the third one I said, 'You know, Helen, there aren't but a handful of great leaders in this country today.' And she said, 'I know you're right, and I believe there is one less than you're thinking right now.' " The audience laughs. Then Strauss tells the story he told me on the plane about President Kennedy's appointment of Christian Herter. He says, "This job does require someone who knows Congress, who knows the people in this country." He says, "It's nice to have been a bit of a lawyer and a businessman and been a bit of a success at each"—Strauss wants them to un-



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derstand that he knows about the real world—"and someone who has been a bit of a politician, without taking cheap shots. Because trade is a bipartisan effort." He says that President Carter deserves "tremendous, tremendous credit" for what he has done to push the trade talks along. Strauss is always careful to praise the President: for one thing, he appears to genuinely believe that those who serve the President should give him the credit—he often makes this point in Cabinet meetings—and, for another, the fact that he does praise the President publicly does not hurt his standing with the President and his closest aides. They believe that, as one of the President's top aides put it to me, "Strauss would do anything for Carter."

Now, speaking from "talking points" that have been prepared for him, he tells this audience of New England businessmen that one out of seven manufacturing jobs in the country depends on our ability to export, that one out of three acres produces for exports. He tells the businessmen that worldwide trade is worth about a trillion dollars a year and that "one hundred and twenty billion belongs to us—and we ought to raise that figure." He says, "The trade deficit we have now is a terribly debilitating thing for this country; it weakens the value of the dollar, it increases inflation, it weakens world economies." Then he does something else that is typical: he tries to establish the fact that he is not promising excessively. He says, "The trade deficit accumulated over twenty years and it can't be cured with a magic wand. Anyone who tells you that Bob Strauss is going to solve this overnight is kidding you." Then he talks about the government's various efforts to increase exports. "In the meantime, what's Bob Strauss doing?" he asks. And he answers, "He's trying to do those things; he's looking into those things; he's talking to President Carter; and mainly he's negotiating in what's called the Tokyo Round." Then he explains what the Tokyo Round is, and explains that the efforts to revise the trade codes are far more important than the efforts to cut tariffs ("a tempest in a teapot"). The United States is expected to cut tariffs by an average of about thirty to thirty-five per cent. He explains the non-tariff barriers to trade in very simple terms, and he explains the importance to New England of what he is doing. "The Northeast has some six hundred and fifty thousand textile jobs. We got the textiles business not in good shape—we got it in exquisite

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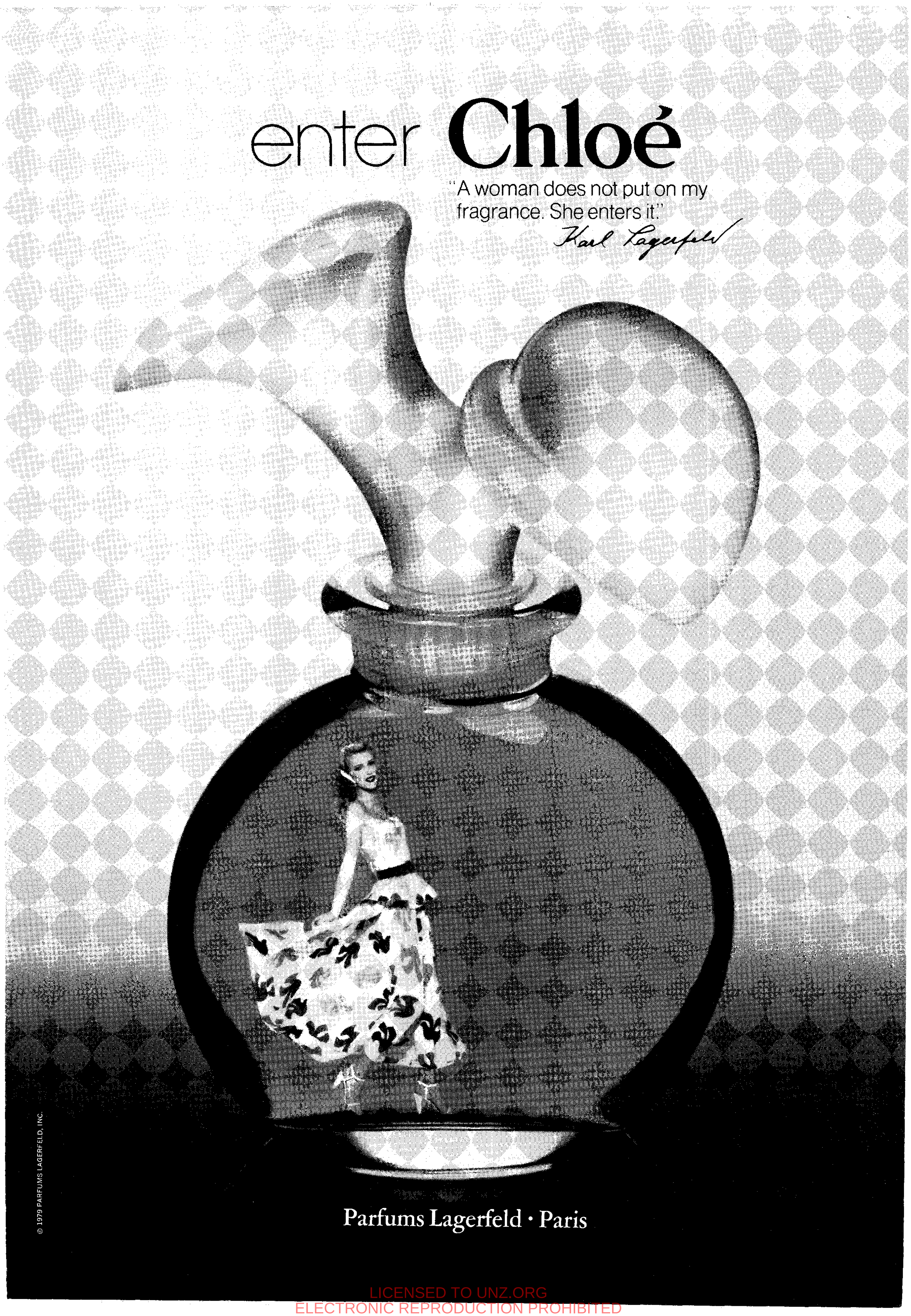

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shape. Shoes. We've got a lot of work to do on shoes. We've almost doubled our shoe exports in the last two years, and that's pretty good." He talks about what he is doing to try to increase the purchase of American electronics equipment by foreign governments ("We'll open up twenty billion dollars in contracts") and he talks about his meeting yesterday with the Japanese. "We had trouble with the Japanese yesterday. We called off the negotiations. Why did we do it? We don't like to be tough with people. It's a lot easier to tell people to go to hell than to get them there. But on the telecommunications area we gave up. Those are things that are very important to you." He gets a laugh with a reference to the outlook for sales of steel telephone poles in Japan. Then he urges the businessmen to write to their congressmen in support of his trade bill. "You all write and tell them how unfair it would be to vote against Bob Strauss." He continues, again trying to indicate that he is not a man who oversells, "Loss of jobs? Sure there is a loss of jobs. It's a very serious problem. One of the ways we solve that is to improve our exports. . . . Will it cure all our problems? Of course not. Will it solve our balance-of-payments problems? Of course not. It's the first chapter in a long, long book called trade." And he says he needs their support, "given the strong protectionist climate." He ends with a little pep talk, saying that "we have a great habit in this country of looking at what's wrong, with the President, with the Congress, with your city government," but that "we need a little more look at what's right in this country." He says, "We have a job to do in this country, my friends. We've been lazy and we've been indolent," and he quotes Walter Lippmann on the necessity for sacrifice, and he calls for sacrifice, without which, he says, paraphrasing Lippmann, "there is nothing, but nothing, for America any longer." When he has concluded, he is presented with a New England Council tie, and he remarks, "I hope it looks better than Kennedy's tie." Kennedy and the audience laugh.

After Strauss holds a brief press conference, we are in a car on the way to the airport, to return to Washington. He comments that the luncheon crowd seemed attentive. He says, "It wasn't a very hot crowd, but they were attentive. I always listen to the cough level. There wasn't a cough in the crowd. I wish I'd had time to warm them up more. I didn't get enough

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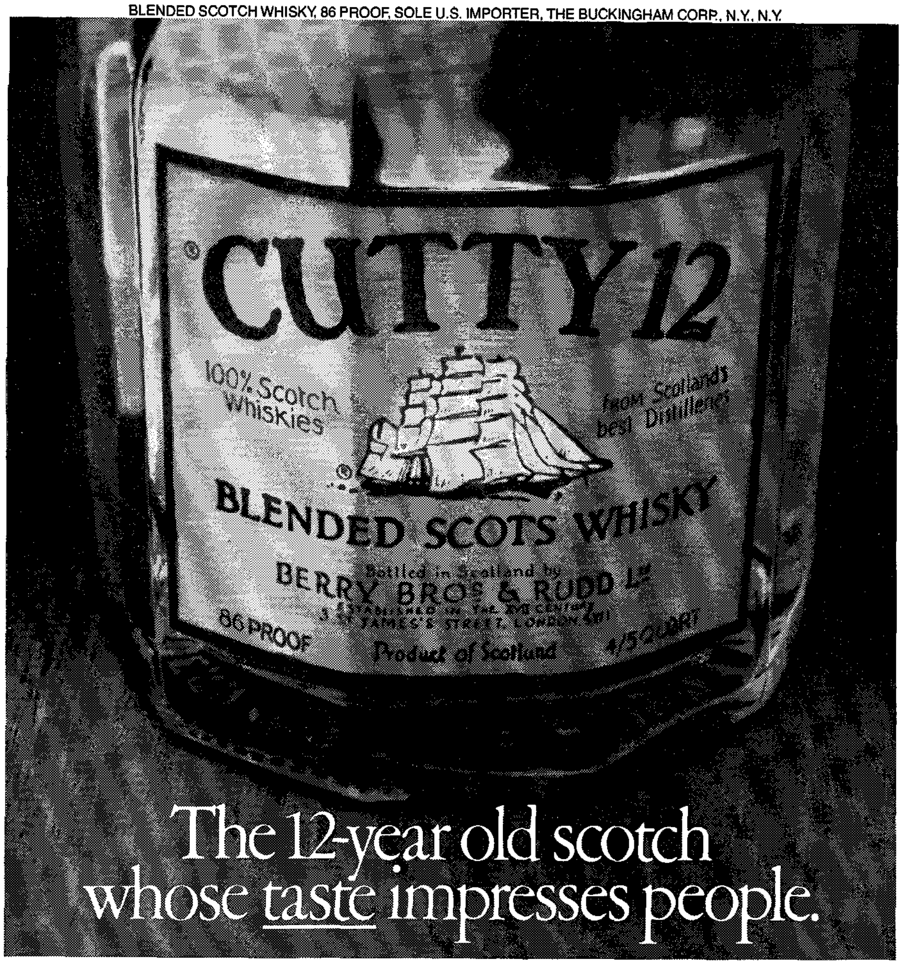

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time. They were running twenty-three minutes behind—they lost fifteen minutes in the serving. I watch that like a hawk." Strauss is nervous about making the plane, which is scheduled to depart at two-fifty. "I got to be at the White House at five o'clock." We're now in a traffic jam. Griffin, who is returning to Washington with us, assures the driver, Joe Lawless, that we can make it. Strauss says, "Good thing we had Paul Revere instead of you and old Joe. We'd all be British today." As we approach the airport, Griffin points out that we are near it now, and can actually see it. Strauss says slowly, "Those things between *here* and *there* are *cars.*"

ON the plane, Strauss becomes reflective for a moment. "You can go just so far being just a 'flippant politician.' It's almost a cover, being a politician—it serves you in good stead. I get by with a lot of murder playing a nonsubstantive person, who doesn't care about the issues. The heart of the matter is, I know more about the substance than most of the people I work with."

I ask Strauss to tell me some of his views on what makes for effectiveness in Washington.

He replies, "It's amazing how people go to the Hill with a problem—whether it's a piece of legislation they're for or whether it's a piece of legislation they're against. They go on their issue, cold. What I always do is to figure out what the bottom line is: How do you come up with a profit for the guy you're going to? You have to figure out what does he want, how does what you want help his constituents. It's damn rare you get something on the Hill without their getting something in return. The guy's got to see that it helps his constituents—or, at least, that it's a draw, that it doesn't hurt his constituents. His bottom line is how does it affect his constituents. I keep seeing people take things up there in a capsule—isolated from what's good or bad for a congressman, how does it play in his district, how does it play to his prejudices. We all have prejudices, preconceived notions. I know darn well that, as much as a congressman or a senator may like Bob Strauss personally, if I go up there with something detrimental to his district or his state I've got a problem. So I always try to show, number one, how minor the minus is—and it's never minor enough—and, number two, what are the offsetting gains for his area. Whenever I found a region that had to give

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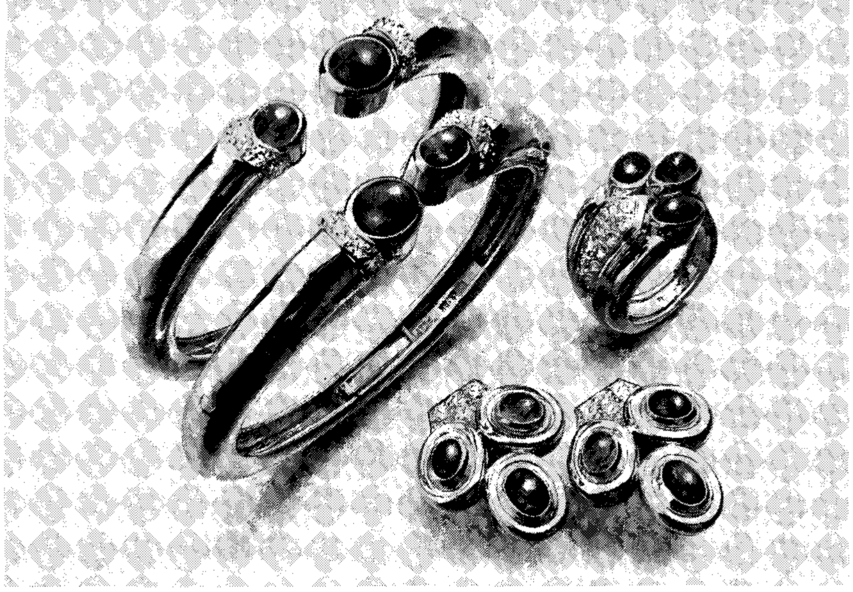

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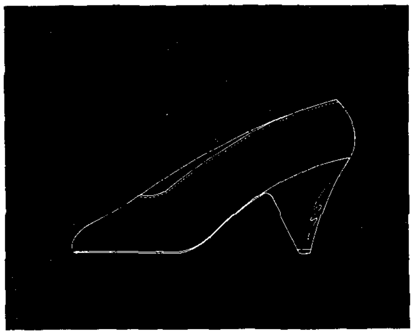

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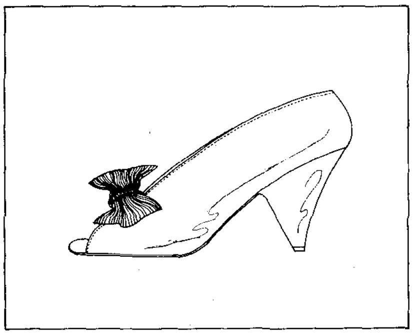

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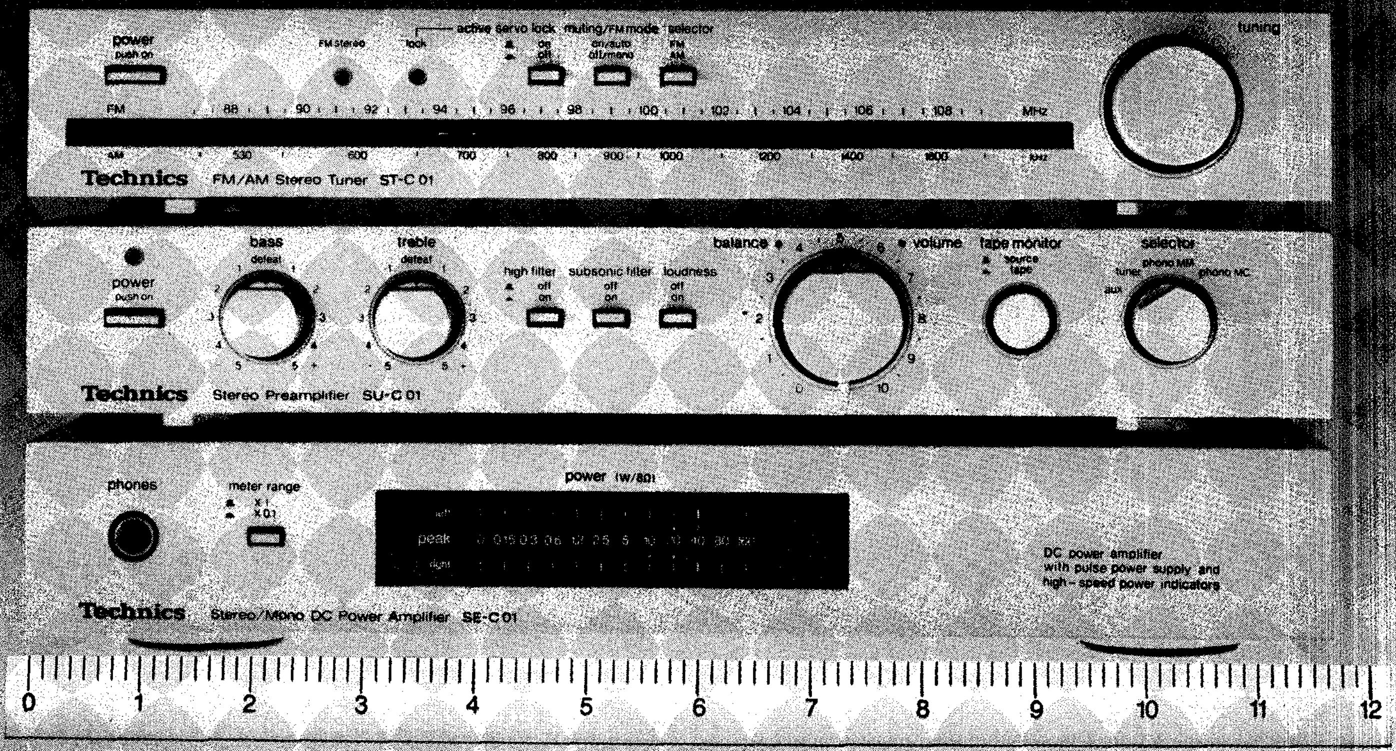
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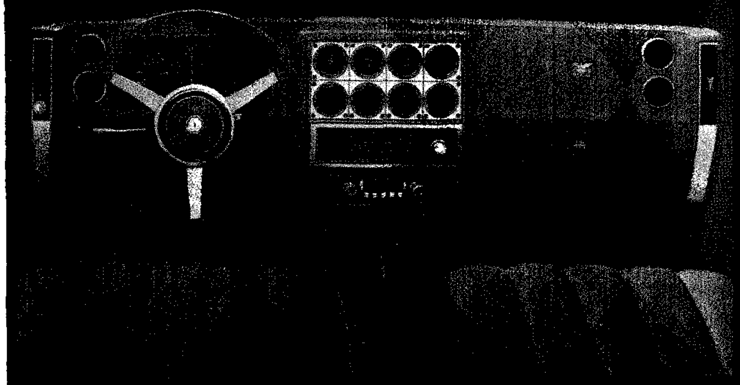

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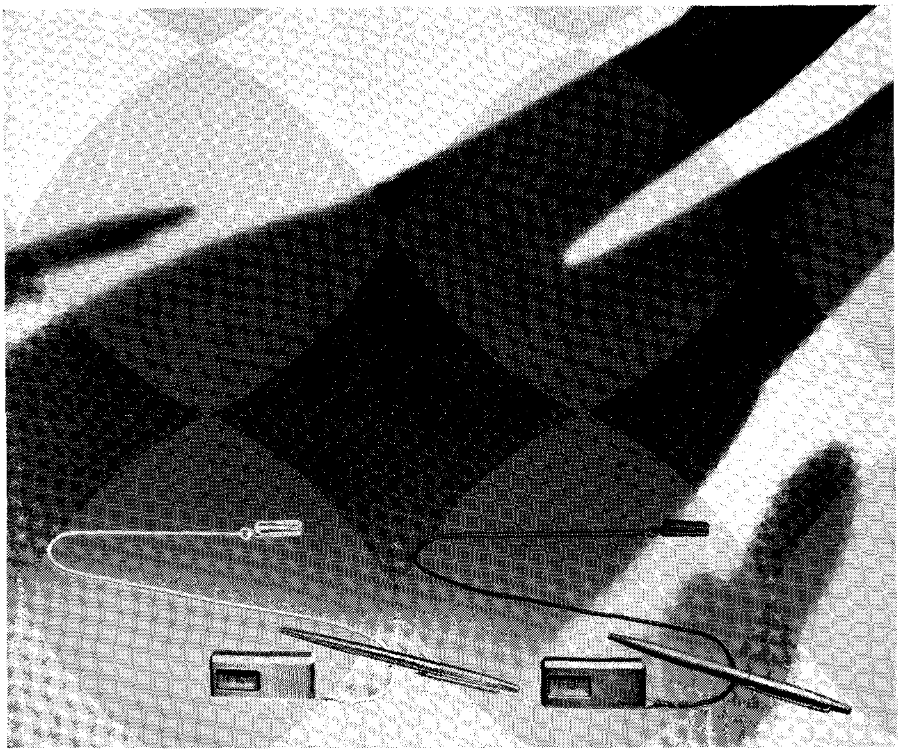
up something on trade, we quickly looked up what we could come up with for it that would be a plus. If you look at this package when it gets up to the Hill, that's what it's going to have in it." He talks about a particular political problem he is having now on something called the "wine-gallon" issue, which has to do with the duties that are levied on imported liquors. In this instance, Strauss made a concession to the Europeans, and a large segment of the American liquor industry is upset. "Now, why did we give up on the wine-gallon issue?" he says. "The Europeans really wanted it and they were willing to pay." (The major concession was on agricultural products.) Strauss continues, "The bourbon industry will be hurt, so I'm trying to find a tax advantage for them. We've got the Heublein industries in Connecticut and the bourbon industry in Kentucky that are upset. Probably the tobacco industry in Kentucky is going to gain as much as any by this package. The package, first of all, has to be fair to those areas and, second, has to enable the people from those areas to support us."

Strauss eats the snack that is served on the plane, and says, "I don't eat before I speak. They say, 'Aren't you going to eat, Mr. Strauss?' I tell them I don't eat before I speak because it makes the blood rush to my head. They say, 'It makes the blood rush to your head?' I say, 'Yeah.' Now, how many people know much about that issue? It always works. I bet there are a hundred people running around the country saying, 'Eating before you speak makes the blood rush to your head.' It's better than hurting their feelings."

Strauss tells me about a group of economists, lawyers, lobbyists, and former congressmen which he has assembled to help him lobby for the trade bill. Among its members are Strauss's great friends Loyd Hackler, president of the American Retail Federation and former aide to Senator Lloyd Bentsen, Democrat of Texas, and Robert Keefe, who has long worked in Democratic politics and is now a "government-affairs consultant;" Washington lawyers such as Berl Bernhard, Harry McPherson, and Thomas Boggs (son of the late Majority Leader of the House); former Representatives Wilbur Mills, who was, of course, chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, and Joe Waggoner, a conservative from Louisiana who served on the Ways and Means Committee; William Timmons, who worked in the White House in the Nixon and Ford



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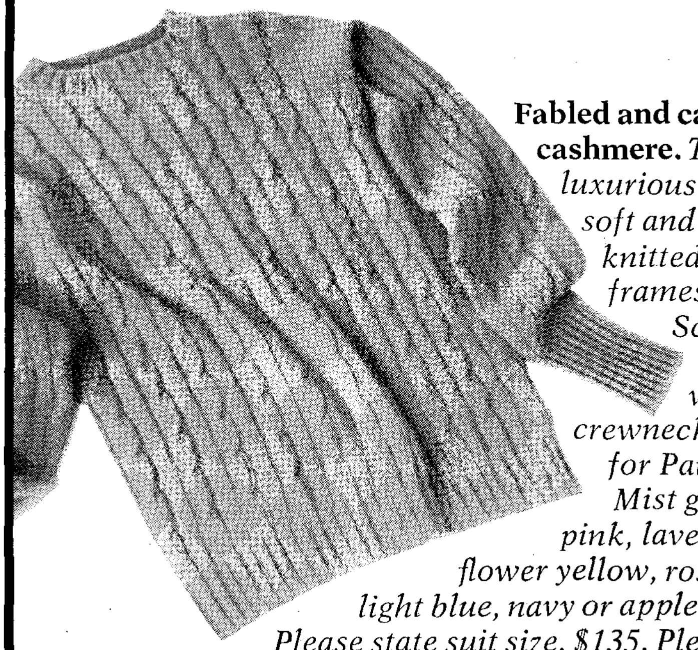

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Administrations and is a Washington lobbyist; Charls Walker, the lobbyist; and Robert McNeill, who is an official of a group representing multinational corporations. Typically, soon after Strauss formed the committee he leaked it to a Washington columnist, thus establishing for all to know that Strauss had assembled a powerful group to help him on the trade bill. He says to me now, "There never has been a group put together with the political sophistication and clout that that group has. It's gotten to be almost a prestige symbol to be in that group. People are bombarding us to get in." He continues, "Not many people know all those people well enough to ask them to help. I like the idea that I know them. It's a people thing. That's why Washington is my kind of town—it's a people town. The law is not a people profession. It's a tremendous asset to be able to make people comfortable with you. That's what I'm good at—the people thing. What I plan to do with that group is get them informed enough—*this is a* very complicated issue—so that they can talk to people on the Hill and so that every senator and every congressman has someone he can talk to on the trade package, in May, June, July, someone who can answer his questions, so he can vote for it. It's a tough vote. I don't want them to walk the plank for me. I want them to vote for it because they see it in their interest—and in the national interest."

Strauss continues, "Another thing that's important in Washington—everything that goes on in the streets of Washington comes in to us, comes in to me, comes in to Vera." Vera Murray is Strauss's executive assistant, and she served in the same capacity when Strauss was the chairman of the Democratic National Committee. When Strauss got to the D.N.C., in March, 1970, Vera Murray was a relief receptionist; now she is an important person in Washington. People know that if they can get a message to her it is as good as getting one to Strauss, and that she has her own channels of information and a great deal of wisdom. Between them, Strauss and Vera Murray talk to governors and ex-governors, senators and ex-senators, state party chairmen and ex-state party chairmen, to congressmen and reporters and congressional staff members and lobbyists and Washington lawyers. If some lieutenant governor he met years ago needs a hotel room for Mardi Gras, Strauss will get it. When it is announced that the President is going to

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make a speech, Strauss will get at least a dozen calls from people in Congress, from governors, saying that they hear the President is going to say such-and-such and don't let him do this or that. Strauss says, "I'm in a position to be a second-guesser. I take the complaints. I really run the complaint department. Unfortunately, I have no authority to give refunds."

Now Strauss tells me, "Very few people have as many agents out as we do. Bob Keefe knows more about what's going on in Washington than the next three people. Same thing with Loyd Hackler. They're just like appendages. They bring in information that So-and-So is mad about this issue, and that they're going to try to move this piece of legislation or take on the President that way, or who's going to run against who; squabbles that take place within a state delegation. All this gets out in the streets in Washington, and it flows within a very carefully defined group of people, and pretty quickly it comes across my desk." There is reciprocity in Strauss's relationships, just as there is in so many in Washington. When Hackler's Retail Federation holds its annual meeting in Washington in early May, Strauss will host the dinner. Keefe's clients include some in Japan and a number in the United States, and it cannot hurt him to be known as Strauss's great friend. And not only has Strauss made himself a good source for the press but he has made some members of the press a good source for him. He places great value on knowing what goes on in "the streets" in Washington. When the Carter Administration was foundering after some months, Strauss talked about how the people in the White House should talk more to people who were "in the streets." Early in 1978, at his Watergate apartment, he held a meeting of White House aides—Hamilton Jordan and Jody Powell, the President's press secretary, and other political aides—and such people as Hackler, Keefe, McPherson, and Bernhard. "It was a funny meeting," one of the participants (from "the streets") told me. "Some people there were talking as if Lyndon Johnson were President and some were talking in terms of Jimmy Carter as President, so there were a lot of cross-cultural problems. The idea was to get across to the Administration group that they ought to put more political thinking into what they were doing: one, to get across that they should, and, two, how to do it. I think we got further

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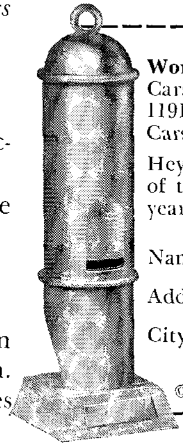

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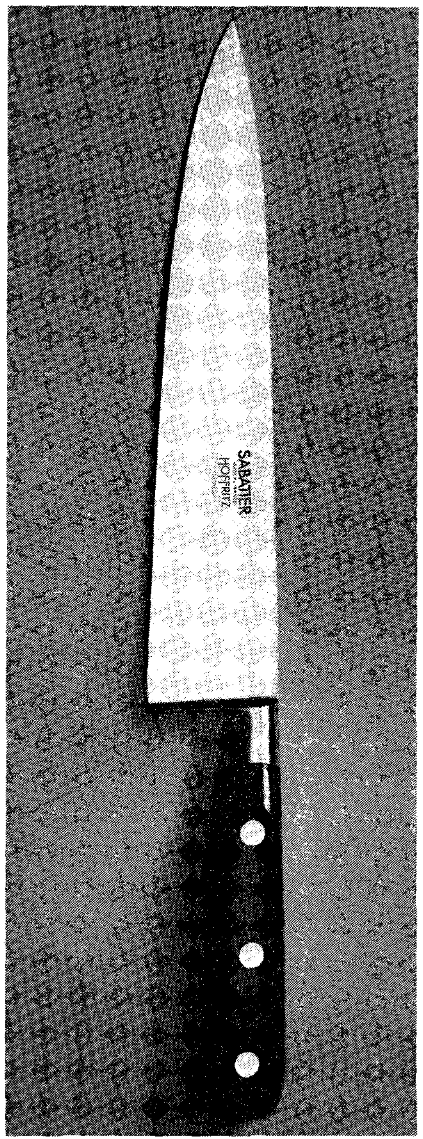

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on the first point than on the second." One idea that came out of that meeting was that White House aides should hold the biweekly meetings they now do with people from "the streets"—lawyers, such as Robert Barnett and McPherson; and Hackler and Keefe. When I ask him about this, Strauss says, "I talk to all the participants, but I don't participate."

One of Strauss's friends says, "He's always telling the White House people to think about where they won the last election, and check whether they still have that base and what they can do politically and governmentally to protect that base and, hopefully, add to it."

Hamilton Jordan said to me, "He brings to bear the perspective of the traditional Democrats and people on the Hill. That's something we need." I'm told that Strauss bridges the world between the traditional party elements and the White House by giving the White House such advice and then saying, "Hell, you beat all those bastards, but you need them involved." Strauss will also pass along to the White House information he has picked up himself, or through his agents. Jordan says, "He goes to a dinner party and hears something, and he'll pass it on. He goes to the Hill and hears that the President did something well or something stupid, and he'll pass it on."

Jody Powell says, "He'll call you up and just chat, and make a suggestion or observation along the way. I find him persuasive but not heavy-handed. He's not going to insist on something. He realizes he comes at things from a different way of looking at them than we do. But he doesn't pretend he's playing a different sort of game. That's what makes him so appealing. When he's making a political argument, he doesn't cloak it with some rationalization. He knows more about a lot of the Democratic Party groups; he has a personal relation with a lot of them and is instinctively concerned with their interests." Powell says that Strauss will tell him that a certain reporter feels this way or that. "He'll say, 'I hear this reporter is extremely close to that politician—you'd better keep that in mind.' He knows that web of relationships, biases, and quirks that influences the way business gets done around Washington—and that we were in no position to know about, because we hadn't been around to see them."

Another man in the White House says, "Strauss will not be reticent about

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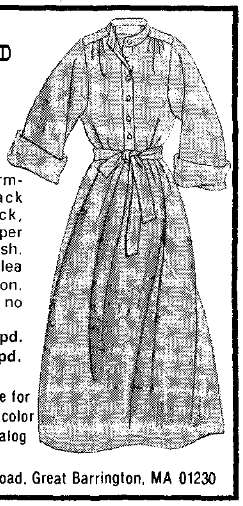

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telling anyone around here when he thinks they've done something dumb, and we always take it well, because it usually is dumb and he always does it with humor." After a certain Carter appointee, of whom Strauss had disapproved in the first place, denounced the President publicly, Strauss called Hamilton Jordan and said he thought that Jordan, Strauss, and the President ought to get together. Jordan asked him why. Strauss said, "Now that X has been appointed to the Y and has denounced the President, I think he should get a really big job." Strauss, who had taken pains to reëstablish the Democratic Party's ties to businessmen after the 1972 election, brought important people into the White House for meetings, and that was good for the President—and good for Strauss. Strauss will warn people at the White House of impending trouble. It was he, I have been told by Powell, who got through to them that they had to deal with Billy Carter's seemingly anti-Semitic behavior earlier this year. And thus there appeared in the newspapers stories saying that the President had told Robert Strauss that he was "terribly concerned with the whole situation of Billy." The stories went on to say that the President had said, "You know, Bob, I just totally disassociate myself from his comments."

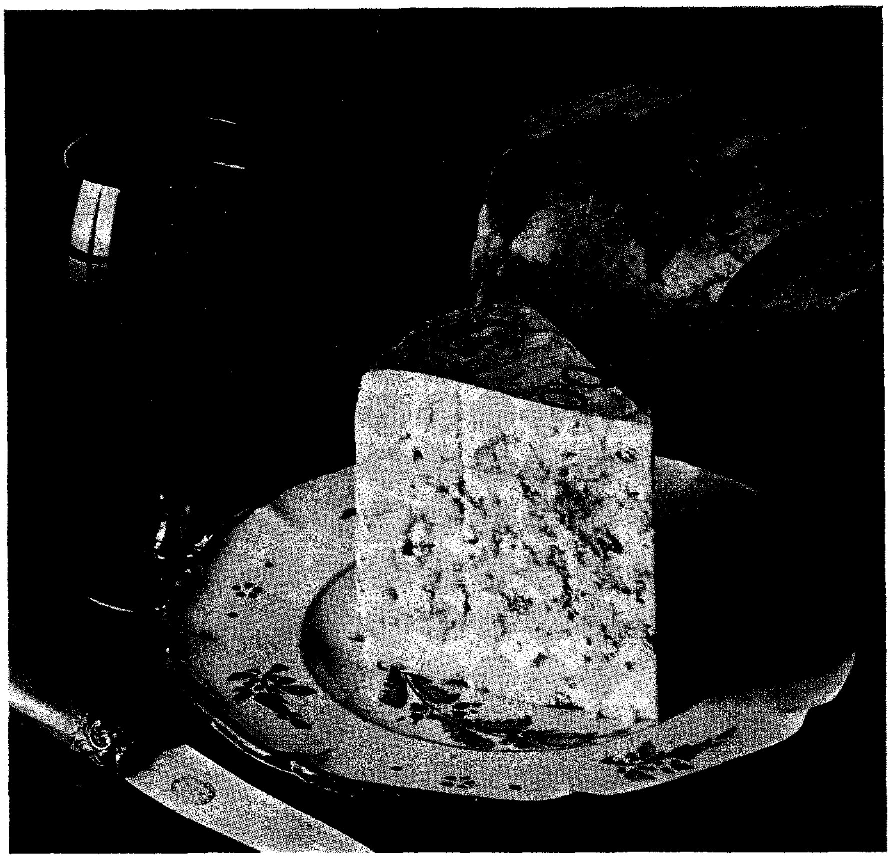
White House officials call Strauss in to help them get votes on a piece of legislation that is causing them difficulty. I ask him on the plane what he did, for example, to help get Senate approval last year for the Panama Canal treaties—which the White House succeeded in getting by a very narrow margin.

"I got votes," he replies. "It had nothing to do with the issue. I just cold-bloodedly got votes."

I ask how.

"By using all the skill I had, pulling out all the due bills I had. Yessir, I got votes. Just like on the energy bill, I got votes, a lot of votes. I always described the energy bill as a C-minus bill all the time I was trying to get votes on it, and I was right. That's all it was. But that was all we could get."

People in the White House say that Strauss was particularly effective with the various groups that were brought into the White House to be lobbied on the energy bill, though some White House aides would have preferred that he not describe it as a C-minus bill. Strauss called in some members of his network to help out on the Panama Canal vote. He lobbied Democratic governors. He knew that Senator Henry Bellmon, a Republican of Okla-



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homa, owed Lloyd Bentsen a favor, and he made use of that sort of intelligence. (Bellmon voted in favor of the Panama Canal treaties.) Strauss was among those who did things to try to help Paul Hatfield, a Democrat who had recently been appointed to a Senate seat from Montana, in his effort to win the nomination for that seat, in order to get his vote for the treaties. Hatfield lost, but he supported the treaties. Strauss did fail to "deliver" the vote of Wendell Ford, Democrat of Kentucky, whom he is particularly close to. Strauss is said by his friends to have helped in the handling of Senate Minority Leader Howard Baker and to have soothed Majority Leader Robert Byrd when he grew unhappy with the White House in the course of the Panama Canal effort, and he helped secure the vote of Russell Long for the treaties. Someone who observed much of this says, "He would say, 'O.K., here's a guy you've got trouble with. What can you do?' Strauss could deal with business interests, could generate their concern about keeping the Canal open. He could point out to the grain people and the oil people that Panama meant a lot to them, that they needed that shipping route. He talked to businesses that invest in Latin America."

All of this is not to say that Strauss and the Carter White House have a blissful relationship. Strauss can be quite critical of members of the White House staff, particularly of what he sees as their political naïveté—and they must know this—and some of them resent his penchant for taking credit. He will occasionally let it be known that Carter sometimes makes it difficult to drum up support for him. When Carter was shuttling around the Middle East in March, Strauss told a group of reporters—on the record—at a breakfast, "I think he'd better come right back and sit down and figure out how to make something cost less." Occasionally when Strauss does some interesting chore for the White House, he will let it be known—ostensibly in the most confidential manner ("Here's a real cute story. Now, I don't want you to print this")—until it makes its way into print. Some are amused at the way he sometimes exaggerates his role. Some will point out that, while he will make an argument within the White House circles about which way things should go, he will be alert to which way they are going. One man in the White House, who definitely likes Strauss, and who takes a relaxed view of all this, said to me recently, with amusement, "Strauss has three predict-

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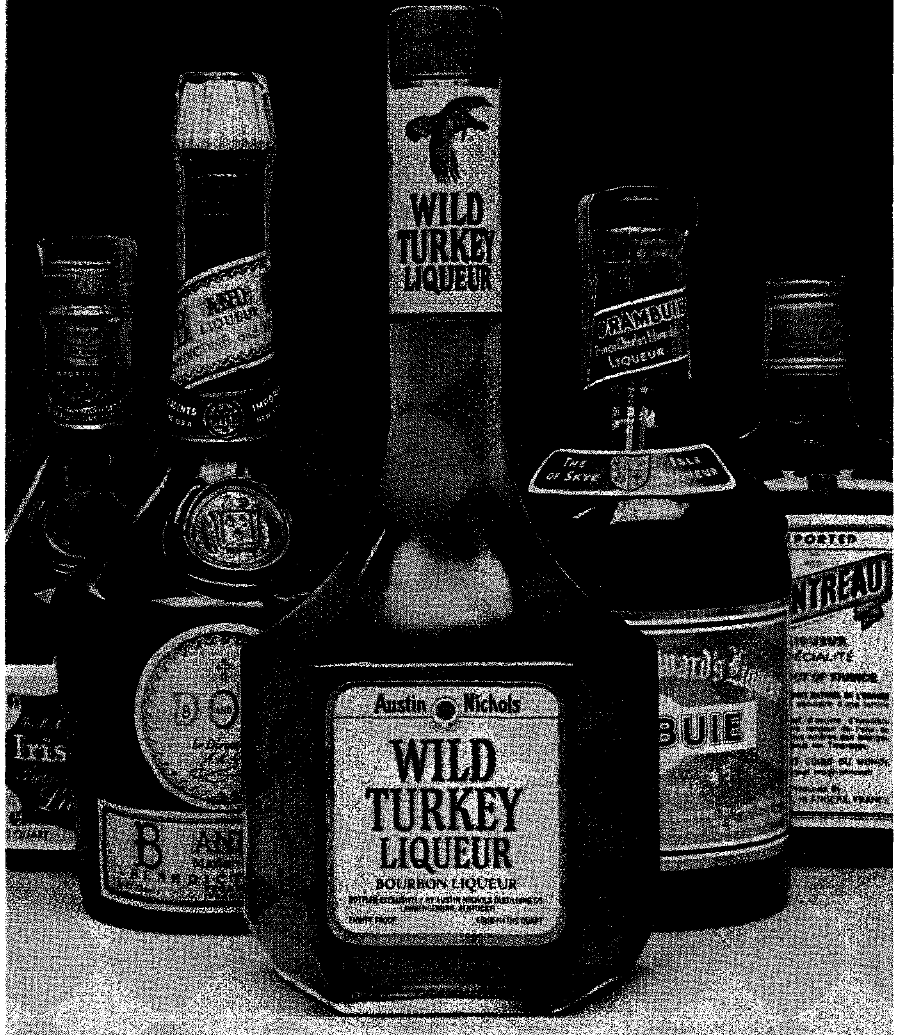

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able flaws: one, he's never kept a secret beyond the first edition of the Washington *Post* as far as anyone can tell; two, he'll give a background briefing when he's not clear on the facts and it takes a day to tidy up; three, he'll always arrive where the victory is—if he hears there's a success coming up, he'll be the first to arrive and claim credit for it. But it's a good deal for us. He knows how to put things together. He's a good bargainer around here. And he's got more contacts than anyone." It was Strauss's contacts in the steel industry that helped the Administration get a settlement of the coal strike last year. The settlement was inflationary, and disturbed some of the Administration's economists, but a White House man has told me that the White House wanted the settlement and that Strauss is not to be blamed for its cost. Nevertheless, one Administration official suggests that if the President does everything Strauss suggests that he do in order to get reëlected, the result may be so inflationary that Carter will be defeated.

The fact that Strauss has a good relationship at all with the Carter White House is remarkable, considering where the various parties began. Jimmy Carter certainly was not Robert Strauss's choice to be the Party's candidate in 1976, and Carter and the people around him knew that. Strauss's first allegiance was to Henry Jackson—and Carter and the people around him knew that, too—who had helped make him chairman of the Party, and then to Hubert Humphrey and Lloyd Bentsen and almost anyone but Jimmy Carter. Strauss did represent those elements of the Party that Carter was running against. Strauss had selected Carter to run the Party's congressional effort in 1974—which Carter, for his own reasons, had wanted to do—and later, when Carter began to do well in the early primary period, Strauss wondered what he had wrought. Early in 1976, he was involved in getting expressions of distaste for Carter from Democratic governors, who were meeting in Washington and among whom Carter, the former governor of Georgia, was quite unpopular, but essentially he was neutral in deed. For some time in 1976, Strauss apparently believed—he told a number of people—that the Democrats would hold a brokered Convention, that the nomination would be settled in a room. He talked about how that room would have in it representatives of all segments of the Democratic Party. This dispelled the idea of a "smoke-filled

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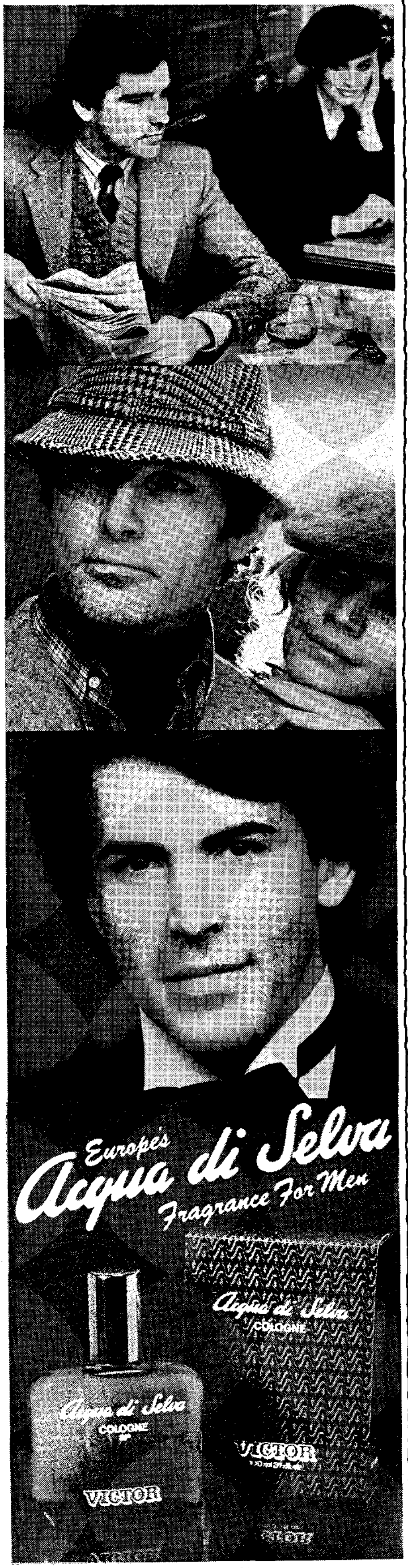

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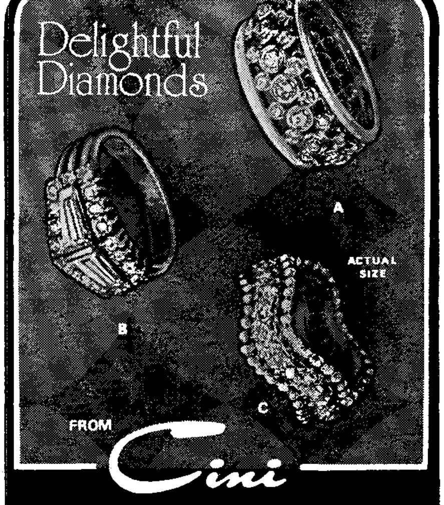
room" and encouraged a number of people, who were led to believe they would be in that room, to coöperate with Strauss.

Then things changed. After the Pennsylvania primary, in late April, when it was clear that Jackson was out of the picture and it seemed clear that Carter would be the nominee, Strauss discouraged Hubert Humphrey from entering the race for the nomination. In several conversations with both Humphrey and Humphrey's wife on the eve of his decision, Strauss argued that Humphrey would be seen as a "spoiler," that he could not get nominated, and that his entry at that point would hurt him, hurt Carter, and hurt the Party. Strauss had decided that he wanted his legacy to the Party to be a unified Convention—as compared with the fractious one held in Miami four years earlier. From that point on, he did a number of things to help Carter. After Humphrey announced that he would not enter the New Jersey primary—the last one he could enter—Strauss had people called who were holding blocks of uncommitted delegates, to urge them to get in line behind Carter. And he revelled in the fact that he produced a harmonious Convention. He was delighted that Carter's acceptance speech began at ten-thirty-eight and eleven seconds; he had been determined that his Convention's nominee would go on as close to ten-thirty as possible. In 1972, George McGovern gave his acceptance speech shortly before three in the morning. Vice-President Mondale recalls that Strauss came into the room where he was waiting to give his own acceptance speech, and said, "Fritz, I'm going to tell you something that's going to shock you. Nobody's going to listen to you out there. That might upset you, but those TV cameras are going to be on you, and the TV audience won't know nobody is listening to you, so you get all excited and just pour it on."

Though some in the Carter entourage were opposed to the idea, Carter asked Strauss to remain as chairman for the course of the campaign. (Ordinarily, a nominee selects a new chairman.) Hamilton Jordan explained to people at the time that it was a marriage of convenience—that Strauss knew people they didn't know, and things they didn't know and didn't have time to learn. But Strauss was not at the center of the Carter Presidential campaign, and from time to time he let reporters know that he thought the Carter people were not doing a very good job. After the campaign, Strauss was not offered



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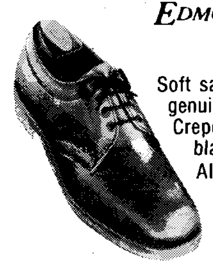

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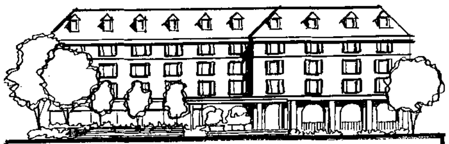

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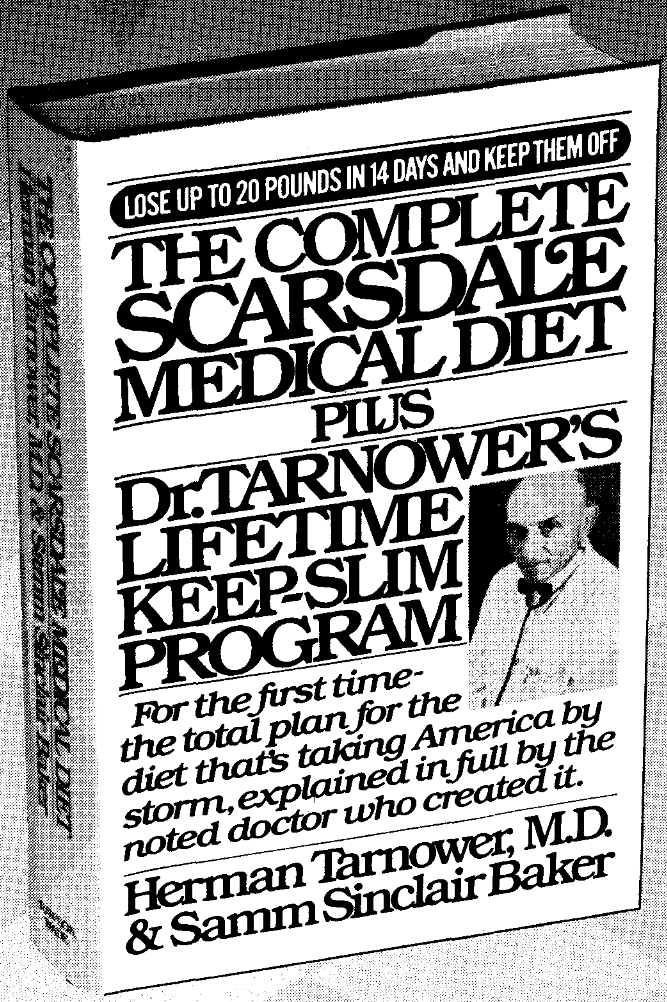
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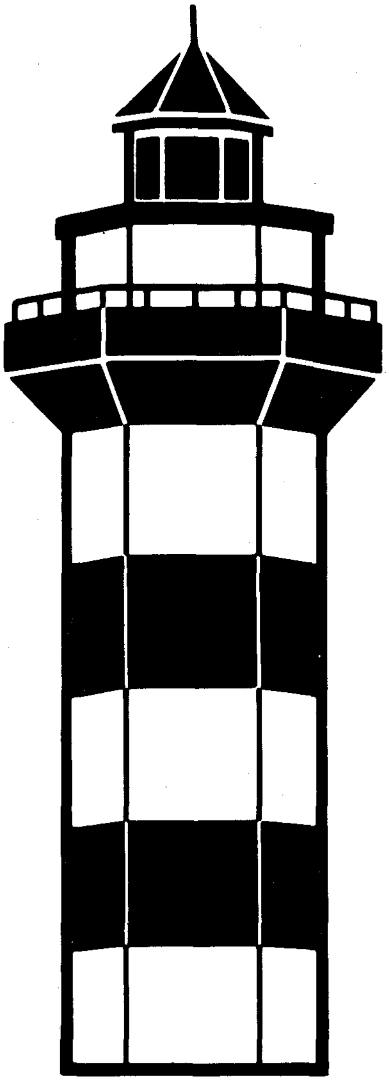

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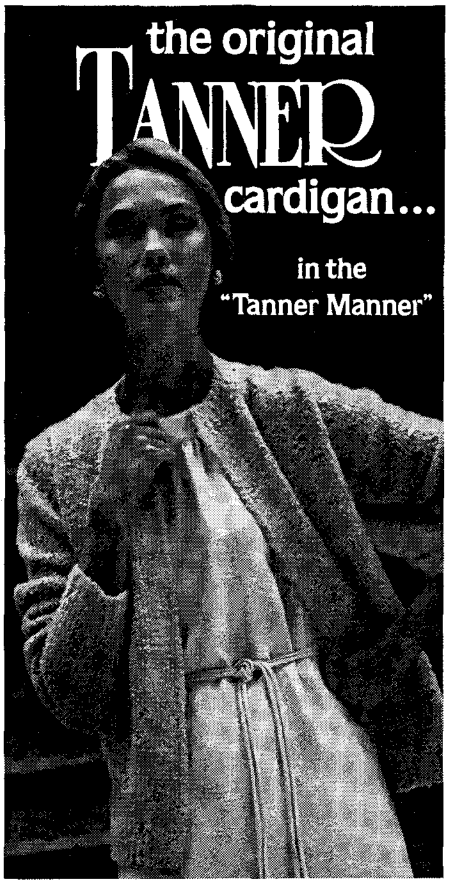
a job in the Administration, and he made a big point of saying that he did not want one, which convinced a number of people that he did. He returned to the practice of law, in the Washington office of his Dallas law firm (the office had been opened in 1971 with two lawyers and now has a total of sixty-two lawyers), and, by all accounts, quickly became bored. The new Carter Administration ran into a problem in filling the job of special trade representative—various candidates were unacceptable to one important group or another—until it hit on the idea of appointing Strauss, which it did in March of 1977. Strauss has spoken of how he had to be talked into taking the job, but there is evidence that he was interested and ready. Once he became a part of the Administration, he became more and more a part of it. I recently asked Jody Powell how Strauss had ended up being on the inside. He replied, "By sort of having something that we needed and being there when we needed it."

On the plane back to Washington from Boston, I ask Strauss why he ran for the chairmanship of the Democratic National Committee, which promised to be a difficult job at best.

"I don't know," he replies. "I suppose I was offended by the way I was treated at the '72 Convention. You got to remember I raised all the money to put that thing on; I made it possible to put that thing on. All of a sudden, I woke up and I had no role. I got treated like a stepchild. That was a little contrary to anything that had happened to me in my whole life. Helen was offended, too." According to others, he was simply shunted aside by the people around George McGovern, who became the Party nominee, and by the people around Lawrence O'Brien, who was then the Party chairman. Strauss continues, "I remember when we flew out of there I said, 'Helen, I'll never be as vulnerable again. I've learned a lot. I'm going to take that thing over and show those bastards a thing or two.' I was mad, and I wanted to get even. Even more than I wanted to put the Democratic Party back together again, I wanted to show those bastards. That may not have been the best motivation, but that was it. The next Convention I went to was in New York in '76, and I assure you I wasn't vulnerable."

After the 1972 Convention, Strauss volunteered to help the Senate and House Democratic campaign committees; he raised a good deal of money for them, and took Carl Albert, then



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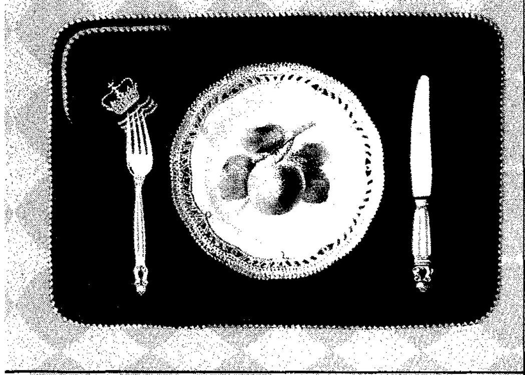

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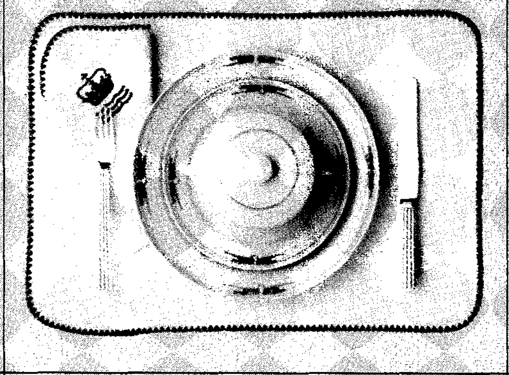

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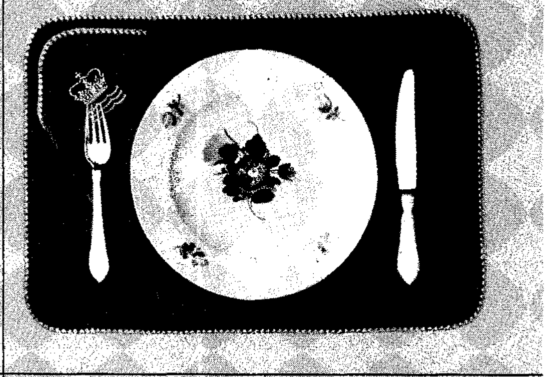

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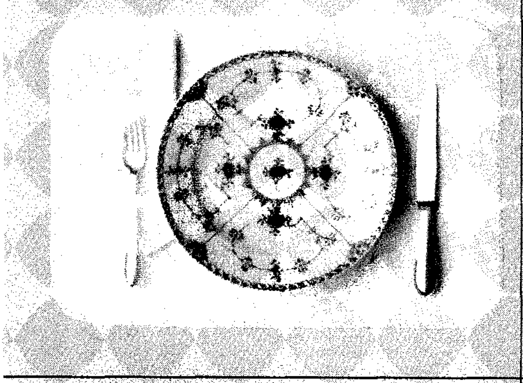

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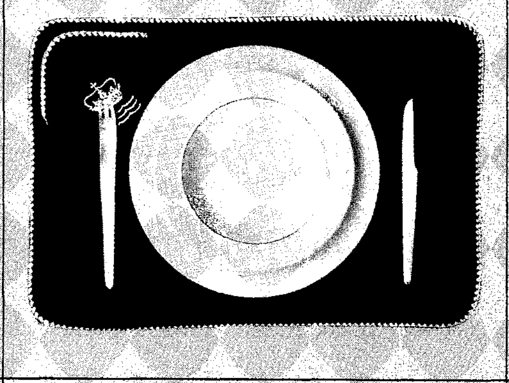

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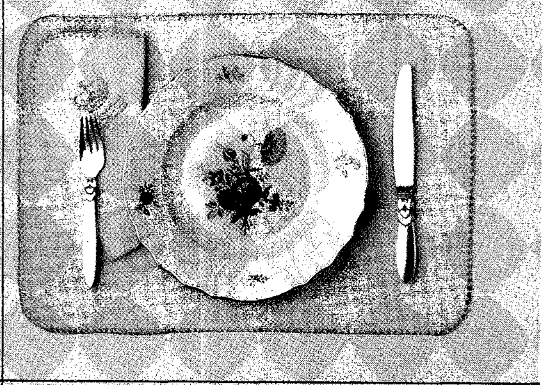

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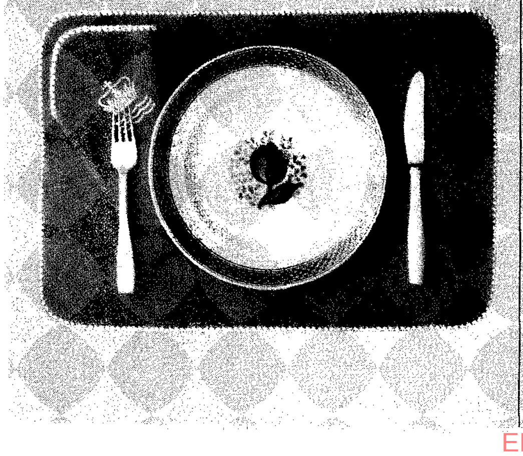

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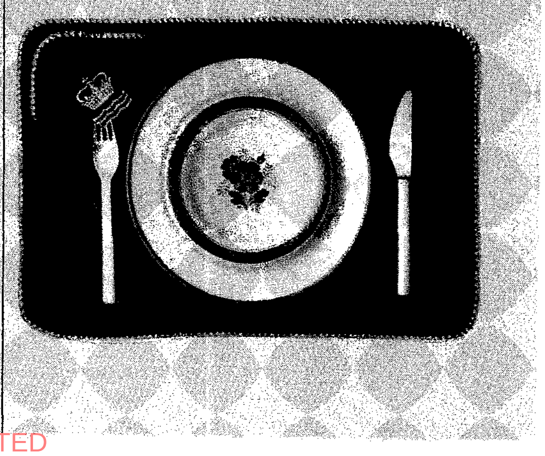

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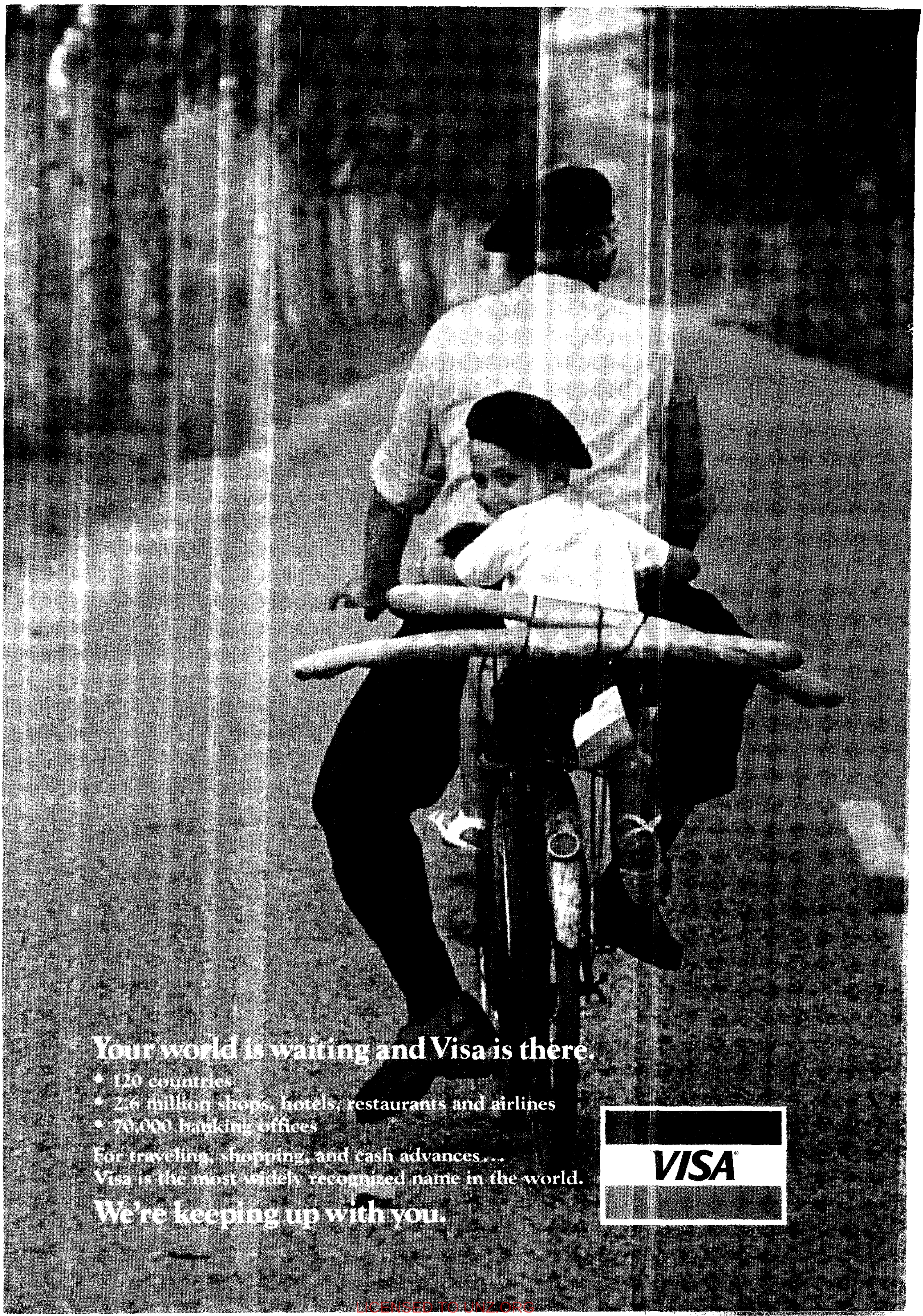

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the Speaker of the House, and Mike Mansfield, then the Senate Majority Leader, all over the country for appearances. The congressional leaders were worried about the outlook for their party that fall. As a result of his work, Strauss created congressional support for his effort to become chairman of the Party and also for his activities as chairman.

In our conversation on the plane, Strauss continues, "After the Convention, I still might have backed out of running for the chairmanship. I was doing the Democratic congressional-reelection thing; I was getting some mentions as chairman, and I was encouraging that. And then they started planting some stories about this 'right-wing bastard' who wanted to take over the Party. I remember having dinner with Helen and Vera, and I said, 'The only way to get out of this is to win our way out,' and Helen said, 'Here we go again,' and we won our way out." Bob Keefe and some others ran the Strauss-for-chairman campaign out of Henry Jackson's office. (Keefe later served as an assistant to Strauss at the D.N.C.) Jackson was part of a group that came out of the '72 Convention determined that after the election, which McGovern was expected to lose, they would put the Party back together. Others in the group were labor leaders, governors, and other people who had backed Humphrey or Edmund Muskie. Strauss was also part of the group, and though apparently he did not begin as Jackson's candidate, the group finally settled on him as the man most eager for the job and most likely to be able to win it. Strauss remembers getting a phone call from Averell Harriman offering his help. "Then Tip O'Neill came out for me and Mike Mansfield came out for me, and all of a sudden the 'right-wing Texan' had a liberal constituency."

Strauss's triumph of winning the chairmanship in December of 1972 was a narrow one, but then Strauss, being Strauss, made the most of it—more of it than most other people would have been able to. First, characteristically, he made a number of moves to show that despite his narrow victory he was in charge. Through carefully calibrated appointments to the Party's Executive Committee, he appeased elements of the liberal wing which had opposed his selection. Over the next four years, the great majority of the votes in the Executive Committee, which included representatives of all elements of the Party, from very lib-

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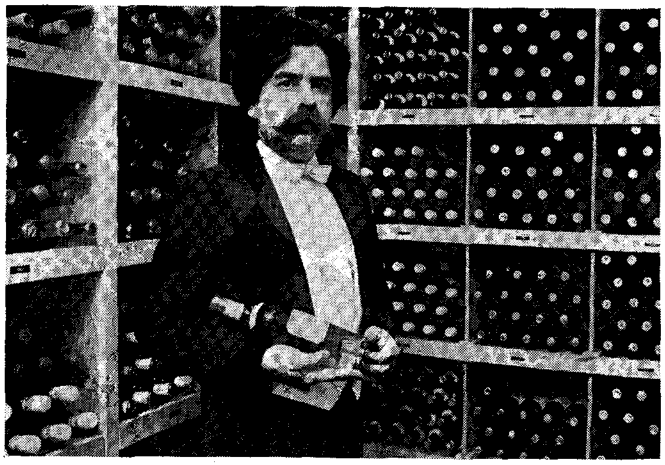

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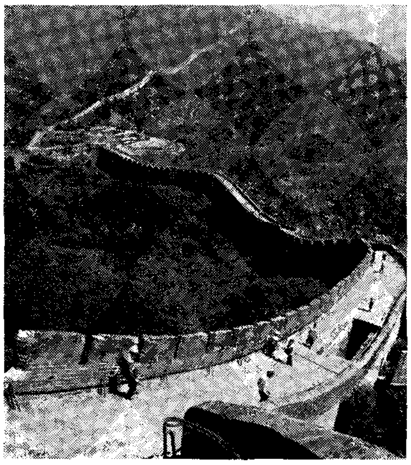

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eral reformers to conservative labor anti-reformers, were unanimous. One person who observed Strauss during that period recalls, "Everyone got taken care of; everyone had a stake in the compromises. It's a great skill. Strauss never dealt with a discrete matter—he'd always deal with a package. He'd say, 'You want A? I'll go with you on A, but you have to support me on B and C. It's a deal? O.K., it's a deal. Next case, Judge.' " One time that this technique failed was at the Party's first midterm conference, in Kansas City in 1974, when the Black Caucus refused to buy his deal on new rules on affirmative action. Finally, after the conference threatened to come apart—a prospect that upset Strauss very much—and the proceedings had to be recessed for a while, Strauss, with important help from some of the governors, got it worked out. Some Party reformers say that Strauss turned out to be an ideal chairman for them, because he was so anxious to establish his credentials with them and so desperate for "unity." And he was flexible. The reformers say that if they screamed loud enough Strauss would move in their direction just to shut them up. Like as not, if he saw himself losing a battle he would manage to end up with the winners. One of the reformers says, "We were almost always on opposite sides. He never rubbed it in if he won, and if he lost he immediately adopted the winning position and went on from there. Sometimes he would jump to the other side with the greatest alacrity I ever saw. I admired him a great deal." In the end, the rules were not changed so substantially from those that obtained at the '72 Convention as to upset the reformers but were changed enough to pacify labor and other Party regulars.

Some say that the Party was ready to be united after the bruising period between 1968, when it divided over the war, and 1972. But the divisions of that period carried over—divisions over who was where on the war when, divisions over the symbols, and sometimes the realities, of the reform rules. Strauss played off the reformers against the opponents of reform (who had helped put him in office and at times considered him a traitor), and accomplished what he had his heart set on accomplishing: he delivered a united party to the nominee in 1976. One person who went through those battles says, "He had no beliefs, at least within the world in which he was negotiating. He was utterly pragmatic." Another says, "I don't know if he has an ideology." It is also true that it took a certain kind of person to deal with the illusions, the postures, the symbols, and the mythology—that there are all sorts of people who cannot deal with such things. Someone caught up in symbols—or ideology—could not do it. It took a certain kind of negotiator. When I asked Barbara Mikulski about some people's assertion that Strauss has no beliefs, she said, "I don't accept that. I think he always operates from a very firm base of what he wants to achieve. In terms of the Democratic Party, it was to rebuild a coalition and elect a Democratic President. If he had to do a lot of ballet dancing to keep us happy, so be it. If he thought we were screwing that up, he'd resist. I'm a firm believer in openness, affirmative action, process, and all that, but process is not an end in itself. There are some people who would still be caucusing in Iowa. He thought it was more important to elect a Democratic President than to please any particular constituency. That was his value. It's the same thing with trade. There are those of us who are concerned about steel, or about textiles. He's trying to get the best deal for the United States of America. For him, it is not a game. He relishes the game and the wheeling and dealing, like a lot of us do, but deep down he's got a sense of what's best for the country and for the Party. When you take him out of his fancy suits, he's an old-fashioned Democrat."

When we reach the airport terminal in Washington, Nat Brannum, Strauss's driver, is holding the receiver of a pay telephone and hands it to Strauss. "They don't wait a minute, do they?" Strauss says. It is his office, with some messages.

As soon as he gets in his car, he places a phone call to Robert Byrd. "Hi, how *you*, Robert?" Strauss says. "I missed you yesterday. How'd you do with Ushiba? I hit him hard. He was supposed to give you a little more coal. Did he give you more coal?" This presumably means that Strauss was pressing Nobuhiko Ushiba, the Japanese trade negotiator, to agree to import more coal from the United States; coal is, of course, mined in Byrd's state, West Virginia. Strauss continues, "I want to talk to you Monday or Tuesday. We've got the Foreign Minister coming in. The problem is that those concerns are buying cheaper coal in Australia. That's what makes it difficult for you, Bob. Did he offer you just a little more coal this year than last year? That's what he said he'd

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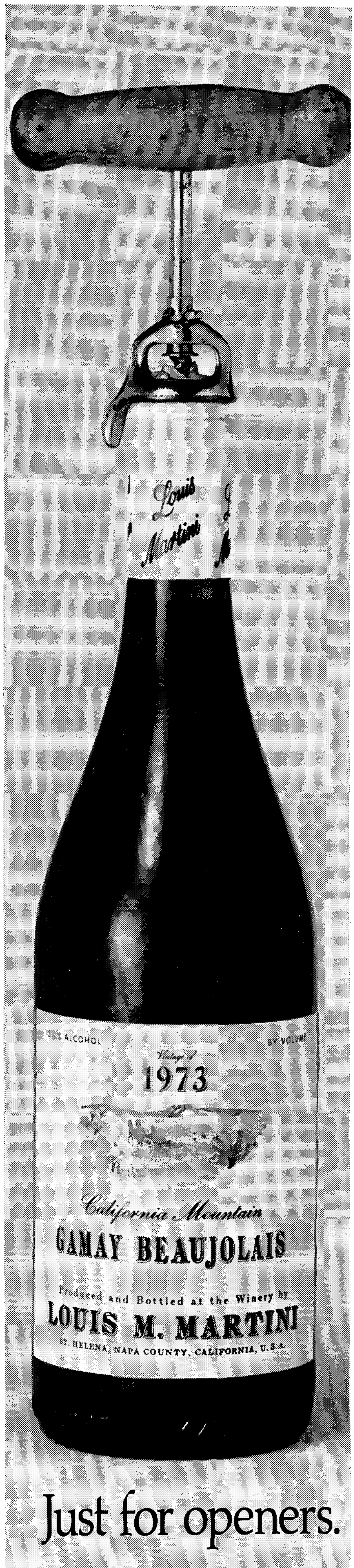

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do. I told him it wouldn't be enough to satisfy you. I want to keep it outside the trade talks, and there's a way to do it. I know how. We'll talk about it. All right, my friend."

He hangs up, and says, "That's the next one. They're going to create problems for me. They'll get the coal states mad and next the steel states." He urges Brannum to hurry, so that he can get to his office and then the White House.

SOME time later, Strauss and I have dinner in Washington. (Helen Strauss is in Texas for a wedding.) As we enter the restaurant, where Strauss dines frequently, the maître d' starts joking with Strauss, and after a few minutes Strauss cracks, "Show me a table, will you? If I'd wanted humor, I'd have gone to the Catskills." Strauss tells me that when he went to the race track recently, with Brannum, about four people came up and introduced themselves to him. He tells me that the fourth one said, "This must drive you crazy," and that he gave the old reply, "Yes, but about a third as crazy as when they stop coming up." Strauss has talked frequently about how he planned to leave the government after he got the trade bill through, and it seems that, as usual, there were several purposes in saying what he did: to try to convince others that there was no job he coveted, and that he was independent; to try to convince himself that he really wanted to leave. Just about everyone who knows him well thinks that he would be miserable if he were very far removed from the excitement, and that what he would like most is a new challenge. Strauss has said he told the President that he planned to leave and that he could help Carter more with his reëlection from the outside. Which is not to say that he was not helping from the inside. Or that he really wanted to leave. Strauss orders a vodka Martini—he also had one, as he usually does, before he went out—and tells me that he spoke with Vice-President Mondale earlier this evening. "It was about a political problem we had in a certain state concerning an appointment," he says. "Mondale can play that role, too. Mondale and I don't have to talk to each other forever; Mondale and I talk in shorthand. I'm a Texas conservative and he's a Minnesota liberal, but on matters like this we agree completely. And it's nice to have a man like Arnie Miller, who's in charge of personnel at the White House, that I can call and say, 'I've got this problem. Can you help

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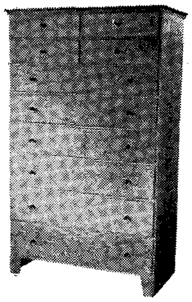

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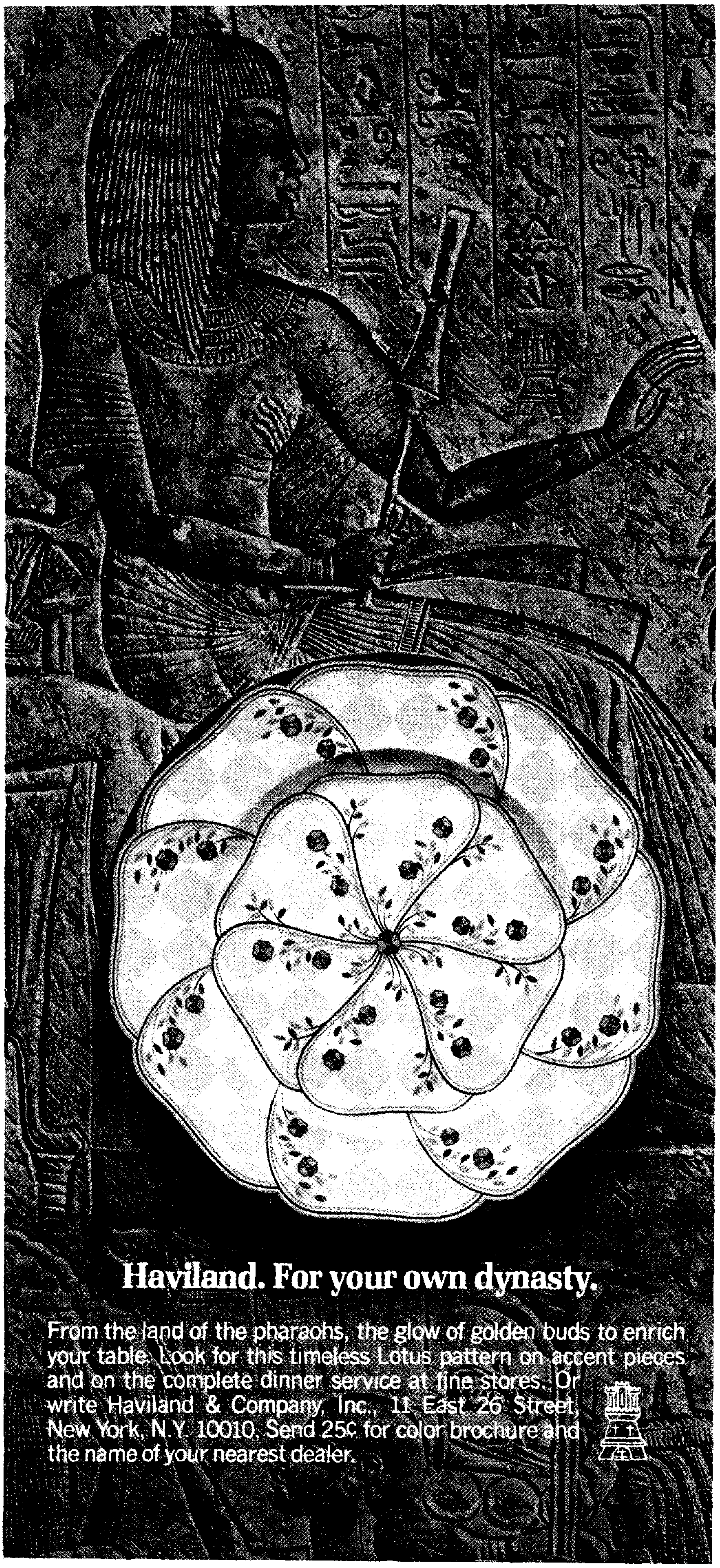
me?' Miller's smart enough to know when a problem's coming up and get it treated. Political problems aren't cured, the way people think they are; they're treated and contained until you can get back and cure them over a period of time. A lot of people make the mistake of trying to cure a political problem right away. If you appoint someone that the governor or senator from his state despises, you don't cure it; you treat it and contain it for a few minutes, and you cure it over a period of months and years."

I ask Strauss how he keeps in his head all the political data that he draws upon.

"I don't keep track of it all," he replies. "I don't know what I know. I have a pretty good encyclopedia of America, but I couldn't recite it. If you mention a town to me, I know who the mayor or the sheriff or the commissioner is, and whether he is reliable or unreliable. If you ask me to write what I know, I could maybe fill a page. But if you ask me a hundred questions, I could tell you the answers. I could tell you who matters where and what he's like. When you mention Gary, Indiana, or Newark, New Jersey, I've got a recall on it. I haven't paid any attention to Ohio politics in over two years—haven't thought about it—but when I spoke at a state dinner in Columbus recently I was shocked at how quickly it all came back. I was amazed at how many people I knew. Something may come up and I may say, 'Let's do something for So-and-So.' I may say to Vera, 'Vera, the next state dinner, let's try to get So-and-So invited.' Or someone might not get some appointment, and I might say, 'When something else comes up, that's something So-and-So might get appointed to.' Or Bob Keefe or Loyd Hackler might say So-and-So is hurt, and then I'll call Eleanor"—Eleanor Connors, Hamilton Jordan's executive assistant—"and say, 'Why don't you have Hamilton call?' Or Eleanor may call Vera and say, 'Why doesn't Strauss call So-and-So?' Hamilton and Eleanor and Vera and I are four people who work together very closely."

Strauss also spends a great deal of time talking to Stuart Eizenstat, the President's assistant for domestic affairs. Strauss is aware that Eizenstat is likely to have a strong impact on the President's substantive decisions on domestic policy, and also that Eizenstat, like Strauss and like Mondale, believes that the President must work to maintain a base among the constituent



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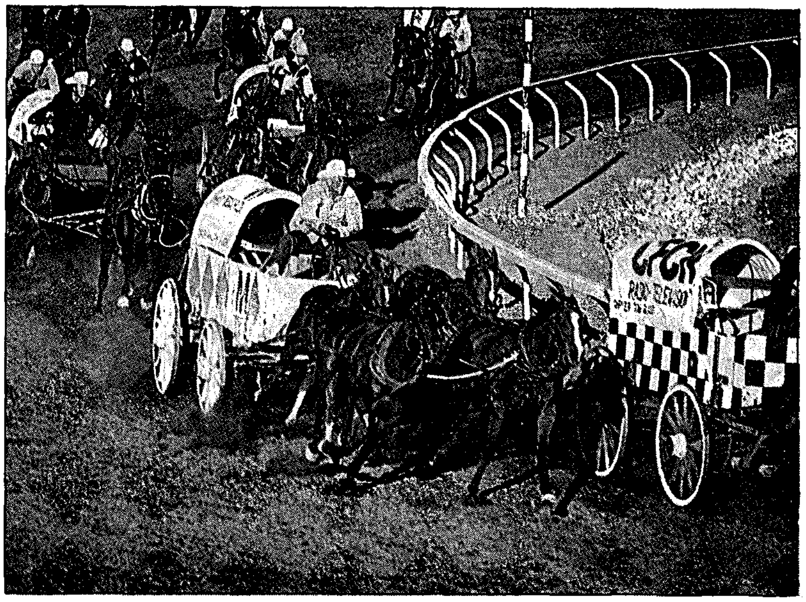
groups of the Democratic Party. Strauss says, "Stu and I talk about everything from taxes to energy to sugar. We talk about everything—everything. Try to keep in mind that there's a tremendous amount of stuff that comes over my transom that maybe ought to be brought to his attention. Stu is the best I've ever known for his age and weight. If I say that to him, I also say, 'And you're pretty young, and you don't weigh much, Stu.' " Strauss makes a point of praising others; he knows that, as he says, it "gets around" that he's doing so. He continues, "Stu Eizenstat and his staff now understand that sugar is politics, not sugar—that it's steeped in politics, that it affects the chairman of the Senate Finance Committee and it affects the chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee." Both Russell Long and Frank Church, Democrat of Idaho, who is the chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, represent states where sugar is grown. "In a town like this, you have to find out what *their* business is, what they want out of the way—not what you want out of the way. Then you piggyback your business on top of theirs. Just remember that Frank Church is chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee and the Administration has a lot on his committee's plate and Frank Church is up for reëlection in 1980 and his interest is in seeing that his constituents' interests are properly represented. You have two very powerful chairmen interested in sugar, and properly interested, I might say. They represent their constituents very well."

I ask him about the period in which he was in charge of the anti-inflation program.

There is a long silence, and then he shakes his head sorrowfully. It clearly is not something he chooses to remember or talk about. Not only was he strained just about to his limits—he looked ashen during much of that period—but also it was not one of his triumphs (a failure in which he has company). Finally, he tells me about how the President in April of last year asked him, while he was in Europe working on the trade negotiations, to take on the inflation problem until the Administration could get a program in place. There was no program at the time, and the President apparently thought that it would be reassuring to businessmen if he announced that Strauss was in charge of fighting inflation. Now Strauss says, "I travelled the country with little more than a smile

CANADA



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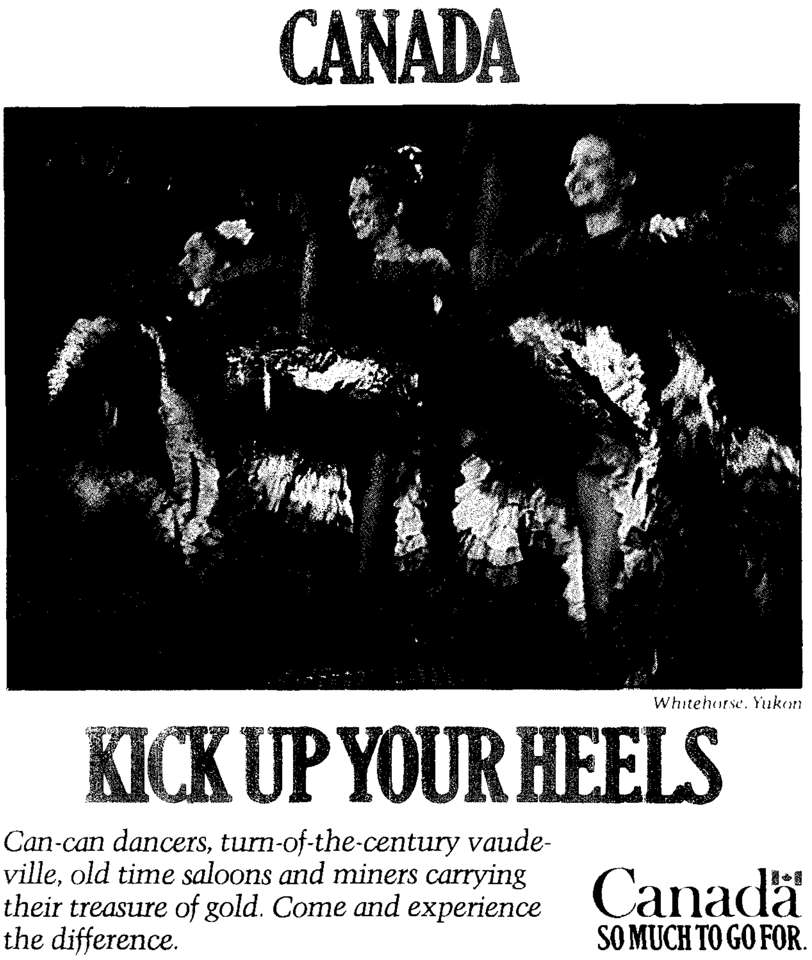
and a shoeshine. I didn't have a program." Alfred Kahn, who was put in charge of the new wage-and-price program last October, has said sympathetically, "His program was to pick up the phone and swear—and he was very good at it." Strauss continues, "We did pretty good. We didn't solve inflation, obviously, but we did alert the country. Finally, they got a program and they got Alfred Kahn in there. He's the kind of fellow they need. I felt guilty about talking him into it. The President didn't ask me to work on the inflation thing but for a few months. I was in there as a holding action until the President got a program and a person."

The conversation turns to Strauss's position in Washington.

"I have power in this town for four reasons," he says. "One, there are people on the Hill who I'll go out of my way to help and they'll go out of their way to help me. Two, I have power in this town because I have the kind of relationships I have with the Bob Keefes and the Loyd Hacklers and the Harry McPhersons. Three, I have power in this town because I have a base in Texas. People in government and politics forget—you got to keep your base. If you lose that base, every son of a gun thinks he can knock you over. You can get blown away. I keep my base in Texas. I got my friends there. I like them and they like me. Four, I have power in this town because people think I'm close to the President. They think I see him all the time. I don't see him that much, but people think I do, and that gives me power. People think I'm closer to the President than I am. They think I talk to him every two, three days. It's not my fault that people think that." But Strauss doesn't strain to dispel any such impression.

Strauss may in fact be as close to the President as anyone who has not been around Carter for many years can be, and that is in part because he has proved his loyalty, and in part because it is recognized that he brings a certain practical wisdom to the White House, and in part because the President, who does not have many friends and does not give the impression that he enjoys the company of many people other than his wife, enjoys Strauss. The President has an earthy streak that Strauss appeals to. A joking relationship has developed between them: Carter once gave Strauss a blown-up picture of Strauss's mother-in-law, and Strauss, at a Cabinet meeting, once presented Carter with a blown-up picture of Carter with a fly on his nose; subsequently,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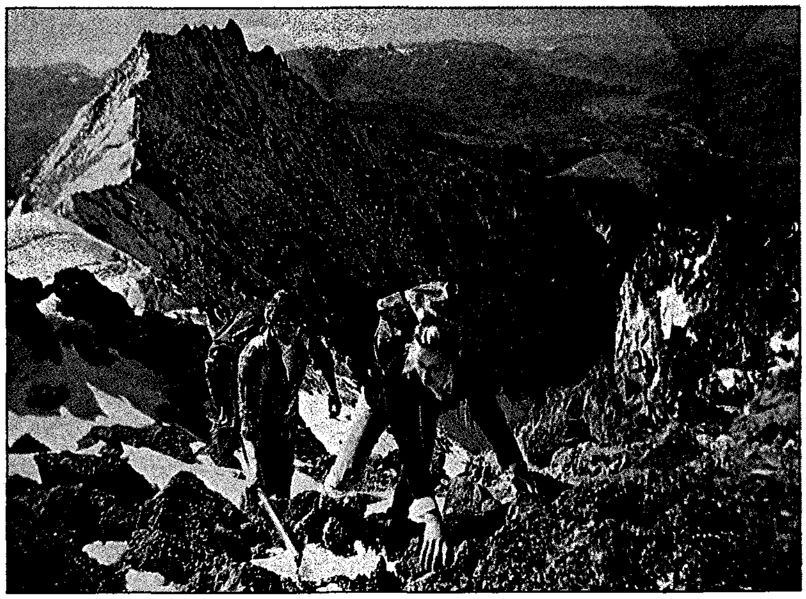

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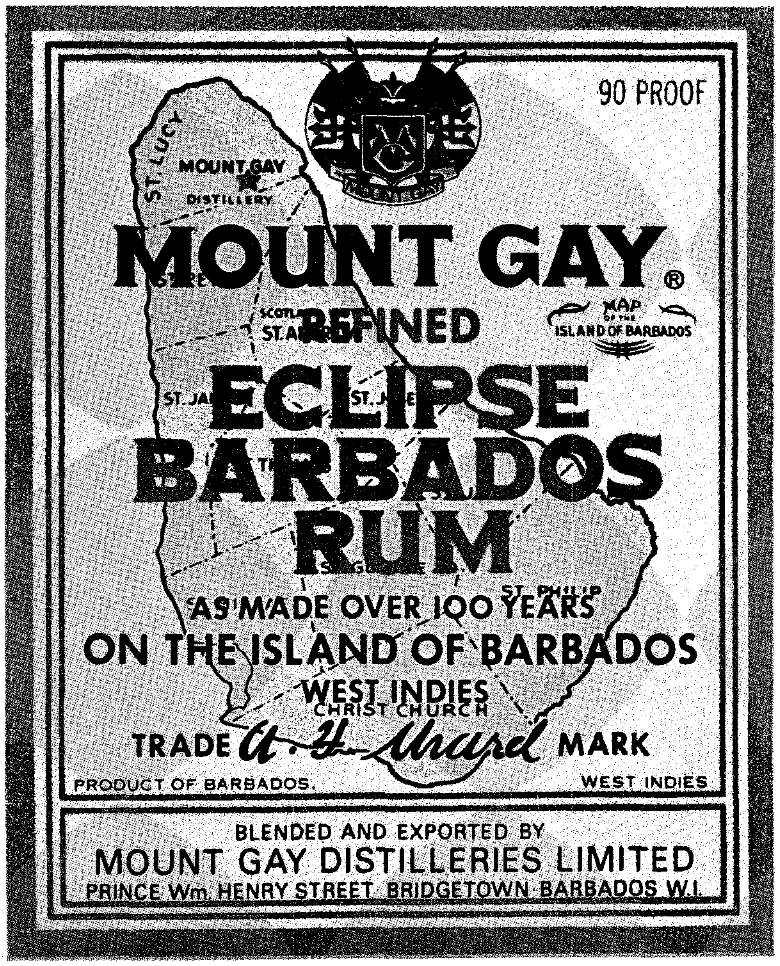
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Carter presented Strauss with what purported to be a credit card of a place in Europe with a shady reputation, and suggested that Strauss must have lost it during his travels there. Strauss even kids Rosalynn Carter—about her figure (which is good) and about her husband, and one cannot imagine anyone else with the nerve to do this. Or the wisdom: Strauss understands that these people are virtually trapped in their public roles, and need some humor and human contact in their lives. By giving them that sort of contact, he gives them pleasure—and makes himself welcome. The President is said to seem pleased when Strauss comes into a room. The Carters very rarely go out socially, but the world knew that in the first year Carter was in office they and their daughter, Amy, went to the Strausses' Watergate apartment for a dinner of barbecued shrimp. Strauss persuaded the President to go for dinner one night last year with him, Byrd, and O'Neill at Paul Young's, a restaurant where a number of political people hang out. (O'Neill didn't show up; he was under the impression that the dinner was scheduled for the following night.) One White House aide says, "Strauss is the only one who could get Carter to do that." After the recent lunch that Carter attended at Strauss's home in Dallas, a White House aide remarked to Strauss, in the presence of a number of White House aides, that it was a good thing he didn't have yet another home to arrange a Presidential visit to. Strauss replied, at once, "Listen, you squirt, Carter's only the third most popular President I've had in my home."

Strauss gets people's number—figures out what is important to them, to their lives. His interest seems genuine enough, and probably is—there is a real humanity and compassion about the man—and it leaves people with a good feeling about Bob Strauss. In a city where so many personal transactions are impersonal, where there is a good deal of abrasion in daily life, where so many people are simply manipulative, Strauss is both manipulative and kind; he establishes human contact.

After talking about something else for a while, Strauss suddenly says, "When you start as low as I did, you don't realize where you've come to."

I ask him to tell me more about that.

He grows reflective, and says, "You play your hand; that's what I always say."

He tells me that he was born in Lockhart, a small town in south Texas, and that when he was eight his family moved to Stamford, in west Texas. He goes on, "My father was a musician—a pianist—and he spoke three or four languages. As a matter of fact, he played every instrument there was. He was a cultivated man—impoverished and cultivated both. He would have been a successful musician; he wasn't a successful businessman. He ended up with a little drygoods store in a town of two, three thousand people in west Texas. My mother was strong and had drive and ran the business and made a good living for us. My father liked books and music. My mother got up and worked in the store all day and came home and fixed supper at night." He continues, "After I got through high school, I went to the University of Texas."

I ask him what happened to him there.

He replies, "Not many things happened to me at the University of Texas. I discovered I was Jewish, which meant that you were ostracized from certain things. That wasn't the case in the town where I grew up, because it was so small. I'd have been elected president of the Baptist Young People's Union if the local Baptist minister hadn't thought it was a bum idea because I didn't belong to the church.

"Later on, I also discovered I could compete with people, which is a very important discovery. I really learned I could compete when I got in the F.B.I. It's a very important thing to learn you can compete. After college and before I joined the F.B.I., I went to law school. My mother thought the way for me to get out of that store was to be a lawyer. She always thought I could have a public career, and she thought the law was the way to get at it. She was determined that I do that. She dreamed dreams for her son, the way every mother does. She knew you had to bottom your dreams on something, and she thought the law was something to bottom them on." Strauss has one brother, who is a successful banker in Dallas and is leading an effort to make Dallas the site of the 1980 Democratic Convention. "The truth of the matter is, everybody in my law-school class applied for the F.B.I. In those days, the F.B.I. got the cream out of the universities. That was just before the Second World War—June of 1941. It was a way of not getting drafted. There were people with much better records than I had, but the interviews were important, and I interviewed well. I didn't do very well in the F.B.I.—I wasn't a very spectacu-

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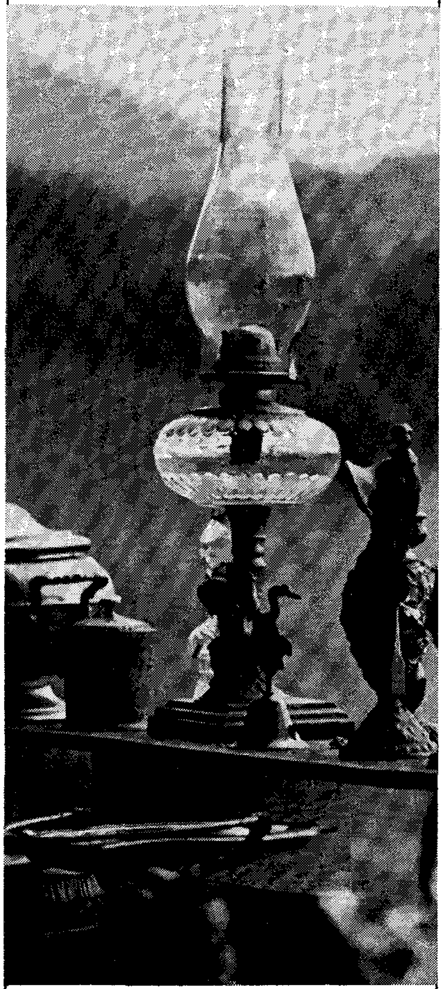

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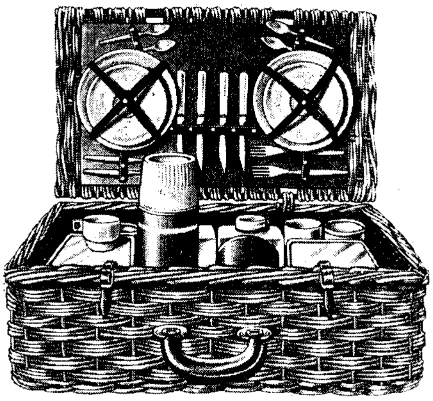
lar fellow. I was all over the country—in Iowa, Ohio, Washington, Texas. I was lazy, a bit shiftless, but I had enough confidence, or whatever it took, to get along. I was about a C-plus—that's an overstatement. After I left the F.B.I., after four years, I became successful. The truth of the matter is, I've been successful. I love the fact that I'm rich. I've earned it, honorably. I built a good law firm. I built a good bank. I had a measure of success in other economic matters. I started in politics by handing out circulars for politicians when I was nineteen, in college, and ended up being chairman of the Party." (One of the first politicians Strauss handed out circulars for was Lyndon Johnson, who was conducting his first campaign for Congress.)

Something else that happened to Strauss at the University of Texas was that he met John Connally, and later, as Connally rose in Texas politics, so did Strauss. When Connally became governor, Strauss was appointed to the state banking board, on which he served for six years, and then he became national committeeman from the state, and was on his way, playing his hand. Strauss continues, "The Party had an almost nine-and-a-half-million-dollar debt when I took over as treasurer and a debt of less than three million when I left that job, and I cut that debt down further when I was chairman. Helen and I have worked hard, and we've been successful. God damn, I do have a lot of fun. I'm one lucky sonofabitch."

We talk about the fact that Strauss will attend some fund-raisers in Washington next week. He attends about six to eight a week when fund-raisers are in season. I have been told by others that the knowledge that Strauss will be present at such affairs helps draw the lobbyists and lawyers who have access to campaign contributions and seek access to power. By turning up, Strauss earns the gratitude of the politician who is seeking to raise money. (On occasion, he holds a fund-raiser himself, at his Watergate apartment. He held one last year for Robert Krueger—to which the President came—and he is planning to hold one soon for a Democratic senator who is up for reelection in 1980.) "The things you earn on the Hill are not free, you know," he says. "You earn them. The reason I can get some things done up there isn't because of my personality; it's because I worry about their business. A personality will carry you only so far. You have to deliver. If you can show the average person in Congress



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how he can vote right—no way in the world an average member of the House and Senate can know what the issue is all the time, they're so torn apart—they'll go with you. No way in the world they can know what the issue is. If you can show them where the national interest is, they want to be on that side. If it's going to cost them reelection, they shouldn't vote that way. Nobody does anything just to do it for me. I've had some awfully good friends turn me down on things I've asked for. Maybe somebody else could go up there and get a lot more votes by making an intellectual presentation of the case. But if I have any unique ability it's that I know how to present a case in a way that makes it possible for members to vote the way I want them to, and is a way that they would want to vote. Most of those guys don't expect you to get them to Heaven on a tough issue; they just want you to keep them from going to Hell. If you can show them how to vote the right way and stay alive, that's all they want. That's what people don't understand: they'll make the right vote if you show them how to do it without getting defeated. They correctly say, 'If I get defeated on this issue, I won't be around to vote on other issues.' The truth of the matter is that every Cabinet officer is up there on what he thinks is the most important issue, and the senator or congressman is looking at ten other issues. Just because I think my trade issue is the most important issue in the world doesn't mean that it is. It's a watershed vote to me. It's not to a congressman, and he's not going to make it and he shouldn't make it if it's going to cost him his job.

"If SALT is important, and I think it is, if hospital-cost containment is important, and I think it is, and if the trade bill is important, and I think it is, then a President is entitled to take certain steps to keep enough political muscle to do these other things. The press doesn't write about that. They

Judith Shahn

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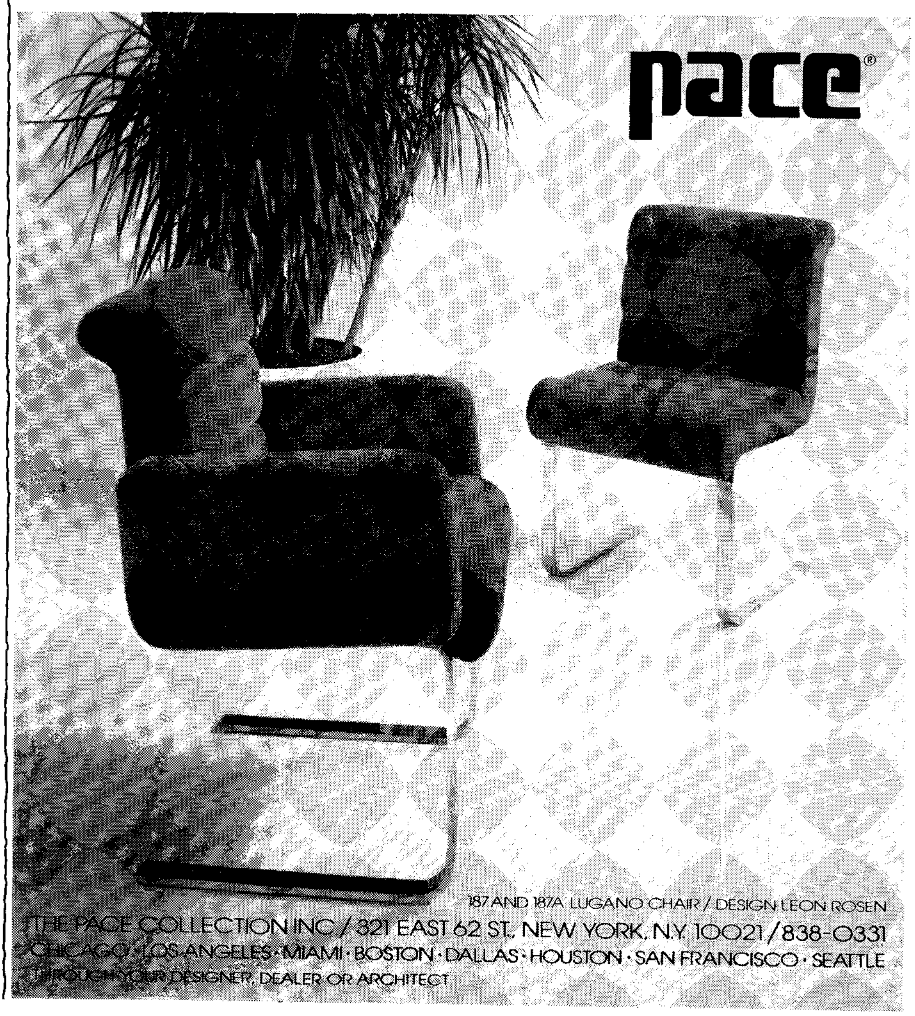
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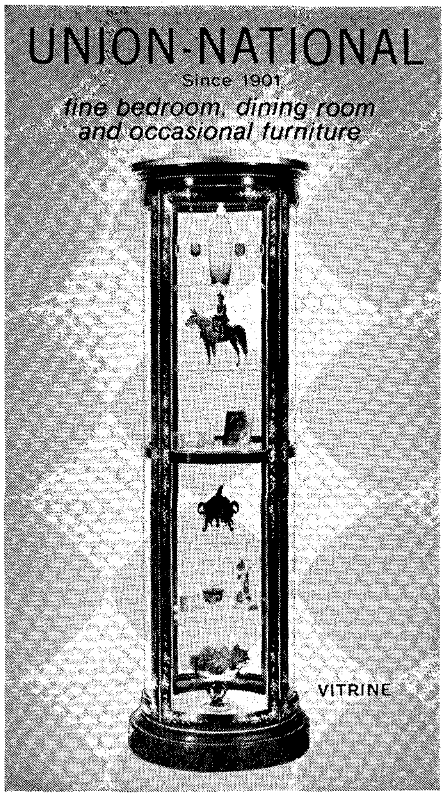
say he did these things as political acts, and that's where they're right, but they don't go on to say he did it for the larger goals. That's where the press is wrong, and that's where the Administration has failed—in explaining the over-all political context, that they did certain things for the good of the country. You'd say, 'You did this for clothespins and this for textiles,' and you're goddam right. The way you get the canoe to shore is you feed the sharks a little this and a little that until you get to shore."

AT three o'clock on a Tuesday afternoon in early April, Strauss is talking to a group of about sixty California bankers in the family movie theatre in the East Wing of the White House. He stands at the front of the room, which has pale-green walls and pale-green drapes; the bankers are seated in rows of chairs. Already today, he has addressed representatives of the Kansas Farm Bureau (at 7:30 A.M.), testified before the Senate Small Business Committee's Subcommittee on Government Procurement, spoken to a luncheon of the National Democratic Club (which is made up largely of congressional Democrats and lobbyists), had his picture taken with a congressman from Louisiana, and attended a session of the Ways and Means Committee's Trade Subcommittee on the M.T.N. Before Strauss began to speak, he told me that he was very tired, that he had a lot on his mind, that he had had a long talk with the President yesterday after a Cabinet meeting, and that the trade negotiations in Europe were nearing completion, which would enable the multilateral negotiations to be concluded shortly, and he had been up most of the night talking to negotiators in Europe, and thinking and worrying.

Now Strauss points out to the bankers that he has followed Mondale and Kahn in appearing before them: "You see, we're improving the quality as we go along." The bankers laugh. He tells them, "I'm just in the final hours, maybe minutes, as to whether they're going to accept our package in Europe. They're asking for changes. We've been negotiating back and forth and back and forth, and there comes a time when you make a deal or you don't. Sometimes in this country, we reach too far to make a deal. I can tell you we're not going to reach too far. You don't get something without giving something. I'm no genius, and neither are you." He is talking sombrely and seems preoccupied and he rambles, but



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he remembers that his purpose here is to persuade these bankers that his trade package is a good one. He talks about his "excellent staff." He says, establishing his credentials once again, "I bring some different skills: I've been a bit of a businessman, a bit of a banker; I've been a lawyer, a politician. I've been dealing with the Congress and I've been having a hell of a time."

The group laughs, and Strauss changes his tone. "The narrowness of the Congress has to do with you fellows—you complain all the time and put those poor devils under terrible pressures." And then he seems to realize how far he has gone, and he says, "I'm going to talk straight to you, whether you like it or not. I'm tired. I worked until three last night and sneezed from three to four, for some reason. I'm rambling a bit because I've got a lot on my mind." He tells them the Christian Herter story and says, "Having lived with the Congress and having lived with the international community and having lived with the business community and the farming community, I have some experience. What are we really about? Well, we're really trying to write for the first time a set of rules to guide the game of trade." And he explains the new codes that the negotiators are writing. He mentions citrus ("from your state") and says that the negotiators are trying to write a new code covering subsidies, so that California crops "don't have to compete with an orange or an almond that comes into a country from a third country and has been subsidized." He talks about the new government procurement rules. "I'm catching hell because we're opening a little bit of our markets up, but in return we're getting the opportunity to bid on twenty billion dollars' worth of foreign-government purchases. We have a thirty-billion-dollar trade deficit in this country. Now, that shouldn't be. This country has the know-how. This country has the technological capacity. We've been lazy. My gosh, I'll bet there are one thousand two hundred and fifty Japanese people in New York today knocking on doors and selling products, and they can speak English as good as you. And I'll bet there aren't but thirty Americans over there in Japan and there aren't but two of them who can speak Japanese."

He tells them about his schedule today and then he says, "Hell, if you want to be in style, take a kick at the President—it's cheap, it's easy, but it's a goddam outrage. Is President Car-

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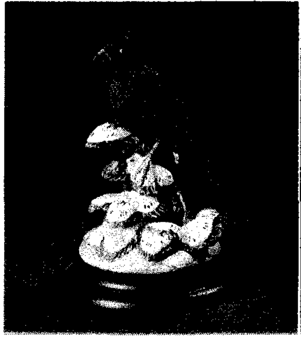

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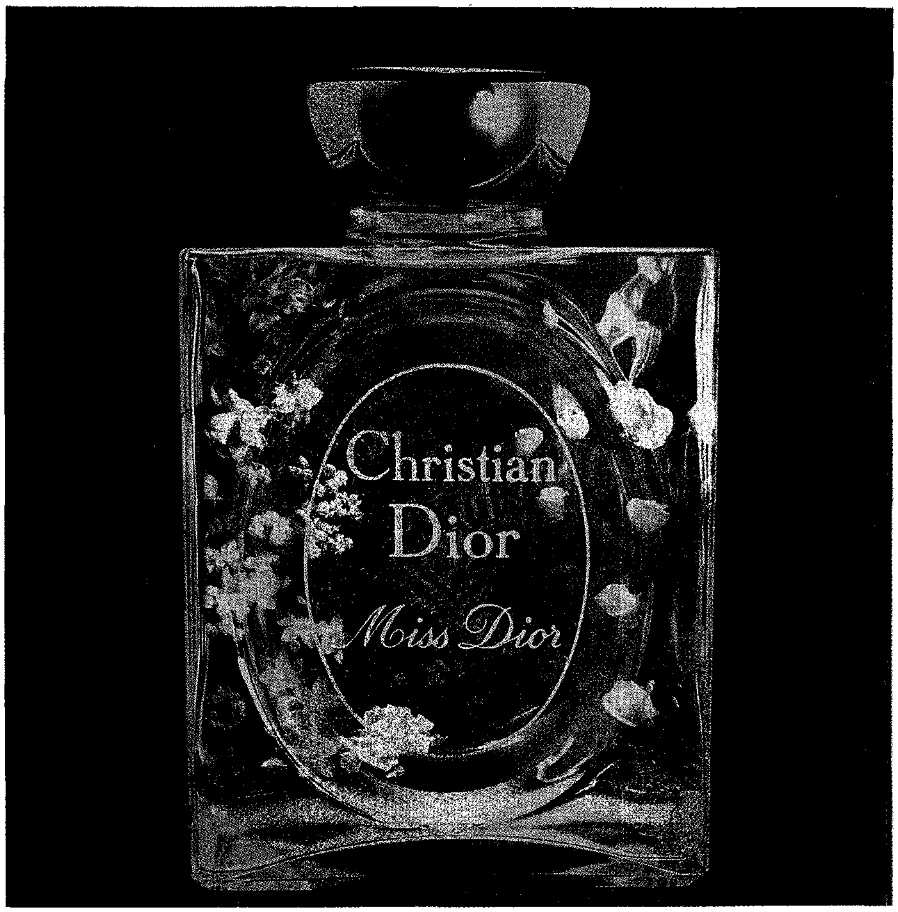
ter perfect? Nyuh. He's made mistakes and he's going to make more mistakes. The trade package is going to be good. One reason it's going to be good is that I'm negotiating it." The group laughs. Strauss continues, "Another reason it's going to be good is that Carter's fought for it and he's taken political scars for it." He talks a bit more about the trade bill, and then he says, "The problem is people on the Hill only hear from the naysayers. Is the trade bill A-plus? No. It's B-plus. But if it doesn't get support it's going down the drain, and it's your own goddam fault. There is enough political influence in this room right now to contact every member of the California delegation and tell them to be for this. If you care enough to come here, you ought to get off your duffs. If you don't care enough to do that, then you're not worth a tinker's damn. I'm tired of businessmen who do nothing but complain." Now he's getting worked up. "There are people who complain about the President and about everything." Pause. Silence. "And, I'll tell you, they also complain about bankers." The bankers laugh and applaud.

Strauss concludes, and then takes a few questions. The first is about what he thinks of California Governor Jerry Brown's Presidential prospects in 1980. Strauss explains that he had a very cordial relationship with Brown in the course of 1976, and then he says, "I think he's going to run. I think he's going to be defeated. That's all she wrote." Through his answers to questions, he explains that the European governments he is negotiating with have political problems, too. He says, "We needed a wheat agreement, but I couldn't get the right kind of bottom on that agreement, so I left it on the table. Sometimes it's harder not to take a deal than to take it." He tells the bankers about the problems with the Japanese and telecommunications equipment, and uses his line again about the steel telephone poles.

As he is talking, a telephone in the room rings, and Strauss remarks to an aide, "If that's for me, I'll take it." The group laughs. But it is for him, and Strauss gets on a white phone in the front of the room, saying to the audience, "Y'all make a little noise while I take this." He ducks behind a curtain and talks on the phone. After a few minutes, he comes back out with the phone still in his hand and turns to the bankers and, trying to get rid of them, waves goodbye and says, "Thanks a lot, good to see you," and they take the hint and leave the room.



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Now Strauss shouts into the phone, "If it blows today, we're in big trouble. You get it, Stevie—you make those bastards stay and make a deal." "Stevie" is Viscount Étienne Davignon, who is in charge of the E.C.'s industrial policy; he is talking to Strauss from Luxembourg. After Strauss hangs up, he says to me, "They're still negotiating. Somebody always chokes in these things."

We return to Strauss's office. Strauss talks to some staff members about where the negotiations stand; returns a call to Frank Moore, the White House assistant for congressional liaison; makes plans to attend the Kentucky Derby in May; calls Theodore Brophy, the chairman of the board of General Telephone & Electronics, from whom he received a letter today commending him for his position in the negotiations with the Japanese on telecommunications equipment. Strauss tells him, "You made my day," and after he completes the call he tells Vera Murray, "He's going to come see me." He meets with Lee Kling, a St. Louis banker, who attended the meeting at the White House and was finance chairman of the Democratic National Committee when Strauss was chairman, and is now involved in fund-raising for Democrats. He meets with some staff members about a problem on the wine-gallon issue which came up in his meeting with the Ways and Means Trade Subcommittee this afternoon. All the while, Vera Murray, a remarkably calm woman, is taking calls (they are screened by two other aides before they get to her) from people who have urgent messages for Strauss about the wine-gallon issue, about Presidential politics, about the trade bill; who want appointments with Strauss; who want to arrange a White House tour for someone. She places a call to a congressman whose help Strauss is seeking on the wine-gallon issue, and sees to it that a certain memo gets delivered to the White House. An aide gives her a memo for Strauss about cheese, so that Strauss can talk to Gaylord Nelson about the matter sometime before the Finance Committee meets tomorrow. Strauss is still working on the Krueger question; now it has been decided that the present Ambassador to Mexico will remain there, and Strauss is pushing Krueger for a position that is to be created—Ambassador-at-Large for U.S.-Mexican relations.

Vera Murray tells me that Strauss—she refers to him as "Strauss"—has already spoken to about forty people on the phone today. She says that he gets

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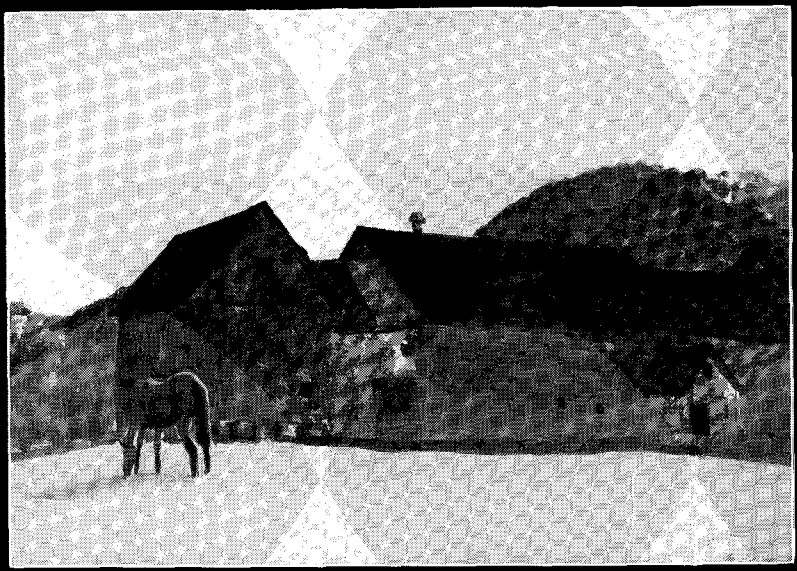

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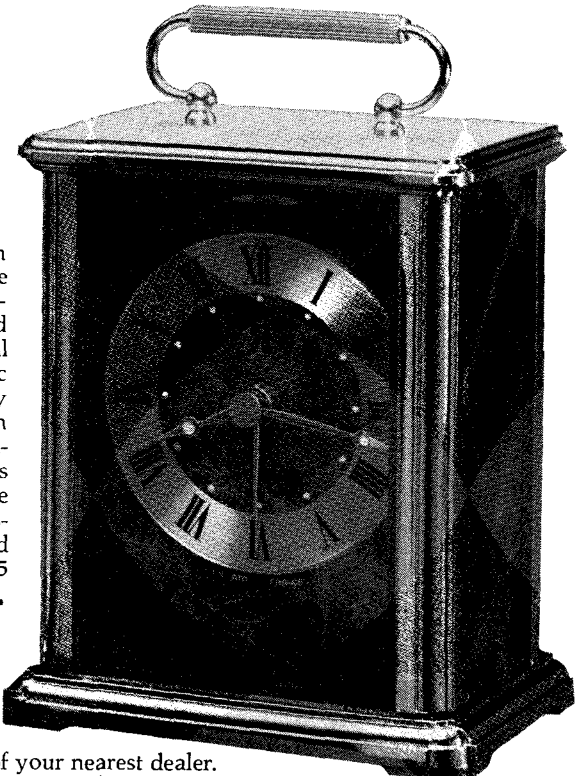

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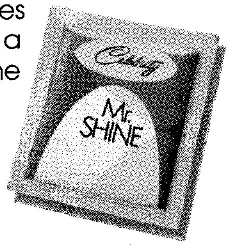

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from seventy-five to a hundred "legitimate" calls a day, that he tries to return every call before he leaves the office, and that if he cannot he takes the remaining message slips with him and makes the calls from his car or his home. She says that he insists that calls be returned within a day and that mail be answered in three days.

Now it is nearly six o'clock, and Strauss talks on the phone to an old friend from Texas, which relaxes him. Strauss is to be at the first of two receptions by six, so that he can be at the second one, at the Averell Harrimans', by six-forty-five. As he leaves the office, he receives a message that Wilbur Mills has talked to some people in the domestic liquor industry about the wine-gallon issue. He tells Vera Murray that he wants to talk to Mills in the morning, and he says to me, "The point is that *Wilbur* talked to them. He knows more about trade by accident than most people in this town ever learn." He is told that a certain congressman wants to talk to him. He considers whether he should return the call this afternoon and decides, given his state of fatigue, that he will not. "I might say something I shouldn't," he says. "I try not to make decisions at the end of the day."

In the car on the way to the first reception, he places a call to James McIntyre, the director of the Office of Management and Budget. He gets on the phone and says, "Jim McIntyre, please, this is Ambassador Strauss." There is a brief silence, and then Strauss brightens and says, "I'm fine, darlin', how are you?" And then he says to Brannum, "Nat, we mustn't forget to send those Easter flowers to the White House switchboard people." And then he talks briefly to McIntyre.

THE first reception, in the Chandelier Room of the Sheraton-Carlton Hotel, is for Senator Donald Stewart, Democrat of Alabama, who won election last November to fill out the last two years of a Senate term, and who is now trying to pay off his campaign debt. Often politicians run up campaign debts and then try to raise money to pay them off; the winners have an easier time raising the money than the losers do. When Strauss enters the room, a waiter, who recognizes him, asks, "Can I get you a drink, Mr. Ambassador?" Strauss replies, "You damn sure can," and he orders a vodka Martini. This fund-raiser, which costs five hundred dollars per person, is being attended, according to one of Senator Stewart's staff members, es-

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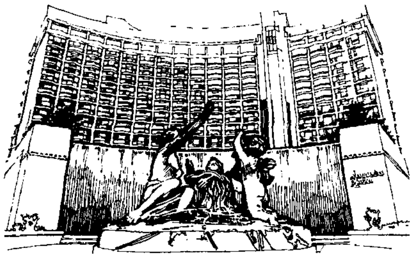

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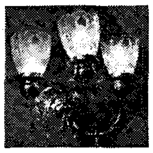

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sentially by representatives of groups that have business in Alabama—steel, trucking, dairy, insurance, agriculture, rural electric—and about fifty people are expected to show up. Strauss greets Stewart and after talking to him briefly he says, "Let's go meet your guests. If you and I stand here lobbying each other, we're wasting our time." Strauss tells a man who is wearing a diamond stickpin and is a lobbyist for sugar interests, "The Administration is hitched. If they get unhitched, you let me know."

A representative of the International Paper Company tells Strauss that his company has a letter supporting the trade bill ready to send to every member of Congress. The man says, "It's pretty strong."

Strauss says, "Good. Let's make it stronger."

The paper industry is not entirely pleased with the trade package thus far; Strauss was able to get concessions from the Japanese but less satisfactory ones from the Europeans. The man offers to go get the letter, saying that this will take a few minutes, and Strauss looks at his watch and says, "Why don't you get it? Let's get some work done." He talks to someone about energy. He jokes to someone else, "I imagine if you looked around this room you could find a lobbyist or two." The International Paper man comes back with the letter. It refers to the support by the company's chairman, J. Stanford Smith, for the M.T.N. agreement. Strauss reads it, gets out a pen, plunks the letter down on a buffet table, between a platter of cold hors d'oeuvres variés and a chafing dish filled with squares of quiche, and writes, "Bob Strauss has negotiated firmly, tenaciously, and aggressively for the United States. He didn't get everything he wanted or we wanted but he has negotiated a set of agreements that are in the best interest of our nation. We urge your support of the Trade Agreement when it reaches the Congress." He gives the letter back to the man, saying, "That kind of language in there makes it more direct."

He says, to another man, "How's the beef business—you robbin' sonsofbitches, those prices you're charging us consumers." And then he asks, "The beef people going to be all right on this trade thing?"

The man replies, "We can't promise our support until we see the full package."

Strauss says, "I understand that. We have to encourage people to keep their herds up. There isn't enough beef in

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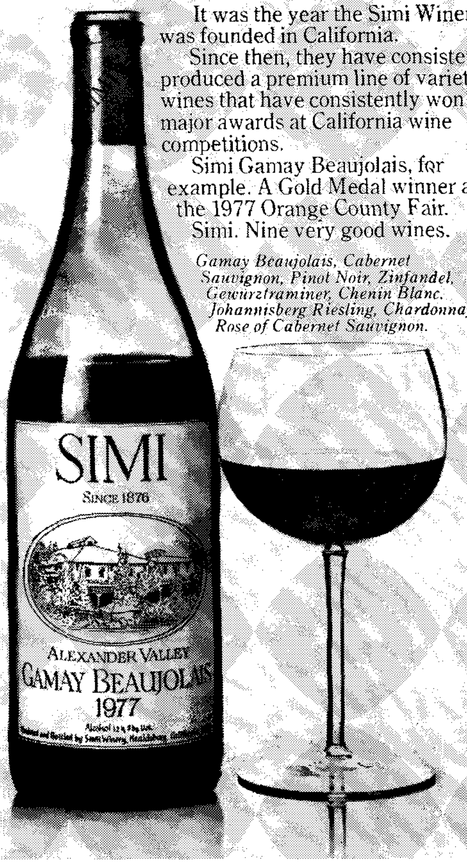

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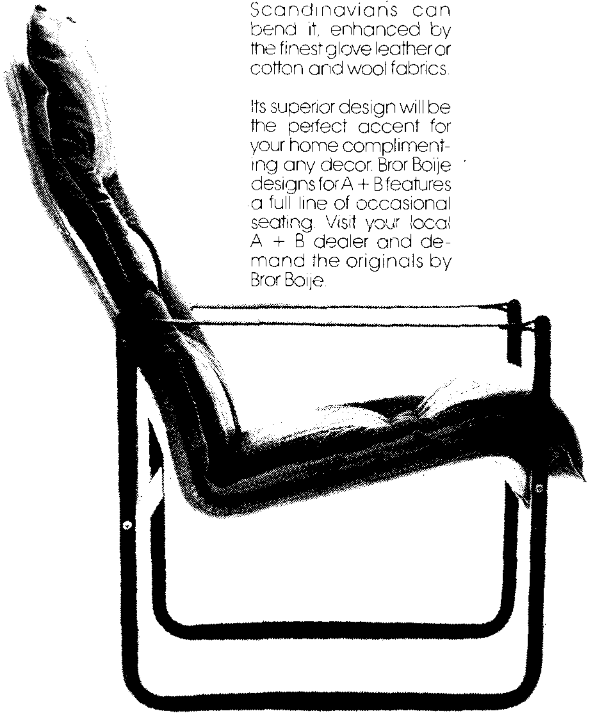

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the world." Then he talks to the sugar lobbyist again, and says, "We have a position. You people have to get together. If you push for more, you'll get nothing. You act like a bunch of damn fools. The Administration has a reasonable package and it's going to stay hitched. The President won't move. You're going to make it difficult for Russell Long, and he's trying to help you." Strauss is using this opportunity to get a message to the sugar industry.

It's now six-thirty-seven, and Strauss says his goodbyes and leaves the reception. He got a lot accomplished in a short time. Brannum drives us to the Watergate to pick up Helen Strauss, and from there we go to the Harrimans', in Georgetown. On the way, Helen Strauss kids Strauss about his speech to the National Democratic Club luncheon today—which she attended—and makes some objective remarks about it. Then she laughs, and says how sick she is of hearing the story about how she once told him there was one fewer great man than he was thinking. Strauss tells her that they are going to the Middle East on the day after Easter, because the President has asked him to lead a trade mission of government, business, and labor people to Egypt and Israel, and to "get to know Begin and Sadat a little better."

The reception at the Harrimans' is to encourage support for the annual fund-raising dinner for congressional campaigns, to be held in May; Strauss has talked Pamela Harriman into being co-chairman of the dinner. He has also helped persuade Senator Wendell Ford and Representative James Corman, of California, to head the Senate and House Democratic campaign committees. And now a number of senators up for reëlection and a few members of the House leadership and several Washington lawyers and lobbyists are gathered at the Harrimans' home. Strauss mingles for a while, and shortly after seven he is called to the phone. After a brief time, he returns and, smiling and speaking slowly, tells his wife and a few others, "The Council of Ministers just approved a trade package in Luxembourg."

Then, after several people have made formal remarks to the gathering, it is Strauss's turn, and, holding a drink, he says, "This is my second Martini and I'm tired and I'm going to take my time." He tells them that a friend of his once said, "Bob Strauss has spent a lifetime taking money from the rich and votes from the poor and assuring both he's protecting them

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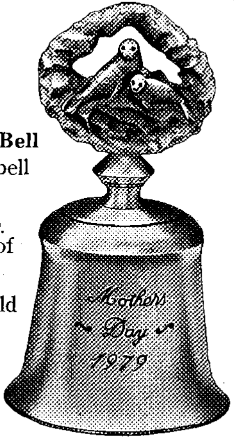

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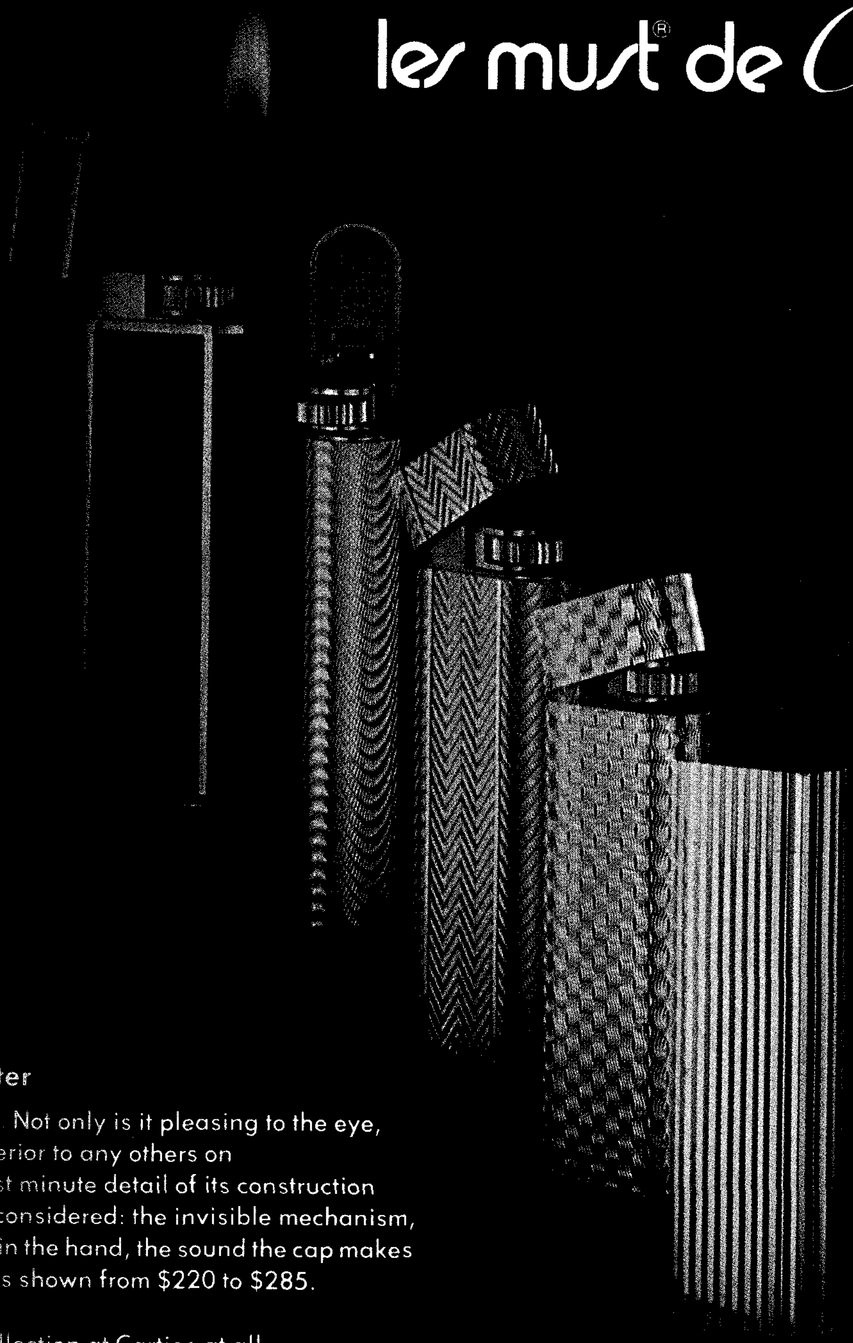

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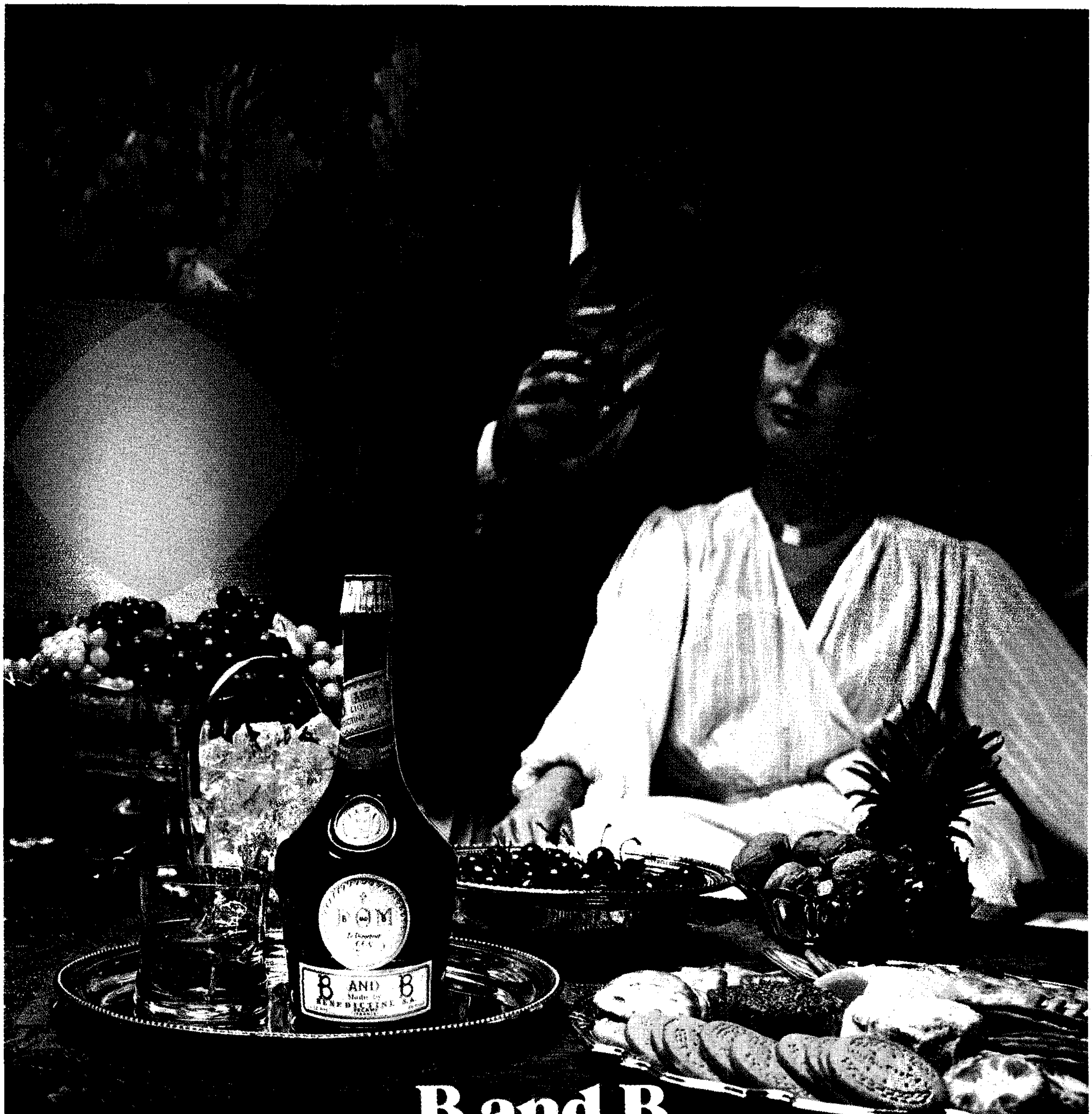

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from each other." He tells them, "I think that what you do when you help Democrats in the House and the Senate makes a difference in the quality of life in this country. I don't agree with everything that happens in the House and the Senate. I sometimes disagree philosophically. But I really think it does make a difference."

Strauss is clearly exhausted, but after his speech he mingles a little longer, working all the while. A man who represents the insurance industry introduces himself to Strauss. Strauss tells him, "I need help with the Connecticut liquor people." His brain-computer has said insurance-Connecticut-Heublein. A reporter asks him how he squares the increased price of tickets to the Democratic congressional dinner—they cost five hundred dollars last year and will cost a thousand dollars this year—with the Administration's fight against inflation, and Strauss, as he sometimes does, especially when he is tired, answers an unwanted question with bluster: "I don't know anything about it. I've been working my ass off and here we are in this nice home and you're asking me a stupid question like that." After going on for a while, Strauss—not one to leave anyone angry with him if he can help it—tries to jolly the reporter, and then he says, "We've both learned something tonight. I've learned that I'd better hold my temper better, and you've learned not to ask a question like that. I'm very sorry. I'm tired." And without another word he walks away.

Now all that Strauss wants to do is go home. As he and his wife head for the door, he is cornered by a man who proceeds to tell him about how he had always wanted to meet "Dick Nixon" and how he finally met Dick Nixon last weekend and spent an hour with him and how he and Dick Nixon had such a good conversation. Strauss, now leaning against a wall for support, his eyes closing with fatigue, says, "It figures."

Finally, Strauss leaves the reception and returns to the Watergate, where he will have scrambled eggs with his wife, return some more phone calls, and try to get some sleep.

—Elizabeth Drew

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For the Record

Because of a typographical error in Monday's View story on Charlene Suneson, the first American woman line officer to go to sea, the phrase "comedy" Wave was used. The correct phrase should have been "comely" Wave.—*Los Angeles Times*.

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THE THEATRE

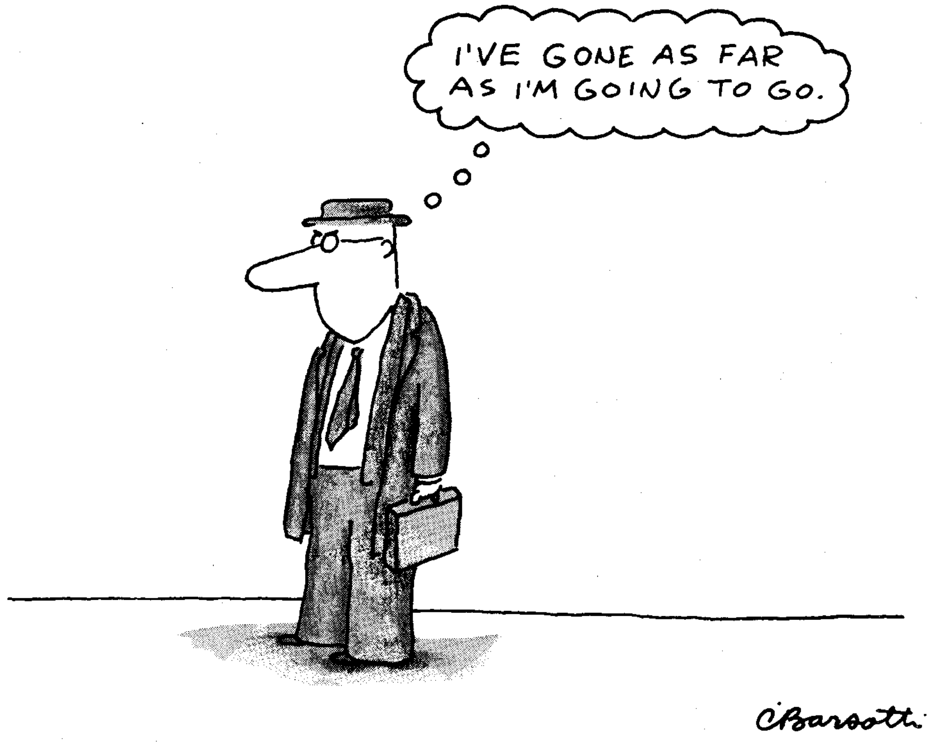
The Fate of the Juggler

TWO or three times a season, a play will arrive on Broadway so lacking in any reason for having come into existence that people will hurry up the aisle at the end of a performance shaking their heads and asking, "How are such disasters possible? Why do playwrights trouble to set down even a word of them? Why do producers put tens of thousands of dollars into them? Why do reputable actors consent to perform in them? Why do directors direct them?" If the ineptitude of the playwright has been conspicuous enough, after the closing of his play he may take a certain miserable satisfaction in having at least aroused in theatregoers emotions of indignation and curiosity; that is the cold comfort available this week to Ira Levin, the author of a play called "Break a Leg," which opened and closed at the Palace on Sunday evening, after one performance too many. According to a whimsical note in the program, the action of the play was supposed to be taking place "long ago in Vienna or Berlin. Or Prague or Buda-Pesth. Anyway it's not New York and not now." Reading that note, one expected the worst, and one wasn't, in the event, to be disappointed. "Break a leg" is the traditional good-luck phrase with which one salutes performers on an opening night; Mr. Levin has given it a new and dreadful meaning, and I fear that its utility as a greeting has been gravely impaired.

The plot of "Break a Leg" is—as Gibbon said of Corsica—easier to deplore than to describe. A fat, crude, loudmouthed, vulgar-minded impresario named Dietrich Merkenschrift is seated in his office on the morning after the opening of a play that he has produced and that has been harshly reviewed by a critic named Johann Schiml. Hoping to avenge himself on Schiml, Merkenschrift calls on the author of the play, one Imre Laszlo, to compose a new work, which will be acted out not on a stage but in real life; Schiml will be drawn unwittingly into the plot and will suffer extreme humiliation. Mr. Levin's guiding principle as a playwright is evidently to try anything for a laugh, with the result that his characters keep having to change the nature of the cardboard out of which he has fashioned them; everyone winds up in a tangle of contradictory bungling, from which a single sorry truth emerges: this play is indeed not New York and not now.

Most of the burden of "Break a Leg" fell upon the shoulders of Jack Weston, as Merkenschrift; René Auberjonois, as Schiml; David Margulies, as Laszlo; and Julie Harris, as Gertie Kessel, an incompetent actress. It is merciful to say of them that they were radically miscast, especially Miss Harris. The scenery was by Peter Larkin, the costumes were by Theoni V. Aldredge, and the lighting was by Marc B. Weiss. Charles Nelson Reilly, the original director, resigned and was replaced by Frank Dunlop. To the questions posed in the opening paragraph I have no answer, except that in the world of the theatre, as in every other world I know about, the opportunity to work at what one likes best is nearly always a force more compelling than prudence. We can be sure that the medieval juggler tossing his three oranges into the air before the altar of the Virgin Mary would have gone on juggling even if there had been no altar and no Mary and (saddest of all) no oranges.

—BRENDAN GILL


I'VE GONE AS FAR AS I'M GOING TO GO.
CBarsotti

OFF BROADWAY

Too Many Trees

DAVID MAMET'S "The Woods," at the Public, is a conversation for two characters. They are a man named Nick and a woman named Ruth. The setting (a very good one, by John Lee Beatty) is a summer house in the woods someplace north of Chicago; the time is an evening, a night, and the following morning in early September; and in the course of the action we see their love affair come to a crisis and perhaps breakup. Nick has invited Ruth to the house, presumably for a weekend. He is a haunted, fearful man—a city man ill at ease in the country—who believes, and keeps repeating, that "nothing lasts forever;" she is an open, enthusiastic woman, delighted to be where she is, who presents him with a gold bracelet inscribed "Nicky, I Will Always Love You." The result of this clash of ideologies is two explosive scenes, the first an attempted rape and the second a fight in which she flails at him with an oar and he hits her on the chin. At the end, some measure of harmony is restored.

Like Mr. Mamet's "Duck Variations," "The Woods" is a dramatic poem for two voices, incantatory in style, and for other voices, from the past—of his father, of her European grandmother. The dramatic tension between Nick and Ruth, from their loving beginning to panicky loneliness and misery and anger, grows naturally in the play, yet in the performance, under Ulu Grosbard's direction, it is given an extra urgency that seems quite unwarranted, as if there were some message, some meaning, that we should be getting and aren't. If the play were done more modestly, as "Duck Variations" was in its original production, at St. Clement's, Mr. Mamet's words would take care of everything, and the characters—and, incidentally, the shifts of mood and the humor—would become clearer. Chris Sarandon and Christine Lahti are the actors, and they do very well under circumstances that are not of their making.

"EYES ON THE HAREM," at the little Intar through May 20th, is an eccentric work by Maria Irene Fornés, a poet and a fierce feminist, which is a collage of music, movement, tableaux, and a playful, poker-faced irony that is so strong it verges on sarcasm as the six members of the cast read or recite brief lives of the sultans and brief passages from the history of the Ottoman Empire—all of unspeakable, unimaginable cruelty, especially to women. Especially but not entirely; the men suffered, too. (There is one horrifying passage from Sir Richard Burton, clinical and grisly, on different types of eunuchs.) Still, the women bore the brunt of the cruelty: a whole harem drowned because one of the sultans suspected one of his wives of infidelity—that sort of thing. The friskiness of much of the performance (directed by Miss Fornés), though appropriate—that's the kind of show it is—grows tiresome after a while, but there is one scene near the end that is eloquent and beautiful. Three harem women, heavily veiled and costumed (lovely costumes by Frank Krenz), speak in whispers about possible reforms promised by the ruler and then—first laughing and later quietly crying—sing "Meet Me in St. Louis," making the most of "We will dance the hoochee koochee." That scene, breaking from the prevailing mood into a mood all its own, is indelible. The singing and the piano music are charming, and the acting is not unpleasantly amateurish as the players recite their hair-raising speeches as if they were reading "The Owl and the Pussycat," and move and leap about as required. The production as a whole has the visual elegance and imagination that one expects at Intar, under the artistic direction of Max Ferra. Larry Brodsky's scenery—a drab setting on the stage, and above it a romantic, colorful panel like an expensive illustration for "Omar Khayyám"—is an ironic and decorative comment on the action.

—EDITH OLIVER

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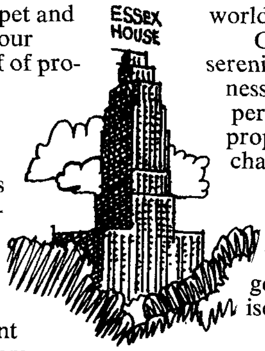

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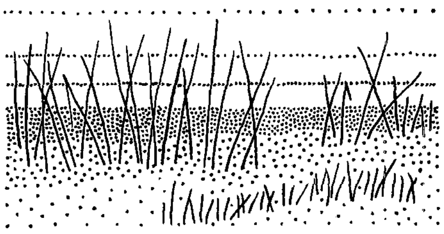
THE SYMBOL IS A SYMBOL

Dartmouth College, according to the charter granted in 1769 to its founder, Eleazar Wheelock, was established primarily for the education of Indians. That detail of Colonial history may have escaped the notice of most Americans, but it was never forgotten at Dartmouth. Two centuries after the charter was granted, the story of Wheelock's trek to the New Hampshire woods to educate and Christianize the natives was still celebrated in Hanover as a proud, if rather eccentric, part of Dartmouth's history and tradition. The story holds up better as tradition than as history: any serious scholarship that has been applied to Dartmouth's founding years tends to come to rest on the fact that Wheelock, who had virtually given up on Indian education during a stay in Connecticut, was inspired to describe his New Hampshire venture as a mission to the Indians mainly by the volume of philanthropy one of his Indian students had attracted on a preaching tour of England and Scotland. A scholar in American educational fund-raising might find in Wheelock's devotion to Indians a reminder of some modern South Texas school board that, having been informed of new federal grants for the education of migrant children, finds that it has many more migrant students than it had previously bothered to count and that their education would be well served by purchasing a new public-address system for the football stadium. Still, Eleazar Wheelock, however diverse his motives, did educate some Indians, and Dartmouth has always honored him for it—idealizing him and his Indian student in silhouette on the library weathervane, or burlesquing them in campus songs ("Oh, Eleazar Wheelock was a very pious man./ He went into the wilderness to teach the Indian / With a 'Gradus ad Parnassum,' a Bible and a drum / And five hundred gallons of New England rum"). Graduating seniors traditionally bought Indian-head canes. In the early twenties, apparently at the instigation of a Boston sportswriter, Dartmouth teams started being referred to as the Indians—a name that came to be reflected in Indian-head patches and cheers about scalping the opponent and the custom of having a student costumed, more or less, as an Indian warrior cavort among the cheerleaders. Dartmouth developed a vocabulary that led to alumni talking about the braves of 1921 bringing their squaws to the class powwow. Alumni in Hanover for reunions wore Indian-head neckties and bought Indian bibs for their grandchildren. As Dartmouth began celebrating its bicentennial, in 1969, Hanover had no shortage of Indian T-shirts or of Indian trays or of just about any other conceivable reminder of Wheelock's mission, except, of course, Indians.

Indians had never found themselves unwelcome at Dartmouth. In the thirties, in fact, it seemed customary for many classes to have one for a while—often a Seneca, from upstate New York. Although it was never true, as undergraduate legend had it, that any Indian who showed up in Hanover would automatically be presented with a free Dartmouth education, money was usually found to help out a deserving Indian student. Still, nobody could claim that the obligation taken on by Eleazar Wheelock had been met, particularly when compared to Dartmouth's role in educating non-Indians, whom Wheelock had mentioned in the charter as if in afterthought ("and also of English Youth and any others"). In the first two centuries of its existence, Dartmouth awarded degrees to approximately forty thousand whites and approximately twelve Indians.

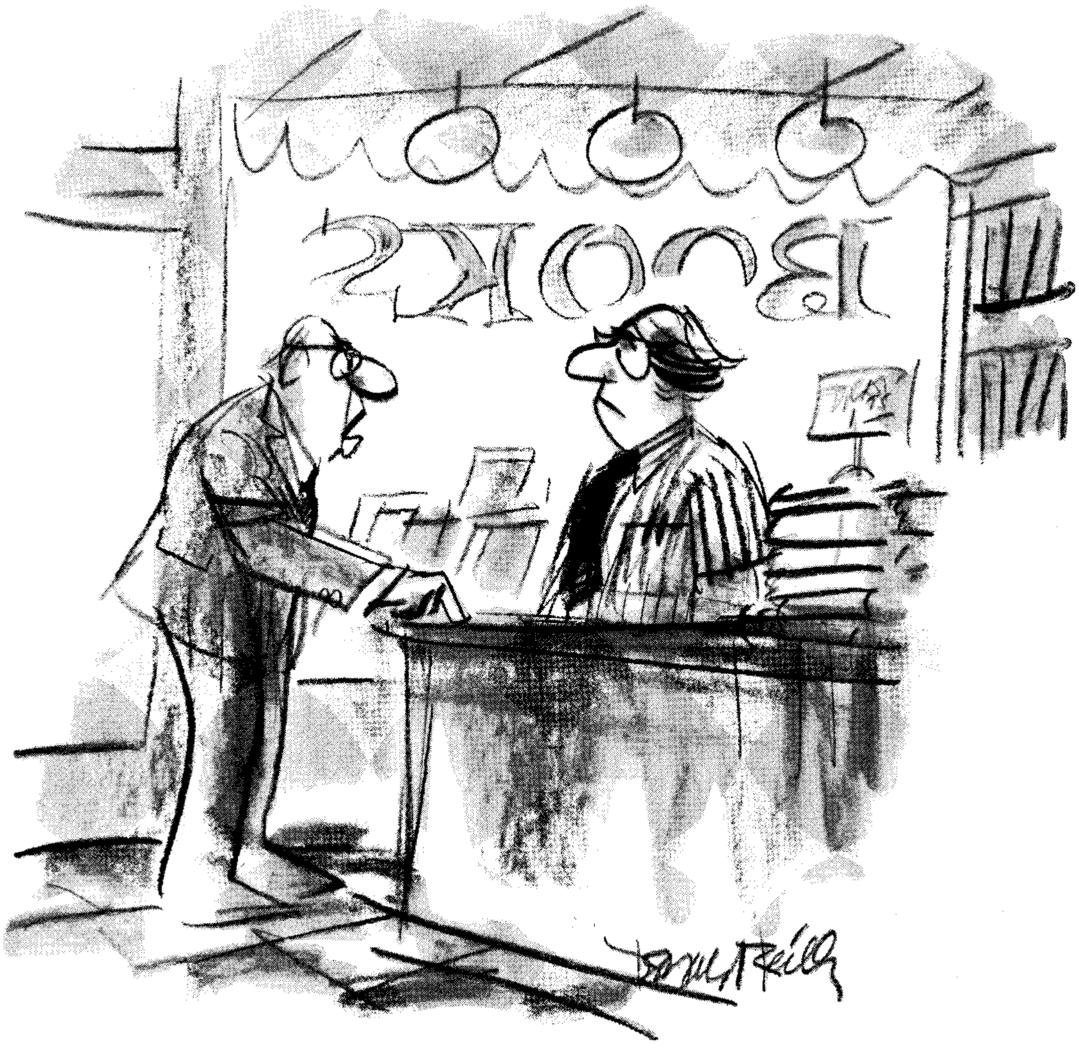
The college's two-hundredth anniversary coincided with the installation of a new president, John Kemeny, who had been chairman of the mathematics department. It also coincided with a period during which colleges like Dartmouth were examining ways to expand the opportunities of minorities while giving their student population a diversity beyond that provided by having students from the upper-middle-class suburbs of a number of different states. In his inaugural address, Kemeny recommitted Dartmouth to the education of the American Indian. He hoped to have sixty Indians enrolled at Dartmouth within four years, and the admissions department was instructed to find about fifteen for the freshman class due to arrive in just a few months. Kemeny's declaration was well received. In an era marked by new commitments to minorities, what could be more appropriate for Dartmouth than a pledge to help the minority it had spent so much time celebrating and so little time educating? Kemeny did not give much thought to the fact that the Indians would arrive that fall to find an Indian head painted on the basketball floor and a student in body paint and feathers running around on the football field. To the extent that the subject entered his mind, he later said, it occurred to him that the Indian students might take a measure of pride in their college having as a symbol a strong and heroic Indian brave. He was mistaken.



The Indians hated the symbol. Politically aware young Indians bitterly resent the tendency of most Americans to view Indian history through the eyes of a Hollywood director—a tendency that can cause a demonstration on serious issues to be dismissed with some lame jokes about the redskins being on the warpath again. The Indians who came to Dartmouth were appalled at the sight of a cheerleader in body paint and feathers. They were angered by any implication that a college that was supposedly founded to educate Indians but had managed to graduate only a dozen of them in two hundred years had some legitimate claim on an Indian tradition. The Indian head worn on Dartmouth jerseys struck them not as a reminder of Indian strength and pride but as a reminder of how white Americans continued celebrating a heroic stereotype of the people they had reduced to an existence dominated by poverty and alcoholism and suicide. Indian students hated the song of Eleazar Wheelock's journey to the Wah-Hoo-Wahs with five hundred gallons of New England rum, and they hated even more intensely some murals in a faculty dining room called Hovey Grill which depicted the song partly through paintings of half-naked Indian women and a boozy brave trying to catch the last drop of rum from Wheelock's keg. In a policy statement in 1971, the Indians at Dartmouth asked that all manifestations of the Indian symbol be removed from the campus.

The Alumni Council of Dartmouth appointed an Indian Symbol Study Committee. "I think to a man we began by thinking the whole thing was absolutely silly," the committee's chairman, a Providence lawyer named Robert Kilmarx, said recently. "And when we looked into it

I think to a man we thought that it was a serious issue." Although the committee took the position that it could not recommend official abolition of a symbol that had never officially been adopted, it expressed sympathy for the Indians' position and approval of the voluntary efforts taking place to end use of the symbol. The board of trustees concurred, finding "use of the symbol in any form to be inconsistent with the present institutional and academic objectives of the College in advancing Native American education." Merchants on Hanover's main street were asked to discontinue Indian-head souvenirs. The glee club announced that it was dropping from its repertoire the old song about Eleazar Wheelock's trip to the Wah-Hoo-Wahs. The alumni magazine changed the name of its column recognizing alumni achievements from "A Wah-Hoo-Wah for . . ." to "Give a Rouse for . . ."—a change the committee found particularly appropriate, since its research had indicated that "wah-hoo-wah," Dartmouth's traditional rallying cry, was a Sioux phrase for the act of sodomy. Other colleges were asked to discontinue the use of Indian cartoons on programs for the Dartmouth game. Dartmouth cheerleaders began appearing without an ersatz warrior. "Fortunately, College mores do change with the years, and the current College community appears sensitive to the recently articulated feelings of the Native American students," the committee reported, predicting that the symbol "may well soon disappear entirely . . . through mutual accommodation and changing values rather than through official dictate." The report was more cautious about predicting the coöperation of the alumni.



"No, I want a copy of 'Getting On,' not 'Getting It On.'"

The resistance of alumni to change comes partly, of course, from the fact that most graduates have a strong vision of their own college experience as the norm and everything else as some sort of deviation. Partly because of Dartmouth's relatively small size and its customary homogeneity and its isolation, Dartmouth alumni have been particularly certain and particularly cohesive about their vision of what life at Dartmouth ought to be like. Depending on the image of the day, the traditional atmosphere in Hanover has been described as "male-bonding" or "the Foreign Legion motif." Before the sixties, a Dartmouth undergraduate's view of himself was not likely to be far from his view of Indians—strong, self-reliant, a bit coarse, masterly in the woods, and, on certain weekends, wild. By the early seventies, Dartmouth had undergone so many changes so quickly that to some alumni it seemed transformed into some other institution. Dartmouth had begun to admit women. Dartmouth had abolished R.O.T.C. Dartmouth had recruited a number of black students, some of whom promptly organized themselves into a society that specialized in making demands for change. Dartmouth had accommodated the increased attendance accompanying coeducation by adopting a schedule that encouraged students to be present in the summer rather than in the snow and even to spend some semesters in places like Salamanca or Bucharest instead of in the woods. Most of the changes had been instigated by a president who was not some tweedy son of the college but a Hungarian Jewish refugee who had as a teen-ager escaped Nazi concentration camps only to enroll in, of all places, Princeton. The reaction of a lot of alumni to being told that their Indian-head neckties were suddenly to be considered representations of racism rather than badges of undying loyalty to their alma mater was simply "Now you've gone too far." For alumni whose dissatisfactions included changes much more complex and far-reaching than the abolition of Indian cheers, Dartmouth administrators began to believe, the symbol became a symbol.

The volume of letters to the alumni magazine on the symbol issue made the other changes wrought by Kemeny seem noncontroversial by comparison. In full-page advertisements, two alumni dismissed the committee report as "The Rover Boys and Pocahontas," dismissed the Indian students as either

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immature or preoccupied with self-pity, and said to those who wanted to re-establish the symbol, "Don't sit on your hands in the wigwam." For some alumni, the college's position on the symbol became a symbol not just of change but of the tendency of guilt-ridden liberals to knuckle under to even the most ludicrous demands of any minority. There were some ugly letters and even some ugly acts. One alumnus indicated his displeasure by urinating in the office of the Native American Program. A lot of the alumni, though, seemed honestly perplexed. They assured Indian students that they had always seen the Indian symbol as representing strength and dignity. They pointed out that the Indian head used on Dartmouth uniforms showed a proud warrior rather than some Injun Joe caricature. They brought up examples like the Washington Redskins and the Quakers of Penn. They pointed out that some of the Indian cheers had actually been invented by real Indians attending Dartmouth— Indians who took pride in appearing at football games or reunions in Indian regalia. They quoted letters from earlier Indian graduates who expressed pride in the symbol—and who insisted that "wah-hoo-wah" meant "snow, ah, snow" in Sioux rather than the act of sodomy. They suggested that some offensive spinoffs—Indian-head diapers or crude cartoons—could be eliminated without abolishing the symbol itself. The Indians said the symbol itself was offensive. They said they did not want to be defined by white people, heroically or any other way. They said human beings could not be mascots. They said it all had to go.

DEFENSE of the Indian symbol may have been a symbol of resistance to change in general, but it never seemed to become a symbol of resistance to the Native American Program in particular. A lot of alumni, in fact, emphasized that, however bitterly they resented attempts to abolish the Indian symbol, they were pleased by Dartmouth's new commitment to Indians. As it happened, Indian students, compared with the other new minorities at Dartmouth, tended less toward the sort of rhetoric and confrontation tactics that make alumni uneasy. The Indian style was to talk things out. Indians at Dartmouth tended to request strongly rather than demand. In any dispute, they put a high priority on maintaining their dignity. As implacable as they were in their opposition to the Indian symbol, they did not find

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tactical compromise unthinkable. In the early seventies, they agreed informally to set aside for a while the matter of the Hovey Grill murals, which they found particularly offensive, because tampering with the murals would directly raise the issue of suppressing artistic expression. The Hovey Grill murals were painted in the thirties as a sort of reply to some murals painted in the college library by José Clemente Orozco, the renowned Mexican muralist, whose depiction of bloated capitalists and loutish generals had provoked the alumni into a reaction so ferocious that, it is often said at Dartmouth, when the president at the time handed over the stewardship of the college some years later to his successor he did so with a single sentence of advice: "Don't get involved with murals." Although the alumni had not been able to get rid of the Orozco murals, one of their number, a *Saturday Evening Post* cover artist named Walter B. Humphrey, had decided to reply to Orozco with "a real Dartmouth mural" for Hovey Grill. He even composed a jingle about his efforts—saying, in part, "I'll never go 'Mex,' I'll picture no necks / Ground down 'neath a rebel's rough shoe; / My forms aboriginous will all be indigenous / To the haunts that as students we knew."

Although alumni seemed eager to avoid criticism of the program itself, the program was not without its problems. Some of the Indians were unprepared to do Dartmouth work. Having started with no contacts in Indian secondary education and no idea of just how dismal most secondary education for Indians was, Dartmouth administrators were confused about where to look for Indians who could survive academically, and for a while they even seemed confused about which department was supposed to be doing the looking. Before the college had attracted what Kemeny thought of as "a critical mass" of Indian students and had established an effective system of support for them on campus, a lot of Indian students were lonely and cold and troubled with doubts about whether a liberal-arts education in New England was really what they needed. The dropout rate was high. Gradually, though, most of the initial problems were worked out. A support program and a Native American House were established. The spirits of the Indian students were raised by the success of an area-studies program built around the Indian experience in North America. Largely through the efforts of a young anthropologist named Michael

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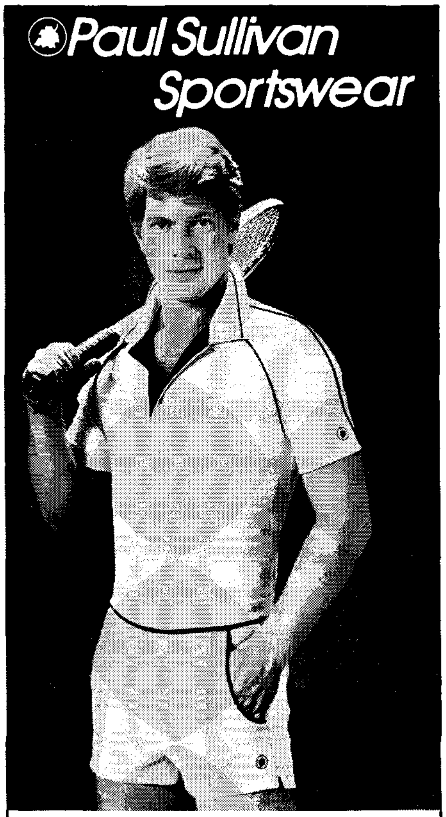

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Dorris, whose father was a member of the Modoc tribe from Oregon, the program was academically respectable virtually from its inception. The problem of how to attract and prepare Indian students remained—even now there are only about forty-five Indians at Dartmouth, and some of those are from non-tribal backgrounds—but by the middle seventies the Indian dropout rate was beginning to resemble the general dropout rate. Dartmouth was graduating almost as many Indians every year as it had graduated in its first two centuries. To some people involved in the Indian program, it seemed reasonable to assume that it would be only a matter of time before the connection between Dartmouth and Indians in the public mind would rest on the college's substantive achievements in Indian education—offering a superior education to an increasing number of Indians, serving as a center for Indian speakers and Indian cultural events, offering a nationally recognized Native American Studies curriculum that attracted mainly non-Indian students—instead of on arguments over a football cheer. But the arguments over the football cheer would not go away. Efforts to discourage the use of the Indian symbol turned out to be, in the words of one alumnus who considered the efforts absurd, "a little bit like enforcing Prohibition."

The letters to the alumni magazine never really stopped. Around the campus, display of the symbol by undergraduates would seem to diminish for a while, and then flare up again. By 1975, there were columns and editorials in the *Dartmouth*, the campus newspaper, about a resurgence of the symbol—particularly in the form of a cheer, traditionally chanted after the band played "As the Backs Go Tearing By," which goes, "Dartmouth Indians! I-N-D-I-A-N-S! Dartmouth Indians! Scalp 'em!" The cheer became so common on campus during the football season that some Indian students—who, under the year-round system, had the right to select which terms to use for vacation—made it a point not to be in Hanover during the fall. In a 1977 editorial that concluded, "The Indian symbol, approved or unapproved, may be here to stay," the *Dartmouth* said, "To complicate matters, a stand on the Indian symbol has come to imply a stand on various other campus issues ranging from coeducation to affirmative action. . . . Anyone using the Indian cheer is automatically identified with a group holding certain values, while anyone wishing to be identified with those values will use the Indian cheer." In other words, students as well as alumni had begun interpreting use of the symbol as a symbol—a symbol of the college spirit traditionally treasured at Dartmouth or simply a symbol of defying authority.

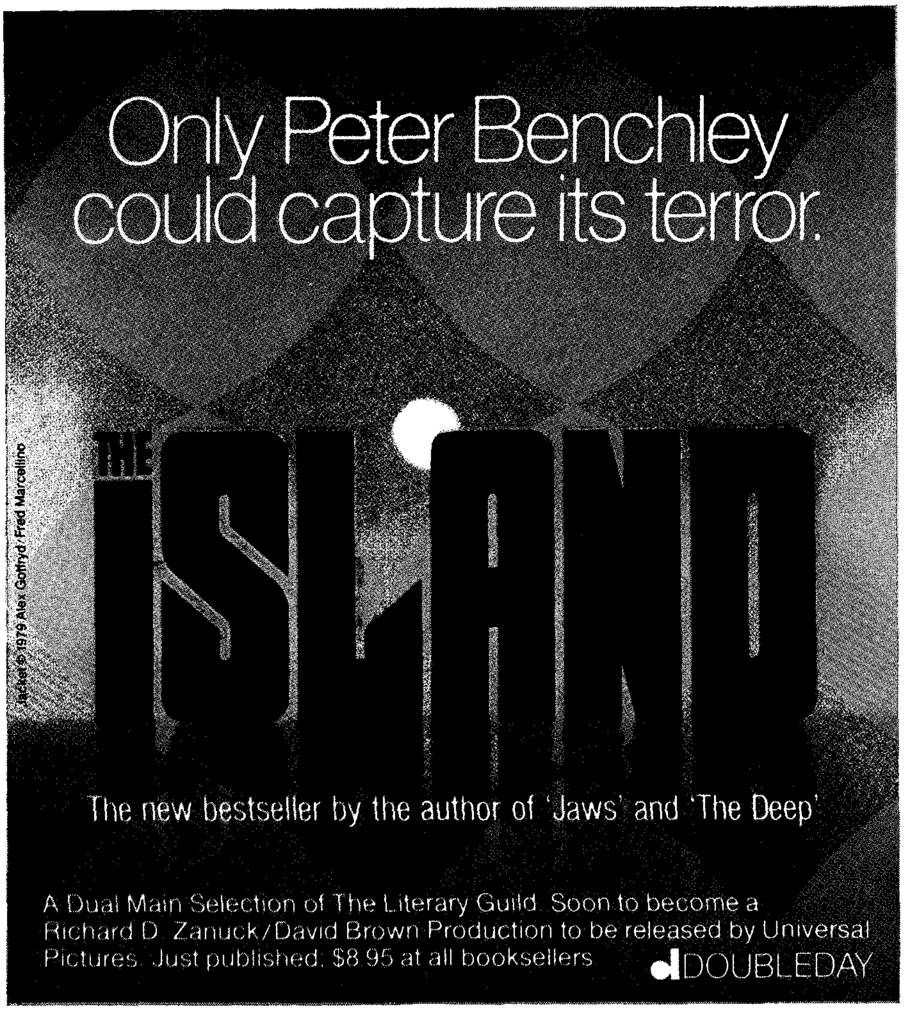
Judith Shahn

The Indian students never interpreted it that way. They considered the chanting of an Indian cheer or the wearing of an Indian-head jacket an act of pure malice—a reflection of the insensitivity and even contempt that the conventional Dartmouth undergraduate had for anyone who was not a white Anglo-Saxon Protestant male. Non-Indian students told the Indians they were making too much of what was essentially a trivial matter. "If it's trivial to them and it hurts us," the Indians replied, "why do they keep doing it?" Indian students simply hated the Indian symbol. They hated having their existence at Dartmouth dominated by it. They hated having to explain constantly why it offended them. They hated being considered humorless and hypersensitive because they objected to it. Some Indians at Dartmouth continued to have complaints and misgivings that had nothing to do with "Scalp 'em" cheers, but for a lot of them Dartmouth was a remarkable, transforming experience—"a dream school," one of them said not long ago, "except for the symbol." Indian students saw the symbol as symbolizing nothing except Dartmouth's true feelings about the people it professed to be helping. "I can just see all of them sitting in the back when we go to a Senate hearing someday," an Indian who spent four years at Dartmouth said not long ago. "We're asking for some serious help for the tribe or something, and they're sitting in the back thinking, 'Well, wah-hoo-wah.' "

As a matter of policy, Indian students and their supporters appeared before any student organization that wanted to hear their side of the controversy. Gregory Prince, a dean who was involved with the Native American Program from the start, eventually took the position that arguments about the symbol did not constitute an irritating digression but amounted to "as easy a way to get to the heart of liberal-arts education as anything you can think of"—a way, for instance, to discuss the search for truth beyond clichés. Various people involved with the program developed various ways of trying to explain why they believed the symbol was inappropriate. Some people argued that the Indian symbol was not really an established part of Dartmouth traditions because teams were not called the Indians until the twenties and Indian-head patches were not worn on football jerseys until the sixties—facts that are true, in the narrowest sort of way, but not very persuasive, since every college freshman accepts any tradition that arrived before he did as permanent. Some people argued on personal terms ("What it gets down to is that Mike Dorris is my friend, and if he says the Indian symbol offends him I simply can't use it"), which was effective, except that most of the alumni and students who were intent on retaining the symbol didn't know any Indians. From the start, Dartmouth administrators have often said that anyone who listens with good will to an explanation of why the symbol is inappropriate at Dartmouth tends to agree, but the explanation is subtle and the undergraduate audience is constantly changing and some people, of course, do not listen with good will.

There were efforts to find a new symbol—the Vikings or the Timberwolves or the Woodsmen or even the Mad Dogs—but none of them took. In the last poll asking undergraduates their preference for a new symbol, more than half said they simply wanted the Indian back. At times, the college administration found itself in a role that was difficult to distinguish from censorship—calling attention to an "Injun-Ear" newsletter from the Dartmouth Society of Engineers here, pointing out an Indian head in a cleaner's advertisement there. It was also a role not unlike that of a boarding-school master who, having once demonstrated how angry some rude old nickname can make him, presents an enormous temptation to the boys in the back row everytime he turns toward the blackboard.

LAST fall, those opposed to the symbol got help from an unexpected quarter. Alarmed by rowdiness and excessive drinking in fraternity houses, the Dartmouth faculty recommended to the trustees that the fraternity system at Dartmouth be abolished. While waiting for the winter trustee meeting at which the recommendation would be acted upon, the fraternities were on what amounted to probation. Looking for a way to demonstrate their capacity for respectable behavior, they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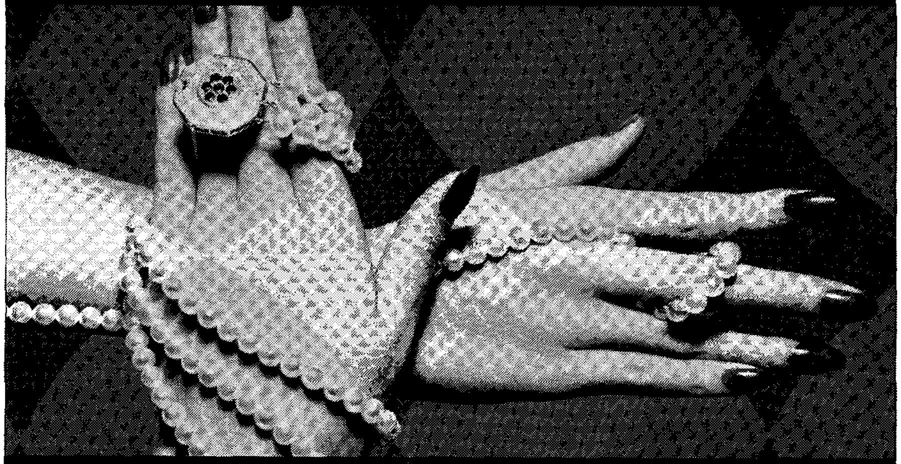

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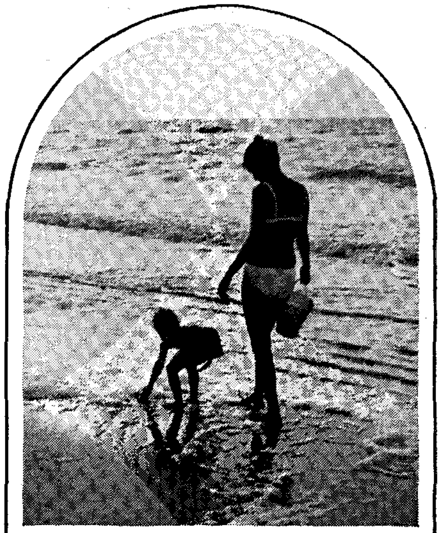
did not have to search around for youth programs to volunteer for or charity drives to run. The interfraternity council simply announced that chanting the Indian cheer at sporting events would be discouraged. "You have to convince the brothers that it's not worth sacrificing the house to keep the cheer," one fraternity president told his colleagues on the council. The Indian cheer virtually disappeared. When the trustees gathered for their winter meeting in late February, around the time of the Dartmouth Winter Carnival, just about everyone on the campus had made it through the football season and nearly all of the hockey season without calling upon anybody to scalp anybody else. Not using the symbol could also be a symbol. Some people at Dartmouth began to believe that, after eight years of arguing, the Indian symbol was gone at last.

The day after the trustees had voted on the fraternity issue—but before they had announced their decision to give the fraternities more time to reform—the Dartmouth hockey team, which had defied pre-season predictions by having a spectacular year, played Brown in Hanover. Just before the second period began, two students suddenly appeared on the ice in the sort of Indian getup that had not been seen at a Dartmouth game in years—loincloths, painted bodies, feathers. After taking a turn around the rink, they skated off to make their escape in a waiting car. Perhaps because of an instinctive reaction in the excitement of the moment, perhaps in approval of what seemed to be an act of defiance, perhaps because the Dartmouth team skated onto the ice almost as soon as the two students had skated off, just about everybody in the auditorium rose to cheer. It was the cheering rather than the prank that Dean Gregory Prince found dispiriting—a reflection of the failure in eight years of trying to educate people about what the symbol meant. The reaction of a lot of other people at Dartmouth was not sadness but outrage. At an emotional meeting the next day, the faculty adopted a resolution deploring the use of the symbol and asking for an investigation. President Kemeny was quoted as saying that the incident was "horrendous" and that the college would mount a "serious investigation." Some of the Indians at Dartmouth phoned the dean of admissions at Cornell to ask for transfer applications.

The undergraduates involved turned themselves in, claiming that they had only meant to energize the crowd of



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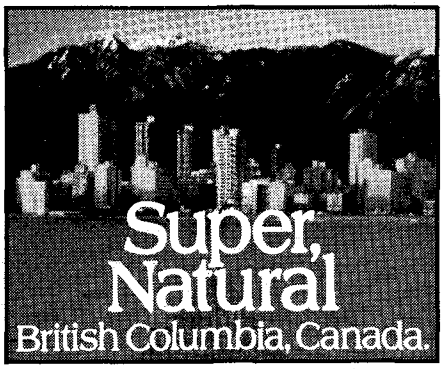

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Dartmouth rooters. The seriousness with which the administration and faculty had treated the incident, though, had apparently impressed itself on the disciplinary committee. Although the students had presumably committed no infraction of regulations except interrupting a sporting event, the committee suspended them from the college, explaining eventually that they had committed "emotional violence." A lot of people at Dartmouth thought the punishment was too harsh, and that "emotional violence" was a doubletalk attempt to justify suppressing free expression. "At Dartmouth," an alumnus said, "there is free speech except if you happen to offend the sensibilities of a federally recognized minority." Partly to head off a backlash, Kemeny reduced the punishment to some restrictions and a probation period that would include an effort by the students involved to explain what they had learned about the issue to others. The chairman of Native Americans at Dartmouth, abandoning the usual Indian style of restrained language, said the clemency was "the most heinous and racist act any president of Dartmouth ever committed," and Kemeny found himself playing his trump card. Responding to a request by the Indians, he said that he would close Hovey Grill for the spring term, and that, without secreting or destroying the murals, he would try to find a way for them to be viewed as a piece of period art rather than as a backdrop for faculty lunches.

The crime and punishment of the hockey-game skaters had taken place within a few days, during a period when all Dartmouth minorities seemed to be having problems. Women were demonstrating at the trustees' meeting for equal access in admissions. During Winter Carnival, the Afro-American Society had demonstrated against Dartmouth's investments in South Africa by displaying a coffin and some simulated grave markers, and the buildings-and-grounds crew, not being experienced in recognizing symbols, had hauled the coffin and grave markers off as trash. The college eventually held a sort of talk-in, at the end of the winter term, to discuss such problems. The Indians and the blacks and their supporters had already held their own demonstration on Dartmouth Green—ending it by spraying the major ice sculpture of the Winter Carnival, the most obvious symbol of the old Dartmouth, with red and black paint. When a thaw finally came, during the spring break, the paint disappeared—

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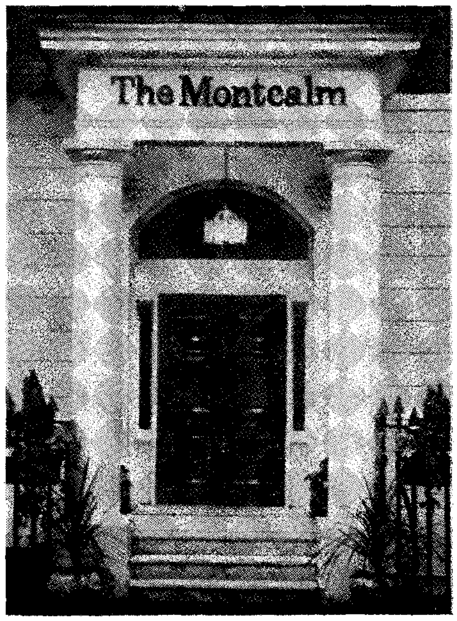

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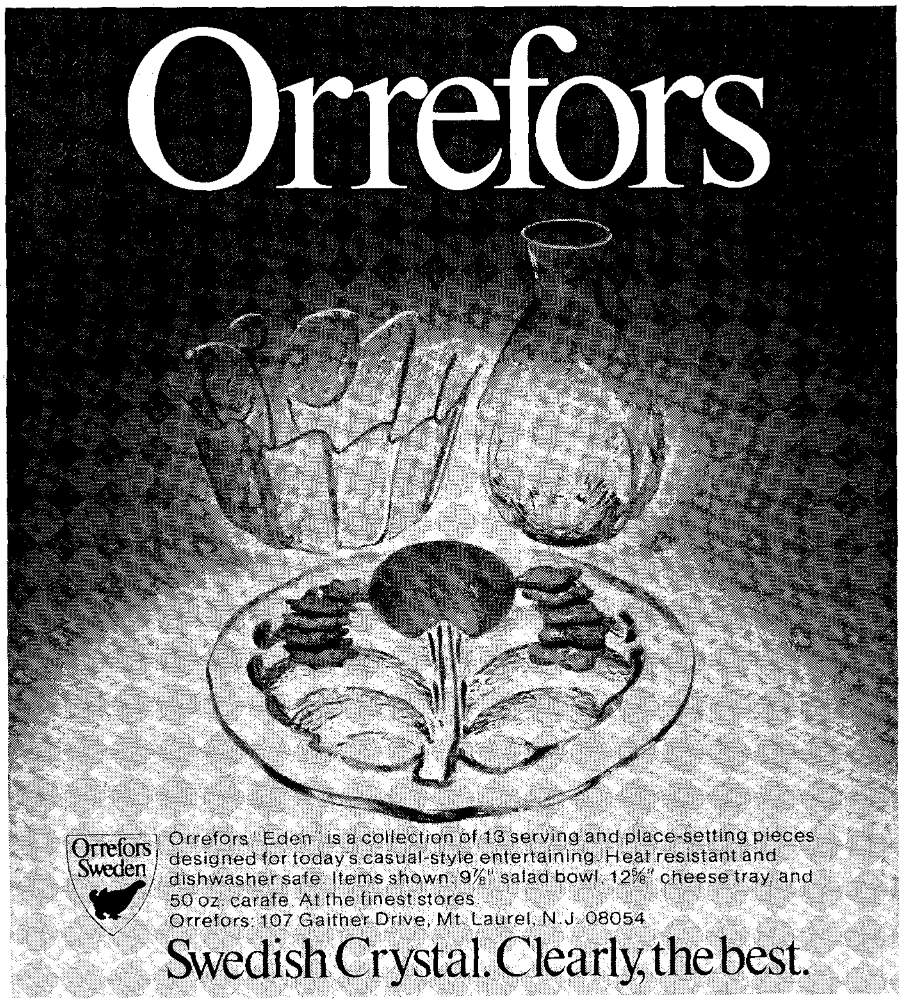

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leaving the sculpture white again, if slightly diminished in size. "I happened to walk by there and I noticed it," an alumnus who lives in Hanover said recently, "and I was reminded again that God is a Wasp."

THE spring semester has been calm at Dartmouth. After the community trauma caused by the hockey-game incident, everyone seems more or less talked out. Another pro-symbol advertisement will appear in next month's alumni magazine. The president of the interfraternity council told a visitor recently that he believes the symbol will now disappear, although he made that remark while dressed in a rugby uniform that was decorated with an Indian-head patch. Robert Kilmarx, who remained involved in the symbol question after chairing the alumni committee, has resigned himself to some protest over the Hovey Grill murals, but he believes that, in the long run, the Indian symbol will disappear. "Since the Indian symbol—after its official discouragement by the college—had become particularly associated with the destructive, rowdy, traditionally macho element on the campus," he said, "it has recently taken on a *new* symbolism as a sort of reverse barometer of civility." Kilmarx's optimism is predicated on the belief that, partly through an increased ratio of women, Dartmouth will become increasingly civil. None of the Indian students transferred to Cornell. Some of them are even cautiously optimistic that the hockey-game incident was a sort of death spasm of the symbol. The spring semester is not a good time to judge, of course, since the football and hockey games that provoke Indian cheers are over. The hockey season was extended when the Dartmouth team qualified for the national championships in Detroit, where it was defeated by the University of North Dakota Fighting Sioux.

—CALVIN TRILLIN

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

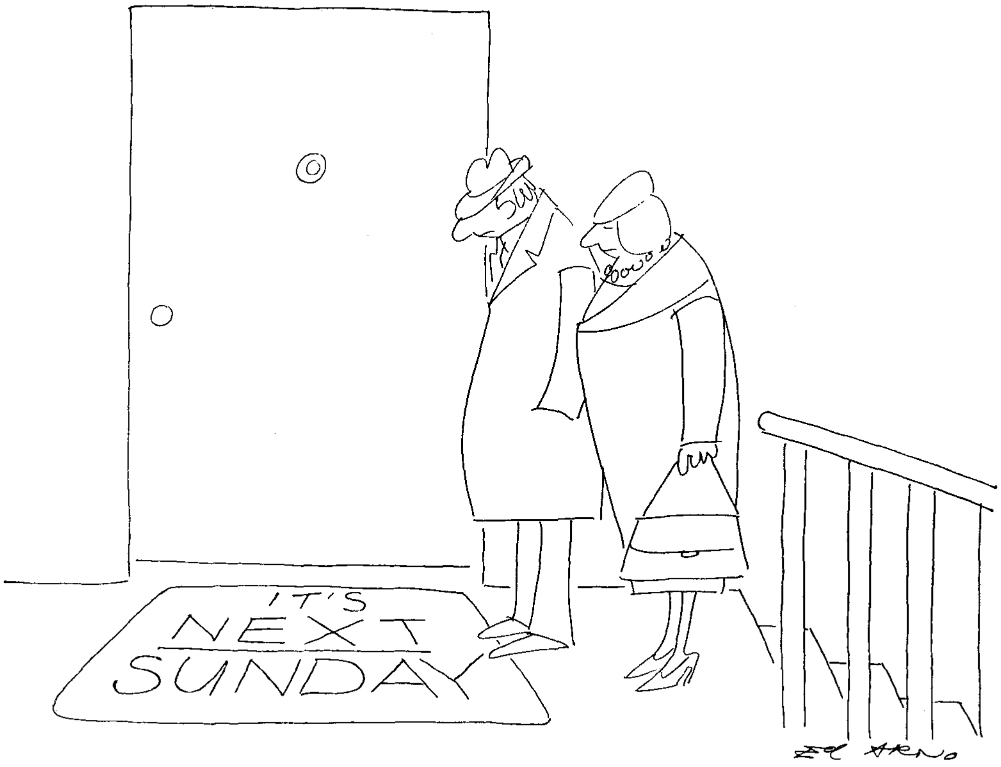
Isolationism

"A Little Romance" is directed by George Roy Hill, and it is a very, very little film. The two child stars, Diane Lane and Thelonious Bernard, are no less little than the film's idea. Both child characters are said to have terrifically high intelligence quotients, but there is no sign of that. You feel that their intellectual equipment best fits them to play with plasticene. The girl character, Lauren, an American living in France, is almost thirteen. She is the stepdaughter of the head of a telephone company called I.C.T.: a sage-looking man, though he has no sage lines to say, played by Arthur Hill. Miss Lane, who in reality is now fourteen, apparently acted in "The Medea" when she was not much over *six*. Did Medea kill her? What a start. The boy character—French—is a movie nut who associates himself with Redford and Bogart. One wishes he read. The mother of the little girl is a grumpy figure who is giving her daughter no heritage. All she visibly does is to suck in her cheeks like a model and stammer remonstrances about the idea of her husband's moving his job from France to Houston.

The film is assumptively about a modern-world Romeo and Juliet, but the day does not belong to the capering children. It belongs to Laurence Olivier, cast as a dapper Frenchman who takes up with the children in the street and entertains them with hot chocolate; and Olivier gives himself, and us, the fun of which he is uniquely capable. His tongue seems to be lolling in his cheek, like a hot spaniel's, as it often does when he is calling with ease on his genius and working at the top of his form. The character is a pickpocket who says he was the Ambassador to Liechtenstein. You feel he would have brought dedication and blitheness to the job even if he had been selling Liechtenstein stamps on the side to pay for the parlor maid. Pickpocket or no, he would clearly make a much better parent than any one of the children's own parents do: the little girl's mother is scornful toward her for reading Heidegger, and seems to regard him vaguely as a writer of dirty books. The man played by Sir Laurence speaks to the children's heart. The performance is sauced with the peculiar daintiness that Olivier brings to mischievously trivial parts. He endows this one with some of the debonair alertness he gives to Restoration comedy. The film is fortunate to have him: perhaps most of all fortunate for his importation of implicit centuries of European learning and merriment, just as the children—this latter-day Romeo and Juliet—are very lucky in their Friar Laurence. The pickpocket has a ranging and dissident mind. He has an interesting way of saying "plum*b*ing," with the accent heavily on the "b," when he is telling the little romantics about having once discovered that he was living in Browning's villa. The performance implies that plumbing is of rather less moment than poetry: when he pronounces "plum*b*ing," he seems to be holding it at a distance, as if with a pair of tongs, well away from Browning. Except for Sir Laurence's performance, a pair of tongs would come in quite handy for audiences looking at the picture.

How good to see Denholm Elliott, the English actor, in a film again, even if he is cast in an isolationist movie called "Saint Jack," made by Peter Bogdanovich, which seems never to have put its nose outside the world of American show business. The story, though its mood belongs entirely to the Polo Lounge at the Beverly Hills Hotel, opens in 1971 in the changing Far East. A man called Jack Flowers, played by Ben Gazzara in a Hawaiian-looking shirt, is an American from Buffalo who earns a stingy living in Singapore, promoting business for a Chinese ship chandlers' firm. In his off-hours, he is a pimp who dreams of running the most posh whorehouse in the world, though he spends most of his time at a bar. So does an out-of-work Englishman, played by James Villiers, whom the script—by Howard Sackler, Paul Theroux, and Mr. Bogdanovich—causes to utter some Anglicisms that are not out of date but were never in date. William Leigh, an English accountant played by Denholm Elliott, becomes the improbable friend of Jack Flowers. They are people who would be least likely to get on with each other, if it were not that they are the two stars. That seems to be one of the things that are awry with the movie: it is steeped in the world of film (Mr. Bogdanovich was once a film critic, and a good one, besides having a longish directing career, which began with a stage production of Clifford Odets' "The Big Knife" and went on to such films as "Targets" and "The Last Picture Show") rather than in the world of events. Picturemaking is about life, and life is not spent in screening rooms.

First, the clichés to wish away. Jack Flowers, the American, is a character with a dream: so, the sentimental commonplace that America is full of people with dreams. No. It is a place as full of people with concrete problems as any other. And William Leigh, the visiting Englishman, lives in the past: so, the sentimental commonplace that England is obsessed with the past, as though Harrods weren't crowded with Arabs, and as though oil hadn't been



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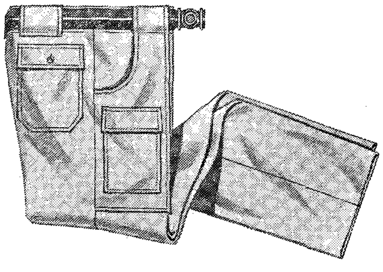

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discovered under Corfe Castle, in Dorset. Again, no. England has a long historical memory, but she lives in the present and the future, with a good deal of grace and innovative intelligence. The film often feeds stale assumptions.

Second, the things to celebrate. Good to see Mr. Bogdanovich making a film again. Good to watch the Actors' Studio alive in Ben Gazzara's performance. And good to watch Gazzara working with Denholm Elliott, who is one of the very best of his generation of English actors, a most gifted and fleet-minded performer. He brings the fresh and the succinct to this part. William Leigh has humor about himself. When he is told by the Ben Gazzara character to quit apologizing, he says with no underlay of apology that "it's a British pastime—all we've got left." The performance is not at all apologetic. At their best, the other performances, too, have a good deal of such irony. They also give us a theme to celebrate: through them, "Saint Jack" considers the question of the false faces kept up by people who have been in exile for a long time. The leading characters pine nationalistically for a world of nationalism long dead. They cling to impossible friendships in an unfriendly land. They dress to remind themselves of lost lives. At night, one guesses, they dream only of the past. Theirs is not a world of venture. Owing to the performances, the film's most serious point is that we are in the presence of people who cannot adapt. The heroes live on regret, which is a diet to kill a man.

"THE AMERICAN GAME," written and directed by Jay Freund and David Wolf, takes the form of a semi-documentary to show us the pressure there is on promising young sportsmen in this continent. The stress we see at work has to do with an emphasis on success, on prowess, on winning. The film is indeed about the American game: the immediate game being basketball, the metaphorical game being the rewards and punishments doled out to athletes, black and white. The two heroes are both seventeen years old. Brian Walker, playing himself, is from Lebanon, Indiana. Stretch Graham, also playing himself, is from Brooklyn, New York. We see the boys being yelled at by coaches. We see that it is their simple achievement in sports which is going to get them from high school into college. We hear the hysteria of the watching crowds. We observe the unkind process by which

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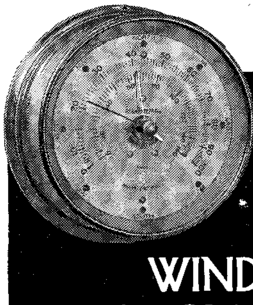

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barely formed young men are turned, without learning, and without any grace or love from their elders, into "superstars."

The photography of the picture—by Robert Elfstrom and Peter Powell, who both also directed, on location—is planned to seem hasty and fuddled, and so expresses exactly the point of the work. This is a most compassionate film about the predicament of young men who are used and abused for sheer power of muscle, who have been pushed to value drive, who have been given no notion of a possible life elsewhere. To play on behalf of their immediate locality and epoch is all they are allowed; to win is all their society permits them to aspire to. Even Brian's mother, watching the game in the audience, grows as hectic as any teenage cheerleader. This meditative picture tells us something crucial about the loneliness of young athletes in America who are pressed into the business of "succeeding" for lack of any option of repose handed down from another generation. Their coaches, gray-haired, who are in a position to give them such an option, are shown to be adolescently frenetic for prizes. So are their teachers. All the older people behave like toddlers thumping on their high chairs, and fail sorely in the obligations of their seniority by opening no doors to the next generation. "The American Game" raises all sorts of thoughtful questions to do with the age ghetto into which young Americans tend to be put, so that they have no access to the accumulation of thought behind them. We see young men who have no friends among people of another generation; instead, there are only frantic older people intent on retaining a proxy youth for themselves. Nothing of value is being handed down. What a sane and benevolent picture. —PENELOPE GILLIATT

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RECIPE CORRECTION

Sunday's recipe for Apricot Custard Pie should have listed the ingredients as including 1 can (16 to 17 oz.) peeled apricots instead of potatoes. The News regrets the typographical error.—*Lima (Ohio) News.*

It wasn't bad. We topped it with sour cream.

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Viewed at a distance the current acrylic looks like an abstract, but up close it is realistic, showing Mickey Mouse characters as inhabitants of a town doing various things.—*Sunday Denver Post.*

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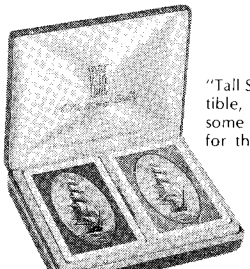

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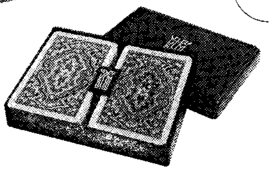

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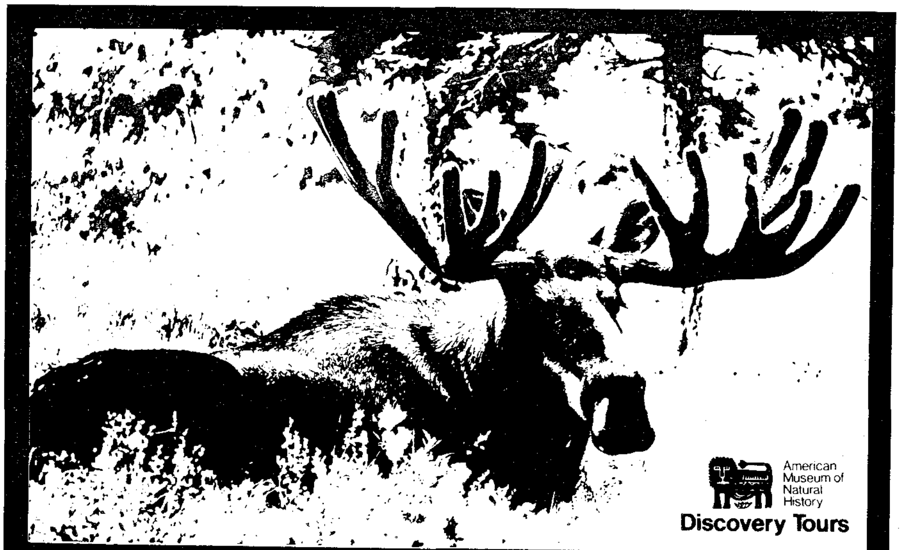

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MUSICAL EVENTS

British Worthy

PURCELL's "Dido and Aeneas" has not lacked praise, but I don't think it has been praised enough. Jack Westrup, in the Master Musicians volume on the composer, calls it "a masterpiece, but not, as is sometimes claimed, a flawless masterpiece." Robert Etheridge Moore, in "Henry Purcell and the Restoration Theatre," calls it a "dramatic masterpiece" and yet not "by any means a flawless work." Joseph Kerman, in "Opera as Drama," speaks of its "dramatic perfection" but finds the recitative "impersonal, courtly, and bombastic." All three commentators suggest that the expression of Aeneas' agony on receiving the apparently divine command to leave Carthage, desert Dido, and found Rome is somewhat perfunctory. And I, who sometimes think that "Dido and Aeneas" is just about the only flawless opera—well, remembering "Così Fan Tutte," perhaps I should say the only flawless operatic tragedy—ever written, would claim that Aeneas' soliloquy at the end of Act II is a perfectly proportioned piece of composition, exactly what is called for at this crisis in the drama. The harmonies are wrested as violently as the hero's heart; his E-major cry of "Yours be the blame, ye Gods, for I obey your will" sounds an ironic echo of his boast in Act I that he will "defie the Feeble stroke of Destiny." Here Aeneas, in Acts I and III a suppliant, comes into his own. The outer acts belong to Dido, but in Act II she sings only a single couplet. The words ("The Skies are Clouded") are ominous; the harmony, decorated fanfares of D-major, points to the G-minor of her final entrance and lament; the figuration adumbrates the violent phrases in which she is to dismiss Aeneas.

Nahum Tate's libretto has come in for its share of scorn. His seven-line stanza for Dido's lament, it's been said, doesn't scan:

Thy Hand, *Belinda*, darkness shades me,
On thy Bosom let me rest,
More I wou'd but Death invades me.
Death is now a Welcom Guest.
When I am laid in Earth [may] my wrongs Create
No trouble in thy Breast,
Remember me, but ah! forget my Fate.

These are verses of a kind that Dryden, in the preface to *his* libretto for Purcell, "King Arthur, or The British Worthy," described as "rugged to the Reader, that they may be harmonious to the Hearer." He knew that "the Numbers of Poetry and Vocal Musick . . . are sometimes contrary." And Tate plainly knew it, too. Purcell sets Tate's first four lines in recitative; the skillful construction of the last three (Purcell added the "may") allows him to expand them into that great lament declaimed in spans of four, five, six, or seven bars over a regular five-bar ground bass. Dido's first air has a five-line stanza:

Ah! *Belinda*, I am prest
With Torment not to be confest.
Peace and I are Strangers grown.
I Languish till my Grief is known,
Yet wou'd not have it Guest.

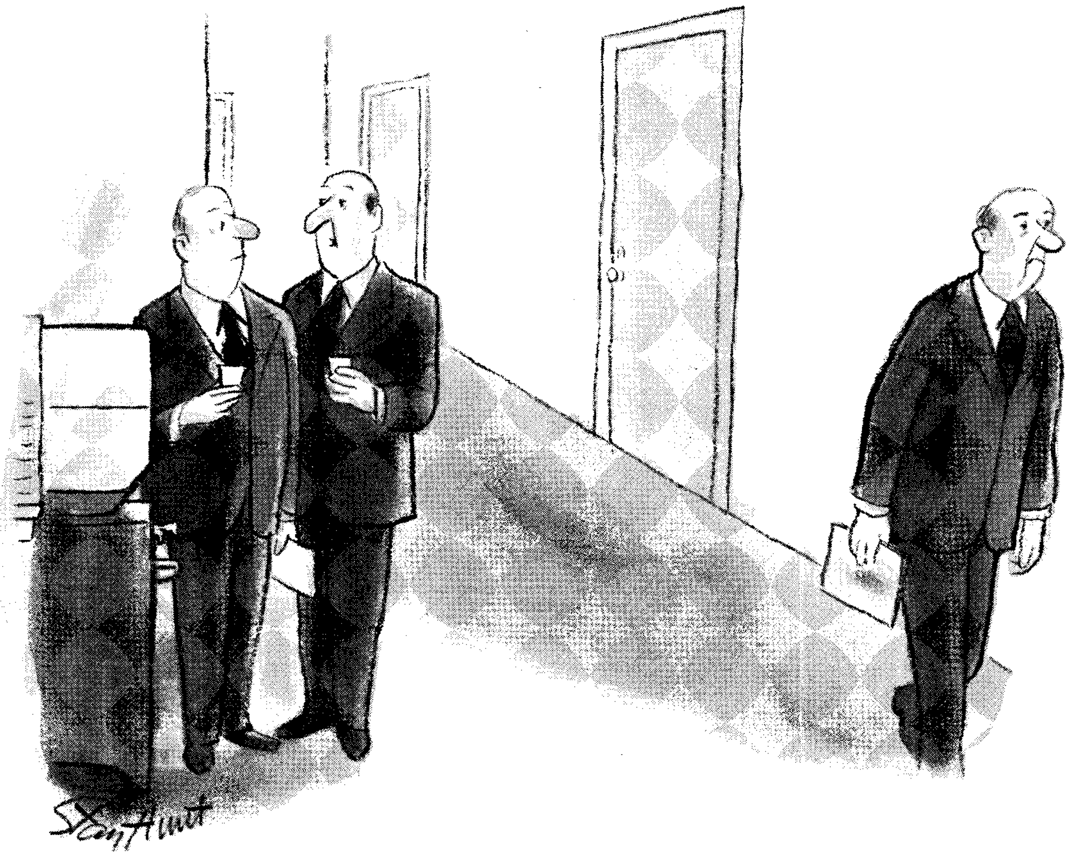
Here Purcell sets the first two lines as arioso, the last three as an air in periods of four, five, or six bars; and he binds arioso and air together by placing both of them over a four-bar ground bass. In both the air and the lament, the vocal and the ground-bass cadences seldom coincide: the repeated bass treads on inexorably, while the song flows and surges with the heroine's thoughts, falls silent for a moment, rings out again, repeats words with a new, fierce intensity. In both pieces, when the singer is done—in Westrup's words, "when the heart is so charged that there is nothing more to add"—the strings alone take over the burden. Neither piece comes to a full close but flows on into the next number. Tate's libretto seems to me at once settable, subtle, and beautiful. The Trojan sailors' lusty, insouciant farewell to their Carthaginian lasses forms a potent prelude to and commentary on Aeneas' desertion of Dido. Less obviously, the epithalamic wish so brightly sung near the start of the opera, "*Cupids* Strew your path with Flowers," finds its tragic fulfillment in the final chorus:

With drooping Wings you Cupids come,
To scatter Roses on her Tomb.

Purcell must have known both Lully's and Carissimi's music. He commanded both the French and the Italian manners, and to them he added a mastery of English declamation which has never been excelled. He discovered for himself operatic secrets known to Monteverdi: the balance of free declamation and formal structure, the matching of dissonance and resolution to emotional tension and release, a control of dramatic tempo—knowing when to bate, when to press on—and a feeling for melodic contour and vocal register that make inner emotion explicit. Moreover, he and Tate anticipated what Gluck and Calzabigi, seventy years later, were to strive for in "Orfeo": directness of dramatic expression, an absence of frills, the presentation of a coherent drama that moves swiftly—but variously, through scenes of changing emotion—to its tragic close, and a protagonist who, with dignity and passion, sings from the heart to touch the hearts of all who listen.

This masterpiece was composed, probably in 1689, for performance at a boarding school for young gentlewomen in Chelsea. (Would that all girls' schools, boys' schools, mixed schools, and music schools regularly commissioned end-of-term operas from the leading composers of their countries.) Purcell did not have to provide the pomp, the spectacle, the elaborate divertissements expected by the Dorset Garden or Drury Lane audiences. "Dido" is still done by schools (the first modern staging, in 1895, was by the Royal College of Music, and the first American staging, in 1932, was by the Juilliard), but as early as 1700 it was taken into the professional repertory. It is one of those necessary works—like Handel's "Semele," "Fidelio," and Mozart's operas from "Idomeneo" onward—that an opera lover grows hungry for if much more than a year passes without a performance to nourish him. A long procession of Didos is likely to fill his memory. (In mine, Kirsten Flagstad, Joan Cross, Teresa Berganza, Kiri Te Kanawa, and Janet Baker are among the more famous—the first the most heroic and majestic and the last the most passionate of all.) "Dido" had been missing from New York for six years—since the Mini-Met presentation of 1973—when the City Opera mounted its new production. Alas, it was a performance almost without merit, put on by a team—Cal Stewart Kellogg as conductor, Frank Corsaro as director ("pantomime scenes directed in collaboration with George Balanchine"), Rouben Ter-Arutunian as designer, and Peter Martins as choreographer—none of whom showed any feeling for the style and structure of Purcell's opera.

The first mistake was probably to choose the "realization" of the score by Benjamin Britten and Imogen Holst rather than a cleaner, less richly elaborated edition. Some of the har-



"Perkins is one of the mainstays around here."

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monies and some of the verbal underlay in the Britten-Holst version seem to me dubious—but that's a matter for musicological debate. In other ways, the score is a dangerous one to put into the hands of performers unversed in Purcell. The profusion of added expression marks, the shifts of tempo and dynamics, the exhortations like "forceful," "more intense," "animated" represent the ideas of two master Purcellians—tips, hints toward an eloquent performance—but in my experience they have invariably led (except in performances by Britten's own company, the English Opera Group) to slow, heavy, overrhetorical execution. The very look of the pages in the edition edited by Margaret Laurie and Thurston Dart is lighter, less emphatic, less fulsomely romantic. "Interpretation" is already written into the Britten-Holst text; when performers go on to "interpret" that text still further, the results can be disastrous. "Dido" is announced for revival next season. When it returns, the conductor must be urged to put down his baton and, a harpsichord in front of him and a cellist at his elbow, in the continuo-supported recitatives and airs accompany the singers. These passages no more need "conducting" than a lieder singer and her accompanist do. This season, Mr. Kellogg beat out recitatives in 4/4, sometimes with subdivisions. Almost all his tempi were too slow; often they were lugubrious. Almost all his rhythms plodded. Each movement closed with a broad ritardando. (Ritardando was even practiced by the offstage echoes, with comic effect.) The life was drained from number after number. Some rehearsals at which the text is spoken, not sung, and the singers' faults of emphasis, inflection, and speed are corrected might be helpful.

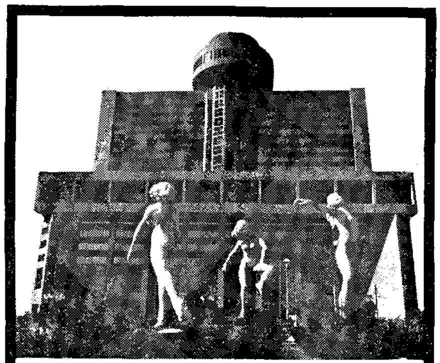
The set and the staging are unfortunately beyond repair. The set has a gaudy disco floor and at the back a flimsy triple portico, shopwindowy classical. Dido is wrapped in transparent shower curtains, one trimmed with black and another with flowers, and she goes to her death wearing only gold smallclothes and a tall crown. "See your Royal Guest appears," Belinda cries in Act I; "How God-like is the Form he bears"—and Aeneas slopes on wearing a nightdress and a necklace. The two Witches are deaf, and use ear trumpets to catch what the Sorceress says. In an epilogue to the Chelsea performance, Lady Dorothy Burk said:

> Like nimble Fawns, and Birds
>   that bless the Spring,
> Unscarr'd by turning Times we
>   dance and sing.

The City Opera chorus didn't dance. Cloaked and masked, as if for Stravinsky's "Oedipus Rex," it stood motionless on either side of the stage and sang like a well-drilled choral society, not like courtiers, sailors, and witches cackling with melodious laughter. Dancers played at being courtiers, witches, trees, animals, sailors.

The heroines of the three principal "Dido" productions staged in Britain this season were Janet Baker (whom, many years ago, in the Great Hall of Hampton Court, I heard as a memorable Sorceress), Sandra Browne (a Trinidadian mezzo who made her début as Man Friday in Offenbach's "Robinson Crusoe," six years ago), and Ann Murray (who also came to prominence as Man Friday, five years ago). There are surely many American sopranos or mezzos who would be good in the role. The City Opera imported Miss Browne, who was not very good. A London colleague complained, rightly, of her "weightily romantic style." In the huge, unresonant space of the State Theatre, and at Mr. Kellogg's snail's-pace tempi, she seemed to be pushing for sound and altogether missing the sense of the great role. David Holloway's Aeneas was a hangdog cipher. Janice Hall's Belinda and Rose-Marie Freni's Sorceress were promising but needed instruction.

"Dido" lasts less than an hour (except when Mr. Kellogg conducts it; he made it last about ten minutes over the hour). Finding an apt companion piece (or pieces) is not easy. This season, Scottish Opera played it on a triple bill with Gustav Holst's "Savitri" and Edward Harper's "Fanny Robin," based on Hardy. English National Opera North, Britain's latest full-scale opera company, in Leeds, played it with Poulenc's "Les Mamelles de Tirésias," and so did the English National Opera, in London (same staging, different cast and conductor). Opera Integra, also in London, played it with Monteverdi's "Il Ballo delle Ingrate." The City Opera paired it, not happily, with a ballet, "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," choreographed by Balanchine and Jerome Robbins to some of the Strauss incidental music for Hofmannsthal's adap-



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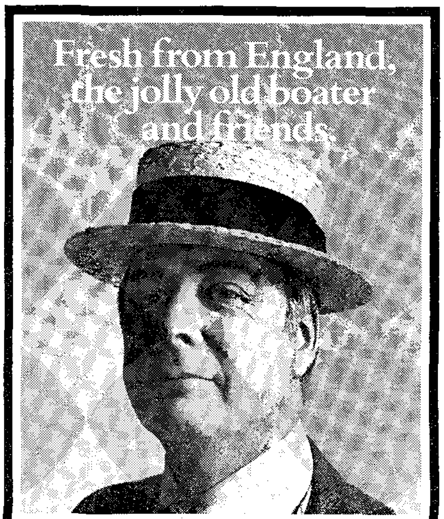
tation of the Molière play. Arlene Croce writes about "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme" elsewhere in this issue.

IF Purcell's school opera is something professionals have taken up, his large professional operas have become something hardly performable today except by schools that have departments of singing, playing, acting, dancing, and stage design. A typical stage direction (from "The Fairy Queen") is:

> The scene changes to a great wood; a long row of large trees on each side; a river in the middle; two rows of lesser trees of a different kind just on the side of the river, which meet in the middle, and make so many arches; two great dragons make a bridge over the river; their bodies form two arches, through which two swans are seen in the river at a great distance.... While a symphony's playing, the two swans come swimming on through the arches to the bank of the river, as if they would land; these turn themselves into fairies, and dance; at the same time the bridge vanishes, and the trees that were arched, raise themselves upright.

"King Arthur," "The Fairy Queen," "The Indian Queen," and (whoever composed it) "The Tempest" are none of them what Purcell himself, in a preface to "The Fairy Queen," considered a real opera in the Italian or French sense—"a story sung with proper action." "Dido" is such a real opera. In the others, the principals don't sing; they speak. Music is allotted to fairies, magicians, rustics, warrior bands, and the like, and consecutive stretches of music are in the main reserved for masques dropped more or less appropriately into the action. They are odd, extravagant works. Attempts to "rescue" them for the modern stage by drastic reördering and by such expedients as adding scenes of Shakespeare to "The Fairy Queen" and "The Tempest" have seldom been successful. These Baroque entertainments were not carelessly or cynically composed. They are carefully balanced. The genre is unfamiliar, and what John Evelyn called "a mercenary theatre"—or even a state-supported theatre—might balk at engaging threefold casts led by the best actors, singers, and dancers of the day. But I wish the Juilliard would mount a full-scale, uncut Purcell-Dryden presentation, one in which the students in every division would have a chance to show their mettle. Properly coördinated, directed by someone with a real understanding of what English Baroque opera was meant to be, such a show might be a revelation. "King Arthur" can hardly be unstageworthy. It was first put on by Betterton, with him in the title role,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in 1691, and it held the boards for a hundred and fifty years. Garrick revived it in the late eighteenth century, and Macready in the mid-nineteenth. Kemble played Arthur. Mrs. Siddons played Emmeline. There was a New York production, at the Park Theatre, in 1800—and an Atlanta production in 1968. Concert performances of the musical sections—introduced by brief narratives and mere scraps of dialogue, and shorn of their essential scenic element—afford no more than a hint of what a complete "King Arthur" might be. But they do allow us, at least, to enjoy Purcell's fine theatre music in its musical aspects.

The 92nd Street Y Chorale, conducted by Amy Kaiser, performed the music from "King Arthur" last week, and it was good to hear it. The chorus, composed of dedicated amateurs, was alert, lively, and accomplished. There were twelve soloists, and to a woman or man they sang in a fresh, forthright, unfancified way that was most taking. The sopranos Nadia Bach and Rosemary George, the tenor Robert Guarino, and the bass Phillip Sneed must have special mention. Sometimes there was too little feeling for Dryden's verse. Two sirens "arise from the water," "show themselves to the waist," and sing cajolingly to Arthur:

> Come Bath with us an Hour or two,
> Come Naked in, for we are so;
> What Danger from a Naked Foe?

But in this performance their words went almost for nothing; I doubt whether anyone not using a text even caught them. Miss Kaiser set apt tempi. There was none of the heaviness that distorted the City Opera "Dido," but some of the numbers in dance rhythms were too jerky, not lilting enough in their flow. The performance was given in the Buttenweiser Hall of the Y. It is not an elegant or a distinguished piece of architecture. Unlike the Great Hall of Hampton Court, Inigo Jones's Banqueting House, or Thomas Archer's St. John's, Smith Square, it lends no incidental charm to Purcell's music. No café, no buffet in the building provided cheer during the intermission or after the show. (Even after six years here, I'm surprised at the graceless conditions New York concertgoers accept as a matter of course.) But it was the right size for the performance. Every detail told. —ANDREW PORTER

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CULTURAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

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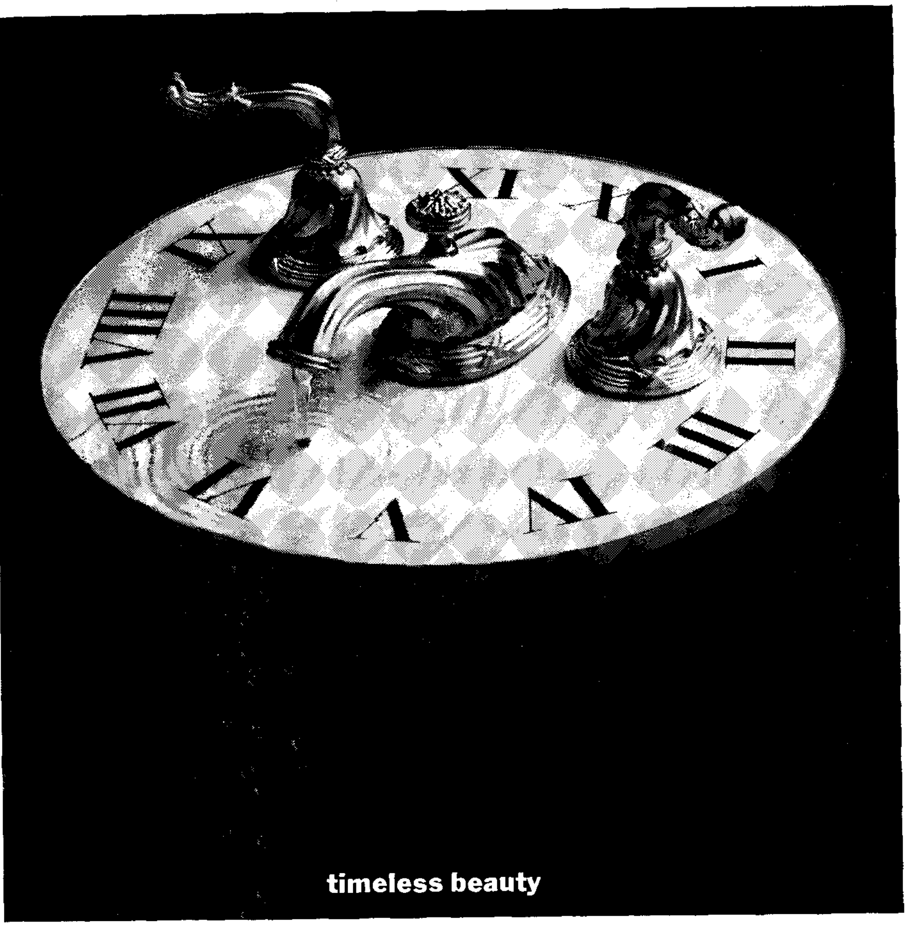

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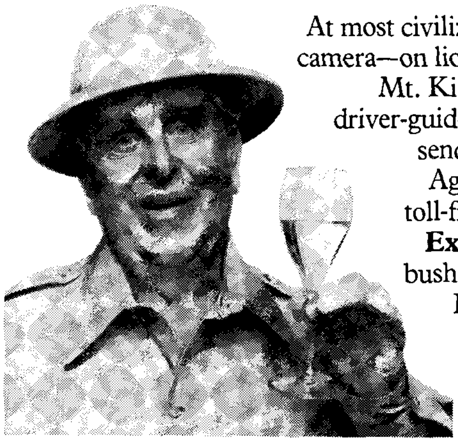
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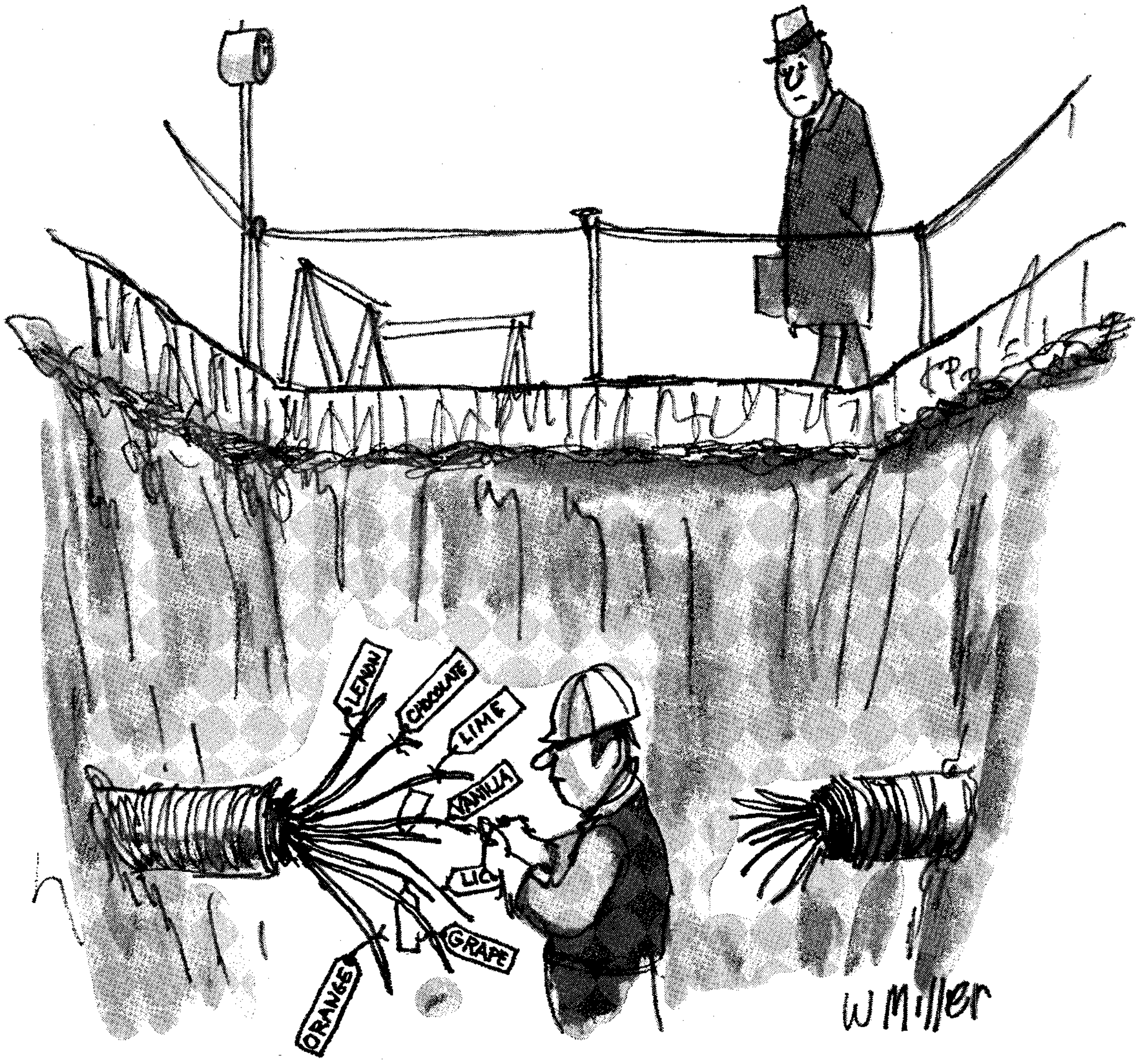
THE AIR

Surprised in Iowa; Surprised in Nam

FOR some time now, people have been trying to tell us about the Vietnam War. First, there were the journalistic reports of the "working press"—those newspaper, wire-service, and TV reporters whose involvement and perspective often ran strangely parallel to those of the military; that is, the journalists in the field spent their energies and risked their lives covering details—pieces of a mosaic whose entirety, it turned out, was a larger tableau that the media commanders back in New York seemed generally unwilling to reveal to (or inflict upon) the giant audience that was witnessing the day-by-day activities. Then came the synthesizing journalists, often for magazines (such as David Halberstam and Frances FitzGerald), who foraged for details not merely among the military but in Washington politics and Vietnamese history, and fashioned their own mosaic pictures. After them came the novelists and story writers—usually young men who had been there (such as Winston Groom, Michael Herr, and Tim O'Brien)—who brought emotion and passion to the story and, in the manner of storytellers, attempted to make public sense of what had happened in terms of their private experience. Still later came the moviemakers (often tutored to their new perspectives by the work of journalists and often borrowing or appropriating the hard-won private vision of the novelists), to create—and, having created it, to play into—a quasi-artistic and by now almost conventionalized public idea of the war. And, finally, as of a week ago, with ABC's three-hour presentation of "Friendly Fire," the Vietnam War returned, so to speak, to television—to that mass, living-room audience where it would not be quite fair to say that the war had actually started but where the American public's first and continuing glimpses of it had largely taken place.

I much admired C. D. B. Bryan's "Friendly Fire" when it appeared in this magazine and then (in a somewhat expanded version) as a book, which was well received and considerably read. It seemed to me to represent the better sort of journalism which was possible in this country. That is, it was a careful and feeling work—with an emphasis on both those words—not exploiting or living parasitically off the actual material of life but treating its subjects with the respect of really noticing them, and of not being afraid to let emotion show itself and run its course. It was also a work of great restraint, of necessary restraint, and as I watched the "big sell" ad campaign that preceded the TV showing I wondered if the television version would be able to hit and keep the pitch of restraint that had made the literary version succeed so well. But it turned out that there was no need to worry. "Friendly Fire" on television was first-rate, and much of the credit must surely go to Fay Kanin, the screenwriter (and co-producer), who knew just what to do with Bryan's book about Gene and Peg Mullen, of La Porte City, Iowa, and what happened to them after their son was killed by "friendly fire" in Vietnam. What she *didn't* do, to begin with, was what so many other film or TV people do when they buy a literary property: she didn't entomb it with reverence and she didn't rip it off with hype. Bryan's book, for example, is quite long, and even wordy in places; Kanin's screenplay was uncommonly spare and yet seemed exactly true to the sense of the story. Most important, Kanin and the director, David Greene, seemed to have enough trust in the material not to feel that they had to mess around with it by throwing in extraneous and attention-grabbing visual effects; there was a blessed absence of those phony energizing bits of visual punctuation or vocabulary which film people are so fond of using—rather as some writers use supercharged phrases when they don't have any-



thing to say. Kanin's script obviously had some problems to solve—notably, how to make a filmically interesting story out of situations that mostly involve people talking indoors. But she did it the only way she could have: by trusting the actors and the characterizations, and also by not letting on too visibly that she was solving problems; in other words, you hardly ever felt manipulated by the camera—pulled in or out of the house because the director now wanted some fresh air, now wanted to get back to the story. As Gene Mullen, Ned Beatty was terrific. Charles Durning might also have done well in the role, but Durning already has too much pain in his face. Beatty's face is that of a simple man whose face is still waiting for pain, though its fleshy solidity and smoothness seem likely to resist it. Carol Burnett played the more complicated role of Peg Mullen, and though I have read a few comments to the effect that she overplayed the part—took it too seriously, in other words—I couldn't find much evidence of that on the screen. The role is fairly tricky, I think, because Peg is required both to be simple and homespun—a farmer's wife—and to be politically intelligent and enterprising, and it seemed to me that Burnett handled it with great skill and assurance. There was no feeling of impersonation in the part, as sometimes happens when an actor or actress steps from specialty roles (for instance, Burnett's comic housewives) into a larger characterization. Peg Mullen is clearly a considerable person, and Burnett occupied her space effectively, in her own right.

In fact, if I have one question about "Friendly Fire" it has to do with Bryan's basic conception of Peg Mullen's character, for though Peg Mullen is obviously a real person, and Bryan, in the spirit of a careful journalist, was faithful to observable details, all the same a journalist is not unlike a novelist—or, indeed, anyone else—in that in the end he sees whatever his eyes (or mind or soul) tell him to see. In Bryan's case, it seems to me that what he first saw in Peg Mullen was an Iowa farmer's wife whose son had been killed in Vietnam and who was protesting the war, and though he gradually came to see that there were clues in her background which might help to explain the emotional velocity of her protest, and though he tried to deal as a journalist with these clues, and though he later came to know her personally and intellectually in a somewhat more complicated light, still his instinctive sense

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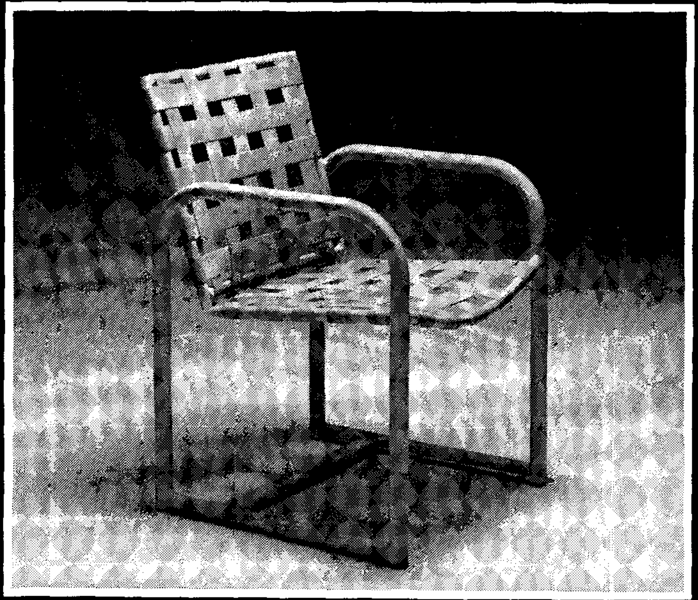

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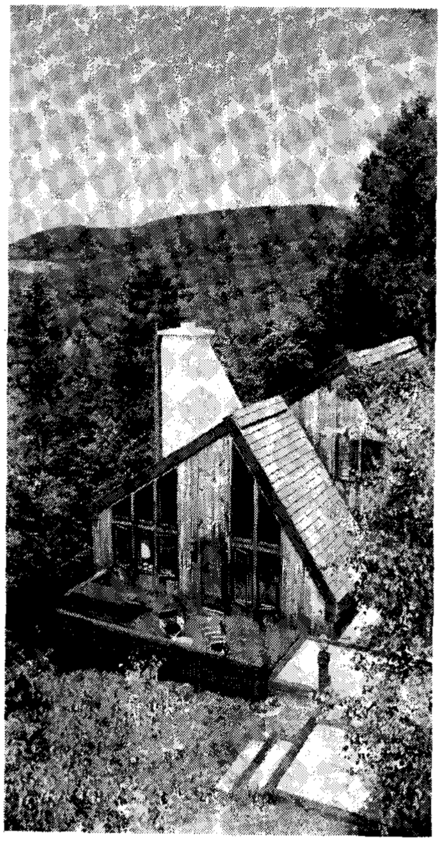

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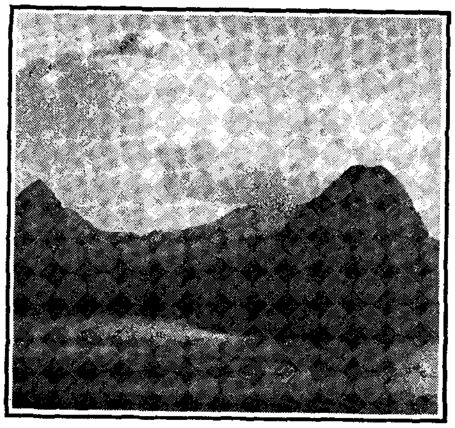

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of Mrs. Mullen was perhaps his first one—that of the farmer's wife—and this is the characterization on which his book was based. Of course, Peg Mullen *was* a farmer's wife. Gene Mullen had some farm acreage in Iowa, though he mainly worked at the nearby John Deere plant, and Peg was his wife. But, as Bryan informs us early in his book, she was also some other things. For one, she was a Catholic in a predominantly Protestant town. For another, she was an active Democrat in historic Republican territory. And even before her son Michael went off to war she was a member of Another Mother for Peace. So it is not altogether impossible to see in Peg Mullen someone rather different from the simple farmer's wife who, when she turned against the war, symbolized an element of the conservative bedrock of our society turning against its own establishment. Secular values have reached rural towns by now, but, even so, how *establishmentarian* could it have been to have spent a lifetime in a small town as a member of a Catholic minority? What room could there have been in the political bedrock of Republican Iowa for an active Democrat? In fact, far from being entrenched at the solid center of her community, was not Peg Mullen necessarily something of an outsider—someone whose life, *even before the story began,* already intersected the community at a fairly sharp angle? Bryan didn't attempt to conceal these aspects of the Mullens' life, and even tried to tell us about them, as the TV version also tried to do. Yet I think that his heart wasn't really in the message, for I wouldn't be surprised if his own sense of being an outsider in Iowa made it difficult (even impossible) for him to see the Mullens as outsiders there, too—as people whose lives had already been shaped long before the war along a kind of gutty, minority, anti-establishment bias, and for whom the war, with its personal tragedy of a son's death, then became an occasion for the acting out, so to speak, of a lifetime of pent-up protest.

"Friendly Fire" (both versions) tried to do justice to this dilemma in the final part of the story, when Bryan (played a bit too sweetly by Sam Waterston) goes off on his own to find out what really happened to Michael Mullen in Vietnam. After many months of legwork, he discovers that Michael's death was *not* really a result of criminal or malicious negligence, and that the commanding officer was *not* a callow swine, and that the "cov-

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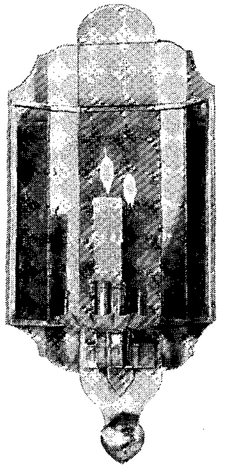

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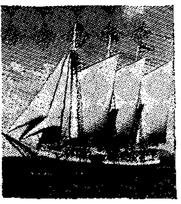

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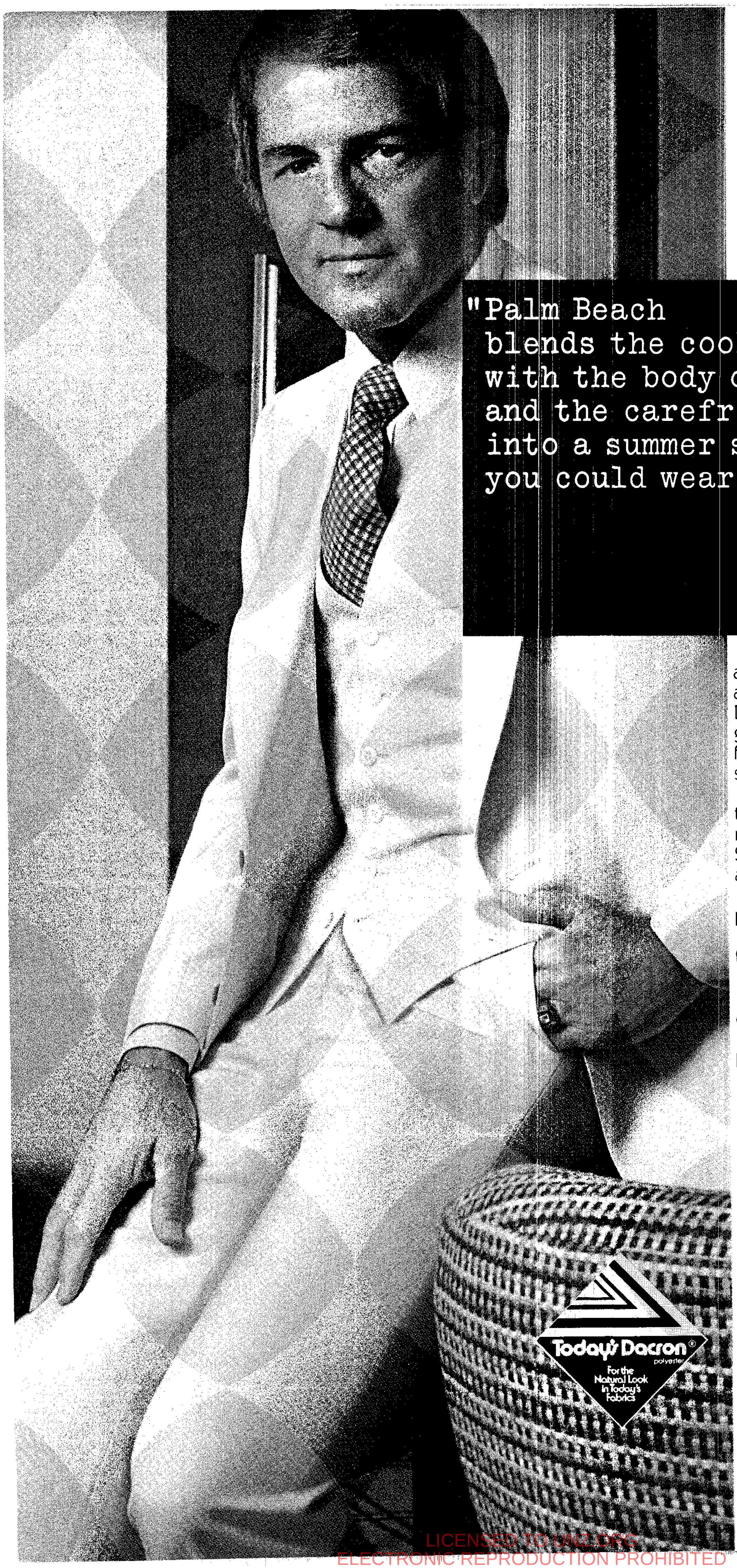
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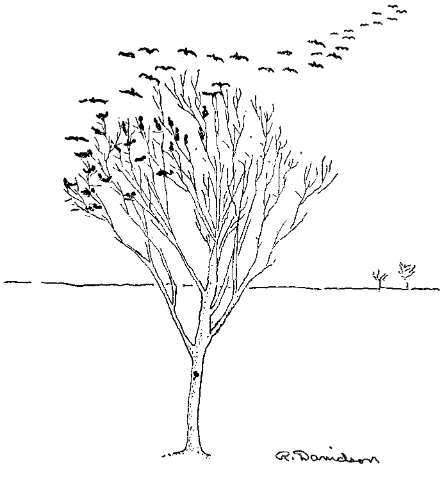
erup" that had so exercised the Mullens had been more a matter of bureaucratic bumbling than a conspiracy. But when he tells Gene and Peg Mullen of his discoveries, rather expecting them to be pleased or relieved to learn the truth, they turn against him. They are off on their own trip, and Bryan has spoiled their version of the story. In the very end, the TV version—in its one weak moment—tries to resolve the Mullens' estrangement from the author, though Bryan's narrative clearly left the matter unresolved. But whether the situation is resolved or not is of less interest than the evidently unsimple and unconventional forces that brought it about in the first place.

Still, I don't believe it's really fair or sensible to criticize Bryan for having portrayed the Mullens one way rather than another, since he attempted to at least suggest both perspectives and since his fine book succeeds as a whole. But I mention the question about the Mullens—about Peg's being intrinsically overdefined as a farmer's wife—because it seems to me that what nearly all Vietnam narratives have in common (be they journalistic or novelistic, written or filmed) is that they represent a private or special version of events. Thus, Peg and Gene Mullen had *their* version of the story—which required a military or establishment conspiracy against them to complete it. But so did Bryan have *his*—which required a simple, rural, Middle American couple to finally see the light. And at the heart of all the various, essentially private narratives—to an extent, I suspect, that has no parallel in the literature of other wars—seems to be a new emotion in the long history of storytelling about war: the emotion of self-conscious *surprise*. Sometimes, in our new Vietnam stories, the surprise is shown by men in combat situations—young men shocked by bloodshed, death, or injury. Sometimes it is shown by civil-



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ians—for instance, Carol Burnett's Peg Mullen, who is so outraged and astonished that the Army cannot furnish the coffin escort she had asked for and cannot ship their son's body back with a prescribed date and time of arrival. I note that I have just written the words "shocked," "outraged," and "astonished" in order to avoid repeating the word "surprise" too many times, but surprise is what I meant. In some ways, surprise is a much weaker and younger or less elevated emotion than, say, shock or outrage. Shock pertains to trauma, and outrage is a form of rage, outer-directed; at any rate, it is an emotion that comes from knowing where one is. The man who curses the gods usually knows where he stands, and doesn't like it. Surprise, however, is the small voice that says, "Gosh, how did I get here? How did this happen to me? Where am I now?" In most of our Vietnam film narratives, one often sees people speaking with what appear to be the force and confidence of outrage, but in fact the sound, when it finally reaches our ears, is usually the sound of something much closer to mere surprise. I felt this when I was watching the movies "Coming Home" and "The Deer Hunter," and I felt it also the other evening watching "Friendly Fire;" and though I imagine that the underlying reasons for this widespread and surely idiosyncratic response to a war will defy sociological detectives for many years, it occurred to me that perhaps I had a kind of amateur's clue to the situation in the form of an immense, unasked-for volume that thudded toward me through the mail recently: a directory, complete with the usual eerie photographs and semi-fraudulent biographical material, of my old college classmates.

What has this to do with Vietnam, you may ask. I will try to tell you, as briefly and simply as possible. As I looked through the book in front of me, in addition to thinking the typically ironic thoughts about the thousand or so overstuffed or hollow-eyed countenances beaming up from page after page, I found myself inescapably thinking back to the time when I was in college, in the early fifties, and to the generality of my classmates, and, especially, to what it was like, in the summer of 1952, for all of us to leave college and head out into the world. In a strange way, the college ambience of that era seems somehow closer to my present sensibilities than the "real" world at that time, though doubtless that is the result of deceptive nostalgia.

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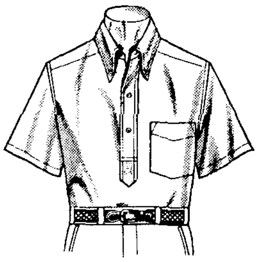

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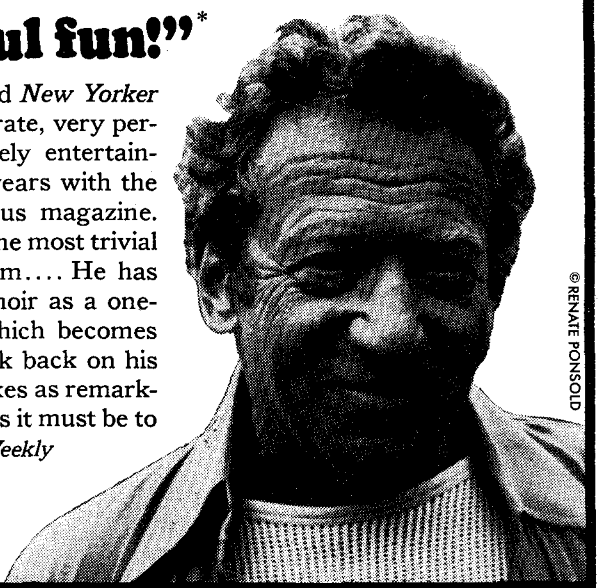
At any rate, what I mainly remember about the world of the nineteen-fifties that we walked out into was that it was a place of Beginnings—and a time of Beginnings. There was still rubble in Europe, but one of the predominant images of the time was of flowers growing out of the rubble. Some people fussed about the dangers of nuclear testing, but our leaders spoke about "atoms for peace." The "Cold War" was vaguely and distantly troubling, as was the Korean War, but it was clear that these weren't real wars. The real war was over. General Eisenhower, as if to personally symbolize the transformation of swords into ploughshares, had become President Eisenhower. The brave new world was finally at hand, and we were ready—all quite pleased, really—to move into it.

The trouble was—and it was a trouble that affected more than a college class, more, even, than a single generation—that we all seemed to have wandered into one of those science-fiction time-warp scenarios. It wasn't so much that we were in the wrong place at the right time, or the right place at the wrong time, as that time itself was out of kilter. We were under the impression that a war had taken place that had finished with the old ways, and that now, with the flowers growing out of the rubble, we were about to head off into New Time. But, as it later turned out, we weren't in New Time yet. As it later turned out, we were still in Old Time. The war was technically, observably, factually over, but President Eisenhower (as it later turned out) was our last great pre-war President. In fact, in the nineteen-fifties we had two splendid terms of a great pre-war Presidency, in which, far from making any Beginnings, we tried to solidify pre-war manners, pre-war literature, pre-war sexuality, pre-war politics, pre-war race relations, pre-war foreign relations, and so forth, until somewhere in the sixties (somewhere between Alabama and Vietnam), the pre-war world ended, ground to a halt, and New Time finally began—accompanied by the trauma and delight and pain that usually accompany birth. And so there were for many of us *a lot of surprises!* My generation, true to its sober, tight-lipped instincts, tried to cushion the numerous explosions in the manner of brave, doomed soldiers falling on hand grenades—the shrapnel of new sexuality, new music, new relationships, and upset values thudding into our guts as we tried to put a good face on things and carry on. But the



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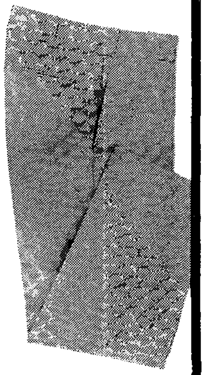

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Peaceable Kingdom of Eisenhower, which had seemed so safe and stable with all the lights turned off, now, with strobe lamps flickering from all directions, became transformed into the topsy-turvy land of surprises, some good, some bad, some happy, some sad—where the condition of *being surprised* ("Gosh, how did I get here? How did this happen to me? Where am I now?") came to be raised to the position of a sort of modern virtue. And beneath all the hurly-burly and the hubbub, beneath the attempts of people to settle down and attain a condition (possibly preferable for grownups) of being not unsurprisable but unsurprised, hummed the new music of Communications. Communications, for example, helped tell Gene and Peg Mullen about the war and somehow helped them focus their feelings against it—which was doubtless a good thing. But communications also implied to the Mullens that they lived in a world so cozy and controllable that if their poor son should lose his life in a far-off jungle they would be in all sorts of direct communication *with* the event and *about* the event and with persons *pertaining* to the event—communication of such efficiency and intricacy that anyone from fifty years ago would think the Mullens mad for expecting to have such information at their fingertips. But expect it they did. When their son died, from a badly targeted "friendly" artillery round, they helplessly and angrily asked the new god for answers, but instead of keeping silence, as gods commonly do, thereby requiring men to converse with their own souls and so heal themselves, the new god chattered on, with teletype messages and pay vouchers and grave-registration forms, all of which were essentially incomplete communications, or, at least, unsatisfactory to the Mullens, whose hearts were broken, one imagines, first by their son's death and then, over again, by the chattering of the communications machines they had wanted so badly to be plugged into.

—MICHAEL J. ARLEN

•

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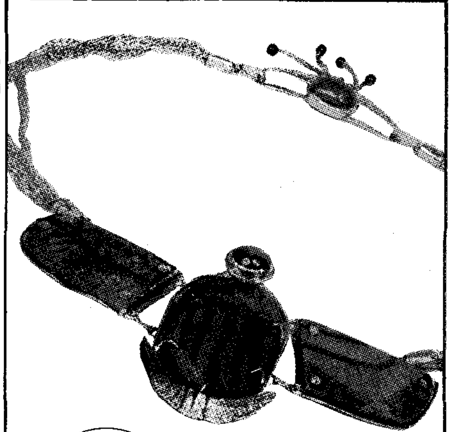

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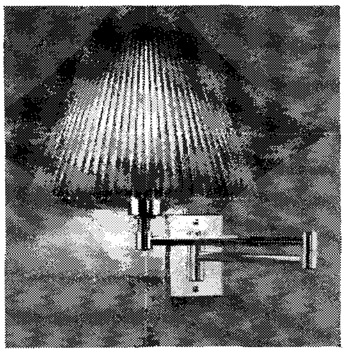

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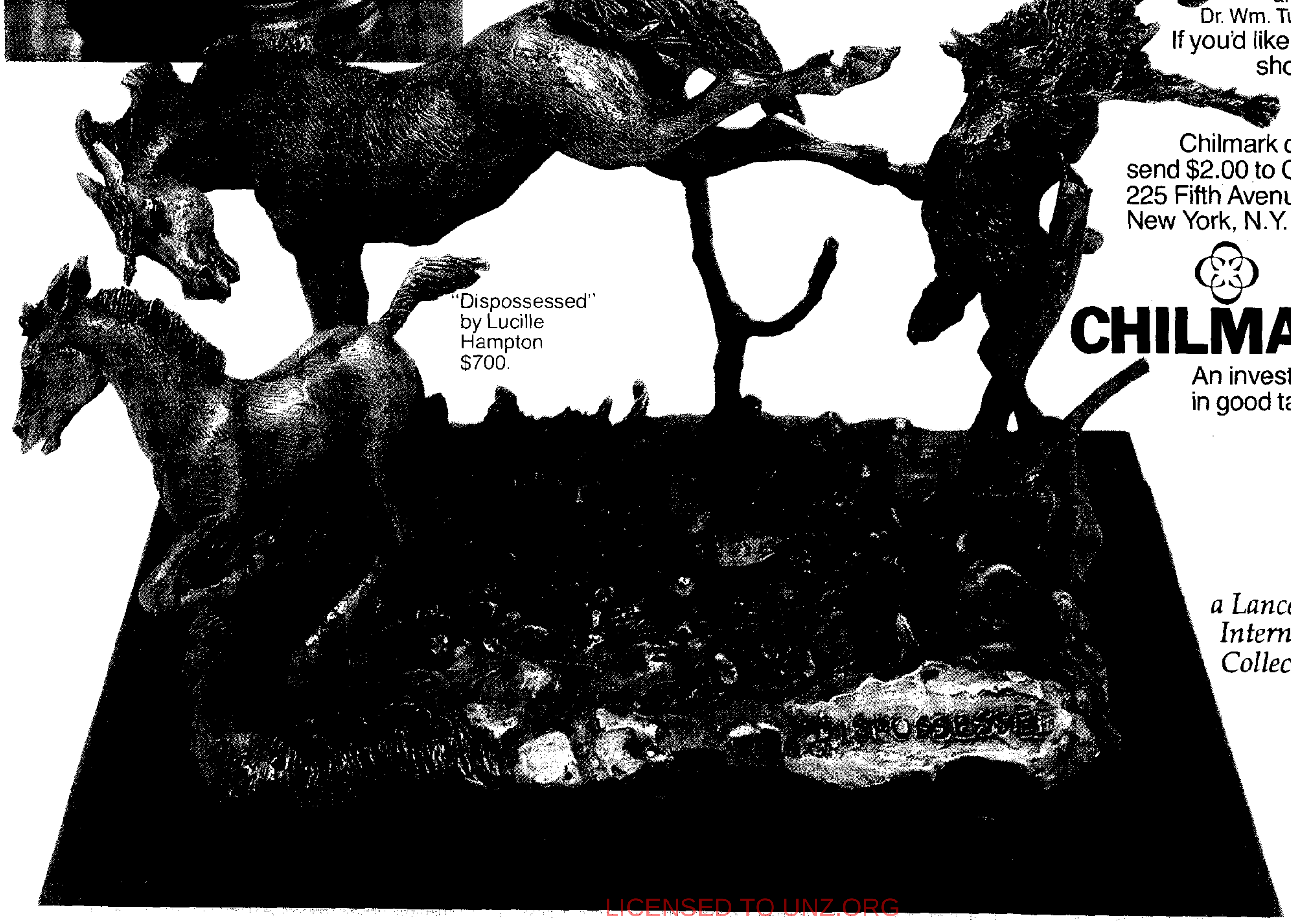

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DANCING

Bourgeois and Blank

Richard Strauss's "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," on a double bill with Purcell's "Dido and Aeneas" at the New York City Opera, is not an opera, although in its first version, in 1912, it prefaced an opera—Strauss's "Ariadne auf Naxos." Neither was "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme" conceived by Strauss as a ballet, although there are dances in the score. Strauss had collaborated with Hugo von Hofmannsthal and Max Reinhardt on a German production of Molière's play, with incidental music. Strauss's model was Lully, Molière's composer and one of the first great architects of dance music. However, neither by intention nor by adoption is Strauss's score great dance music; even the dance episodes are only serviceable. These were incorporated into an orchestral suite drawn from the score, and out of that George Balanchine, no less, has tried three times to make a ballet. The present occasion is perhaps the least successful of all.

It's difficult to believe that so musical a choreographer as Balanchine has really remained attached to this music over the years; what seems far more plausible is that his association with "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme" is one of those developments in his career which lie outside his creative life. He has never produced the ballet for any of his own companies. His first version of it was made for René Blum, who had reconstituted the Ballets Russes after Diaghilev's death. The production took place in Monte Carlo in 1932. Boris Kochno's book concentrated on the banquet scene of the play, with its ballet divertissement and its mock-Turkish ceremony of initiation, which could be rendered as straight vaudeville. The would-be gentleman appeared with his tailor, dancing master, and fencing master in a kind of prologue to the banquet, and in the end he yielded his daughter Lucile to her lower-caste lover Cléonte, who had presided in disguise as the Son of the Great Turk. Balanchine's ballet was two-thirds pantomime. Though its lead dancers were Tamara Toumanova as Lucile and David Lichine as Cléonte, its main attraction appears to have been Alexandre Benois's scenery and costumes. The 1944 New York revival, which Balanchine supervised for Sergei Denham's Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo, maintained this pattern. The stars were first Nathalie Krassovska and Nicholas Magallanes and then Alexandra Danilova and Frederic Franklin, but again the décor, by Eugene Berman, stole the show. Probably it was the whole point of the show to begin with. The ballet, described by 1944 reviewers as a spectacular trifle, depends inordinately on a designer of exceptional invention and style. Both Benois and Berman were at their ease in French Baroque design. Both had the wit to exercise the full range of options that are open to the designer of "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme"—the chance to evoke not only the magnificence of a royal entertainment but also the pretensions of M. Jourdain. In a *Dance Index* monograph for 1945, Allison Delarue comments on Berman's production, "It is a lavish piece with a drop-curtain that at once creates the ambitious world of M. Jourdain's *nouveau riche* household. The main backdrop of the throne-room is dry and dark and slightly sinister. The costumes, a *carrousel de Louis XIV*, are effectively displayed against it, and the divertissements, one after another, create fountains and pyrotechnics of color."

Rouben Ter-Arutunian, who is responsible for the current production, has in the past produced formidable pastiches of Baroque design. But his throne room exercises none of the options. Instead, it suggests that some Jourdain *de nos jours*, heaping on the glitz, has designed it. (For a drop curtain, there's a plain looped gauze that goes up and down to separate the scenes of the prologue.) In the perspective of its distinguished antecedents, Ter-Arutunian's work could not fail to seem paltry. But we don't have to look at it that way to see how bad, how vacant of expression, it is. By the standards of his own "Vienna Waltzes," Ter-Arutunian is self-condemned. This hit ballet, done two years ago with Balanchine, is the real precedent for the City Opera's mounting of "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme." People no longer remember Benois, or even Berman; there is no way for patrons of the New York City Opera or the New York City Ballet to know and compare visual designing on such a scale of opulence. Although the City Ballet revived and commissioned sets from Berman just before his death, the choices ("Danses Concertantes," "Pulcinella") weren't lucky. In any case, the tradition of opulence at both the City Opera and the City Ballet is the tradition of opulent costs, not of opulent imaginations. "Vienna Waltzes" is much too shiny, yet it can lay claim to being the most distinguished production ever attempted at the State Theatre. The climactic "Rosenkavalier" scene, with its mirrored walls and acres of streaming silk, is just this side of glitz; it's literally dazzling, and it seems to represent all that passes for visual glamour in this house at a conscious peak of inspiration. I include the architecture and décor of the theatre's public spaces. The State Theatre, like all of Lincoln Center, is a monument to grandiose ambitions, with enough glitter to satisfy a million Jourdains a night. Ter-Arutunian in "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme" gives us a dribble of baubles in a gray-and-white setting; some candelabra flank a huge wall hanging that looks like a rhinestone blanket. The costumes, as is usual with this designer, are a good deal better; the blue for Patricia McBride turns her ceramic looks into a della Robbia madonna. The strange thing about this provincial production, though, is that it's unresonant—not the conscious glossy affair that one might have expected after "Vienna Waltzes." As a pasticheur, Ter-Arutunian can be most effective. In "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," he has no viewpoint; in "Vienna Waltzes" he had in mind Klimt and Viennese Art Nouveau. For the last Waltz, he produced a fantastic space and at the same time a realistic description of the State Theatre drop-dead look. He and Balanchine have come together again in this place. Richard Strauss has once more provided the occasion. Molière's great parvenu is the subject. And nothing has happened; the mirror that could have shown us ourselves is blank.

This production also brings on Rudolf Nureyev as Cléonte, which has become a superstar role. He appears right away and starts putting on dis-

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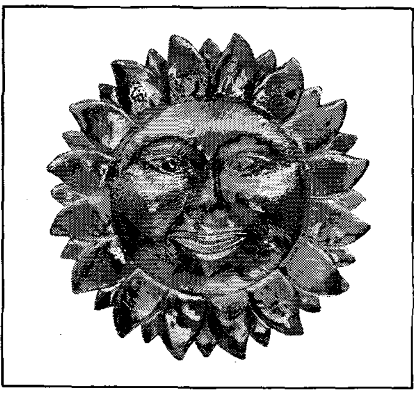
guises. He's the tailor who measures Jourdain; then, with a tricorne, a small mustache, and a pocket-size violin, he gives him a dancing lesson; next, he's the fencing master; and, finally, in turban and pantaloons, he's the Son of the Great Turk. In all these changes, the staging observes Hofmannsthal's original direction to the entertainers at the feast, which was that they make up in full view of the audience. The idea seems to relate, too, to the quick-change artist that Nureyev has become, hopping from company to company, from role to role. Actually, of course, Nureyev doesn't change; he's always Nureyev, and it seems doubly impossible that when Cléonte dances with Lucile she doesn't recognize him and has to wait for him to unmask. McBride's role is that of a melting Niobe perpetually in croisé. It is gratefully conceived and gratefully danced; as always with McBride, the angles and the emotion are one. But we've seen it all before. Jean-Pierre Bonnefous as Jourdain we've not seen before. Mountainously padded and with a bald pate under his quatorze wig, Bonnefous is never less than a vivid presence but unfortunately never more. A mime Jourdain who is, moreover, Cléonte's patsy doesn't give any interpreter much to go for. Bonnefous spends so much of his time reacting and being befuddled that we're surprised by the ending, when he's alone and preening before his mirror and a bit of character flashes out. Even within its limitations, the role is unshaped, and in the scenes between him and Nureyev at the banquet—scenes that suggest a kind of prototypical Victor Moore and William Gaxton skit—there's a general absence of shtick. The audience laughs with relief when some flunkies climb under a carpet and carry Jourdain for a lumpy "elephant" ride, but the event isn't built up to, and attention isn't fixed on any sort of exchange between the patsy and his tormentor.

Except for the dances, one has the sense of watching the ballet's action as background that has suddenly, and to its great embarrassment, become foreground. Of those dances, the most inviting is the classical pas de sept danced by young women, with one young man, from the School of American Ballet. The choreography of the ballet, credited to George Balanchine and Jerome Robbins, is another of those "Pulcinella" puzzles. To my eye, the pas de sept is identifiably Balanchine except perhaps for the end. It's simplified choreography, a flick of the maestro's sleeve, yet its cleanliness and cohesion distinguish it. Is it a memory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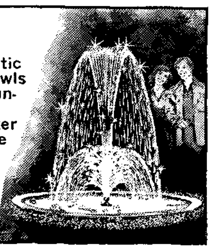
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of the thirties or of the forties, or a whole new dance? The opening pas d'action sets Nureyev a challenge that he meets not so much in the accuracy of his various disguises as in his swift timing when he assumes and doffs them. He's leisurely and deft enough to let us see to our complete satisfaction how he looks in each costume. He doesn't act; he models a vest or a cloak, and that's his characterization. There are few performers who can handle clothes and props with Nureyev's skill. Here he works up a Chaplin-like speed and agility, his beautiful hands fly to their tasks, his spirits run high. Although this is not the kind of ballet that a dancer can carry by himself, Nureyev makes you feel he'd do it if he could. And it's not the kind of ballet that can bear out evidence of a "collaboration" between Nureyev and Balanchine or Nureyev and Robbins. Cléonte's dance solo is of a more advanced design than Nureyev's solos have been of late, and it keeps him in the air longer. But the pas de deux and coda are of slight interest. The ballet brings us no great news. It was a coup for the New York City Opera to put together its list of great names, and it must have been painful indeed when in the midst of preparations Balanchine's doctors ordered him back to rest. But the expectations were surely unreal to begin with. A game of touch football can never look like an N.F.L. championship playoff. As the chosen project, "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme" was a virtual guarantee that the contacts between Nureyev and Balanchine's world could never be more than minimal.

The dances in the Purcell opera were originally to have been by Balanchine, who is credited in the program with having collaborated in the direction of the pantomime scenes. Peter Martins did the dances, on a raked and very glossy platform—a surface that defied the very idea of dance. (The designer was again Ter-Arutunian.) As attendants of Dido and Aeneas, young S.A.B. students struck desperately decorative poses; the more active passages were handled mostly by the dancers of the Opera. The choreography, on the dim side, seemed unintegrated with Frank Corsaro's direction. The opera is discussed by Andrew Porter in this issue.

PAUL TAYLOR's two new works, given during his company's season at the City Center, are pure off-the-wall Taylor. The more accessible of the two, "Diggity," has the dancers moving freely to the eclectic rhythms

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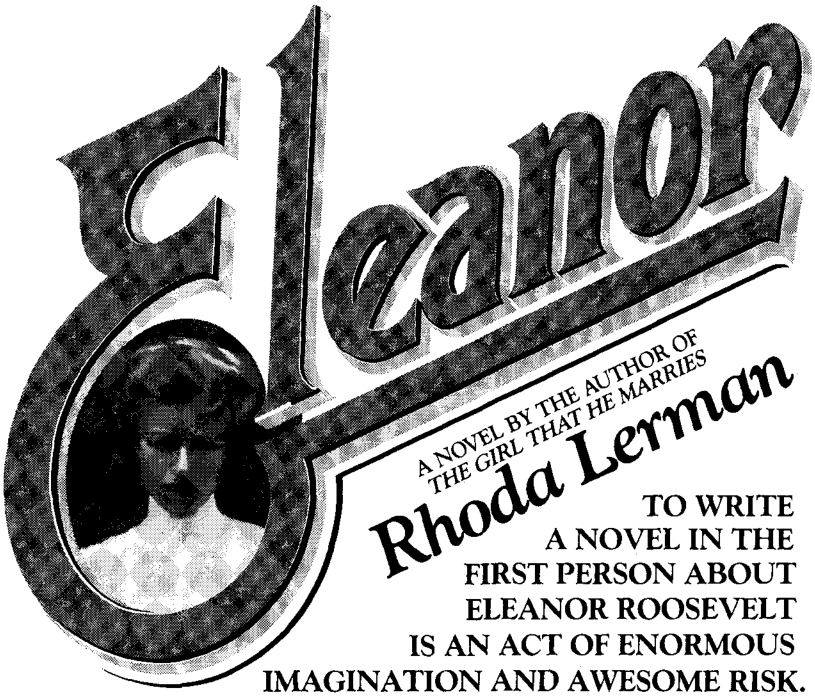
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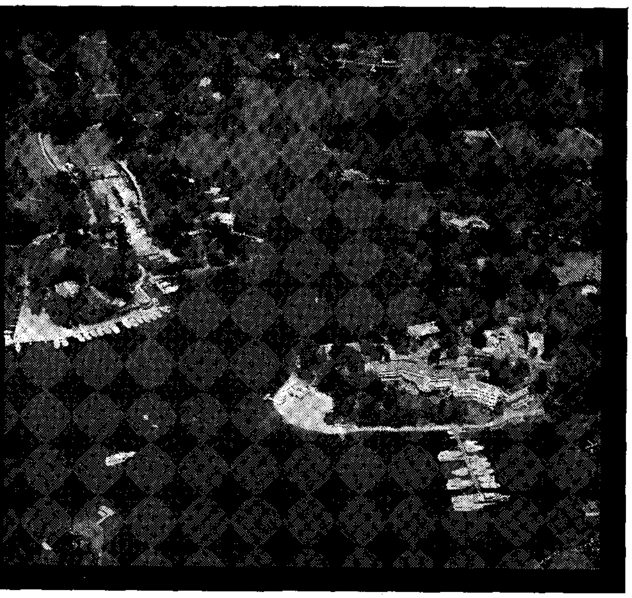

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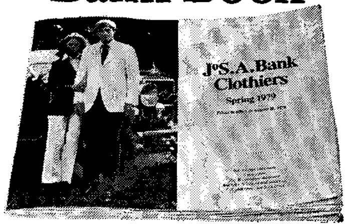

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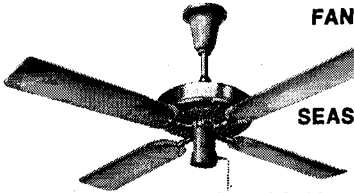

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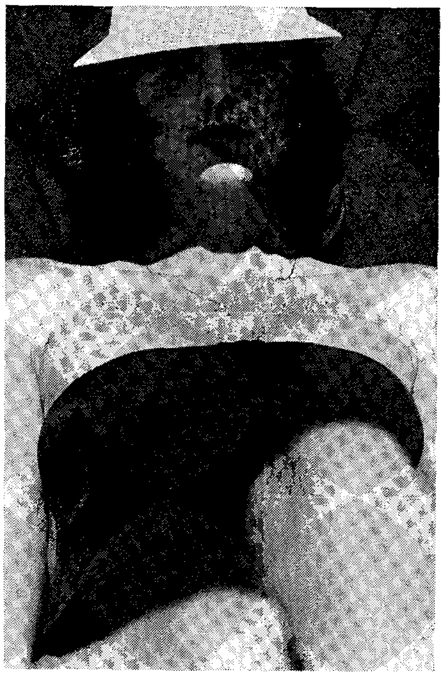
of a commissioned score by Donald York—extraordinarily freely, considering that they are everywhere hedged in by the scenery, which consists of dozens of standup life-size silhouettes of dogs, painted on metal by Alex Katz. The dogs are all over the stage, looking cheerfully noncommittal, and the dancers have to negotiate choreography that simultaneously acknowledges and ignores the dogs' presence. Not one dog gets knocked over; not one shin gets barked. The dance—insofar as we can rise above its setting to notice it as a dance—is one of Taylor's most lyrically expressive. But the whole experience of "Diggity" has a surrealistic tension, and surrealism—a word I never thought of using in connection with Taylor before—pretty much defines the quality of the other new work, "Nightshade."

"Diggity" is quite obviously related to "Private Domain," another of Taylor's collaborations with Alex Katz which was shown this season. In "Private Domain," the proscenium is masked so that our view of the dancing is always a partial view; the effect is like peering through the slats at the activities of some highly tumescent bathers under a boardwalk. But I wonder whether Taylor has ever done anything like "Nightshade" before. Possibly parts of "Scudorama" qualify—the parts that, like "Nightshade," are composed of images rather than of dances. In "Scudorama" (1963), the images were of a broadly discontented society, easy to identify. In "Nightshade," we don't know where we are. An ancestral American landscape is suggested by the late-nineteenth-century costumes, but we never do put our feet down on dry land. Most of the time, we're adrift on a roiling sea of obsessions both sexual and racial. The choreography, obscurely propelled by these obsessions, never develops or resolves them; the sea turns into a backwater impossibly brackish, and the implication, for anyone who tries to follow the piece as the story of the "emergence" of our civilization, is that we end up nowhere, too encumbered by our beginnings to move. Technically, "Nightshade" is an admirable paradox for a choreographer to have achieved—an immobile current. Poetically, it may be something altogether different from what its technique suggests to me now. Taylor's darker pieces always take a while to settle into shape. But, puzzling though it is, "Nightshade" is something to have seen in its first season. It may never exercise quite this fascination again.

For a score, Taylor has used ex-



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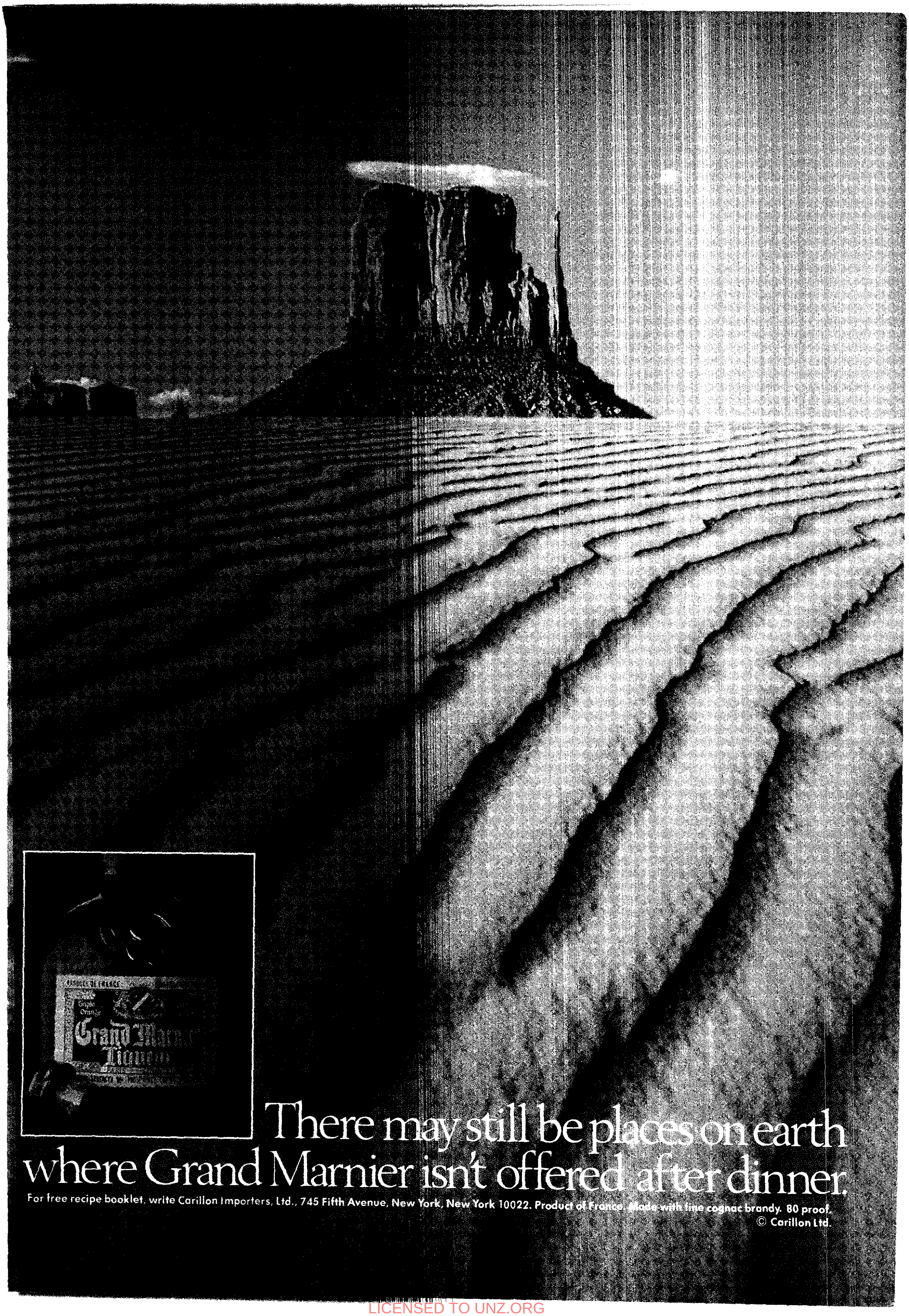
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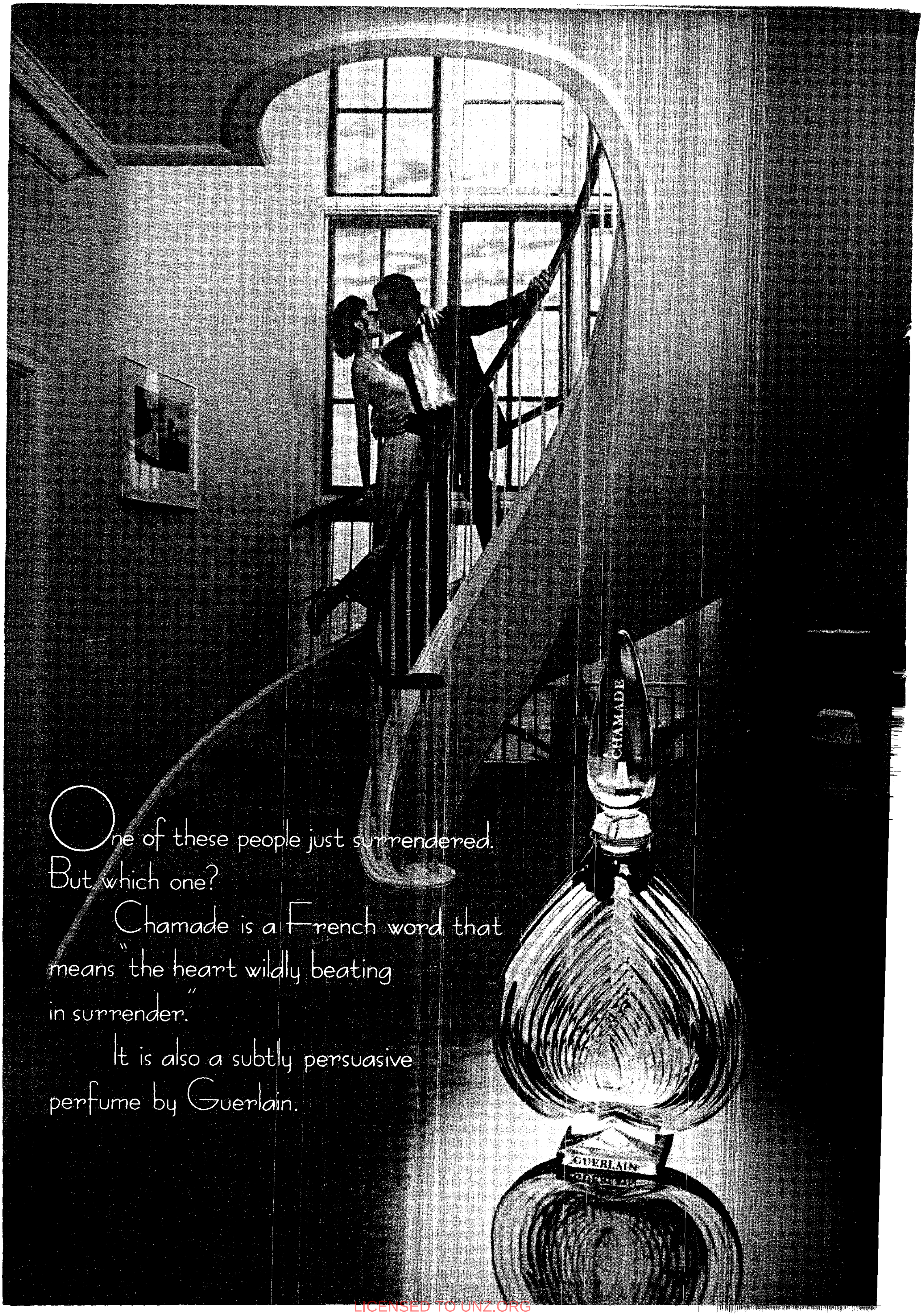

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cerpts from the wateriest and most odious Scriabin, and he uses them advisedly; the music tastes sweetish, like water from a nightstand. Gene Moore has done the costumes, which seem to be adaptations from Max Ernst, and Jennifer Tipton has lit the piece. There is some bravura bronze cross-lighting as the choreography reaches a climax which ranks among the most ghastly-beautiful effects I've ever seen lighting accomplish, but at the beginning the stage is so dark that the action can't be seen clearly.

DAVID GORDON, like Paul Taylor in his pieces with Alex Katz, challenges the balance of our perceptions, but with Gordon visual challenges are invariably complicated by aural ones. It's the correlation between what we see and what we hear that Gordon emphasizes in these tantalizing data-processing workouts of his, which generally last an entire evening. The latest Gordon evening, held at his loft on lower Broadway, began with Valda Setterfield, in an old-fashioned woollen tank suit, taking up a great many poses on the floor. As she did this, we overheard on tape a conversation that she'd had with Gordon while he rehearsed her in these same poses. The tape wasn't coördinated with the poses we were watching; the correspondences were, or seemed to be, entirely random. But the experience of watching Setterfield run without hesitation through her awesome repertory—some of the poses were only fractional variations of others—and listening to her detailed discussion of every move with Gordon worked like a sharpening tool on our faculties: we were ready to see and hear what lay ahead.

"An Audience with the Pope (or This Is Where I Came In)" began, almost as an extension of the Setterfield piece, with projections of photographs of poses. Not Setterfield but the Pope (David Vaughan) was pictured in the act of slowly sitting down, folding his hands, and composing himself for what was undoubtedly going to be an ordeal. Meanwhile, we heard a taped pseudo-historical lecture on the origin of the papal audience, and Gordon entered and danced a long, evenly phrased solo, which in its methodical non sequiturs recalled Setterfield's sequence of poses. When visual/aural meanings began to gather in our minds, they had to do not so much with the pseudo-facts we were being told about the Pope and the effect of papal custom on language—such as

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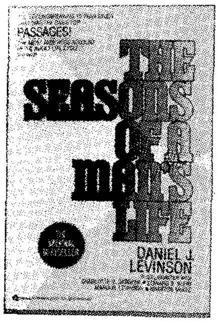

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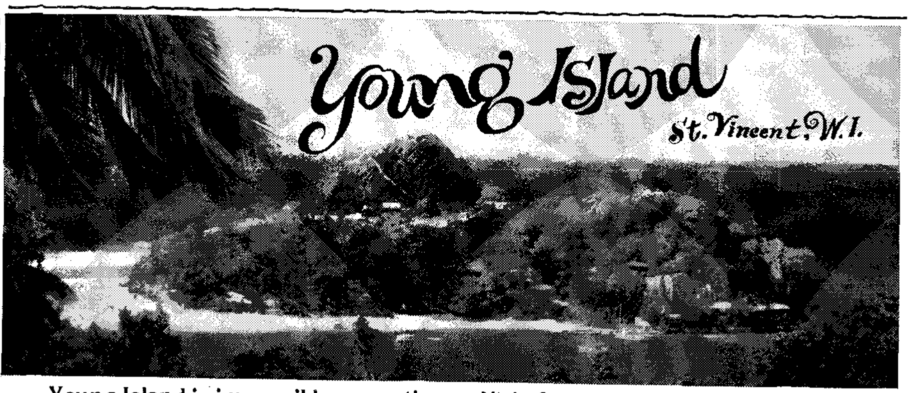

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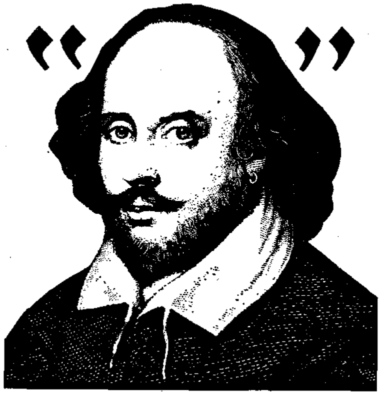

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that "poppycock" comes from "*Papa*" (Pope) and "*cacare*" (to defecate)—as with the nature of fact itself. The papacy became a provisional factual construction, a nominal principal around which to organize the evening's data. Popes could have been newscasters, sailors, or Boy Scouts; what mattered was that the evening rise and float on its own terms. It did when Setterfield returned and, with Gordon, went through a repeat of his solo while muttering to herself (about popes, popes, popes). By this time, the steady layering of movement facts had reached the same level of reality as the verbal ones, and we were enclosed in a system of absolute communication.

Such finespun constructions have to break down, and though the evening went on for another hour or so respelling the material in a succession of group dances, for me it broke down soon after the duet. It's Gordon's great gift that even at the end of an overextended program like this, one leaves feeling refreshed and not stymied.

—ARLENE CROCE

•

THE PICTURE SAYS

1

That we all die, sometimes
when we are children.

That it would look like sleep
if flesh did not decay.

That we are marble, mottled,
that we are piebald clouds.

That we lie in the long grass,
peaceful, hair a little tangled,

grass like wires, spindles, rims,
grass like crisscross lifelines,

paths of the shooting stars,
arcs on the flecked night sky.

2

Sound of a backhoe, tractor-chug:
this old man is the pond digger—

he stands by the water's edge,
on his open palm a pond snail . . .

he is humming, a kind of bee-speech,
while the child sleeps in the grass,

the water a grainy mirror,
the light, the smoky lilies,

and the sky filling slowly
with bruise-blue rain clouds.

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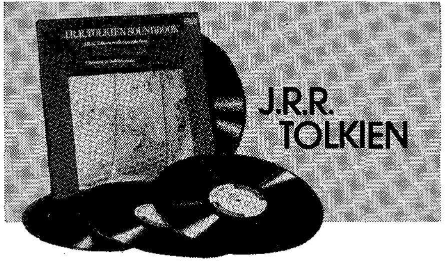

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JAZZ

Commodores

MILT GABLER, the founder of Commodore Records, was born in New York in 1911, the eldest of six children of a New York mother (Susie) and an Austrian father (Julius). He went to Stuyvesant High School, and summered at Silver Beach, in Throg's Neck. His father owned a hardware store on Third Avenue, near Forty-second Street, and a radio shop on Forty-second Street, which was called the Commodore out of respect for the hotel across the street. Gabler started at the hardware store, then switched to the radio shop, where he began stocking phonograph records. In the mid-thirties, the jazz bug having bitten him, he and Marshall Stearns invented the United Hot Clubs of America, which leased rare, out-of-print records from various companies and reissued them on its own U.H.C.A. label. A company that put out nothing but jazz records—albeit old ones—was a novelty, and so was its practice of listing on its labels the personnel, instrumentation, and date and place of recording. Gabler, like all men of vision, had empyrean standards, and he was not particularly pleased with the way the big companies were treating jazz—despite their release between 1935 and 1937 of a good many superior recordings, among them Billie Holiday's "What a Little Moonlight Can Do" and "Miss Brown to You;" Red Norvo's "Blues in E Flat;" Red Allen's "Body and Soul;" Louis Armstrong's "Mahogany Hall Stomp;" Roy Eldridge's "Wabash Stomp" and "Florida Stomp;" Duke Ellington's "Diminuendo in Blue;" Lionel Hampton's "On the Sunny Side of the Street;" the Bunny Berigan-Tommy Dorsey-Fats Waller jam session at Victor; and Count Basie's "One O'Clock Jump." So Gabler decided, late in 1937, to form his own recording company. He held his first session on January 17, 1938, the day after Benny Goodman's celebrated Carnegie Hall concert. The group—of quasi-Chicago persuasion—was the prototype of what became the backbone of Gabler's catalogue. It was made up of Bobby Hackett, Pee Wee Russell, Georg Brunis, and Eddie Condon, all of whom were working at Nick's in Greenwich Village; Jess Stacy, who was with Goodman (he had delivered his classic "Sing, Sing, Sing" solo the night before); the bass player Artie Shapiro (Joe Marsala), Bud Freeman (Tommy Dorsey), and George Wettling (Red Norvo). Only Freeman and Wettling had been directly connected with the Chicago style of playing, although Stacy and Russell had passed through its fringes. It was a hand-me-down of King Oliver's Creole Jazz Band and the white New Orleans Rhythm Kings: loose ensembles, often played in a give-'em-hell diminuendo-crescendo fashion; a string of solos, sometimes launched by a brief ensemble burst or by a break, and often underscored with organ chords played by the horns, which recalled glee-club humming; and an occasional drum solo or closing four-bar drum break. It was a gabby, winging-it music that was more precarious than many of its practitioners would have admitted. Remove the one or two truly proficient musicians generally present at each session (Hackett, Jack Teagarden, Stacy, Wild Bill Davison, Russell, Edmond Hall), and the recording would have collapsed, as many without *any* first-class men did. Unlike a surprising number of early white jazz fans, Gabler brought a wide intelligence and a good ear to the music. (There were few black jazz "fans." Jazz, instrumental and vocal, was not an alien, collectible form to black listeners but an everyday part of their lives.) Gilbert Millstein, in a Profile of Gabler published in this magazine in the forties, quotes an anonymous musician on Gabler's skills as an A. & R. man:

> "There's a ray comes out of him," the musician said. "You can't help doing something the way he wants. Here is this guy can't read a note of music and he practically tells you what register you're going to play in just by the position of your head."

Gabler's early catalogue is imposing, and includes Billie Holiday's "Strange Fruit," and her great blues "Fine and Mellow," and "Yesterdays," and the stately "I Gotta Right to Sing the Blues;" a good number of Chicago-type sides, many the best of their kind; twenty or so piano solos and band sides by old Jelly Roll Morton, who, sway-backed, worn, puzzled, was still full of music; a dozen sides by Buck Clayton and Lester Young and Jo Jones, and as many by Roy Eldridge and Benny Carter and Chu Berry and Coleman Hawkins and Sid Catlett, all

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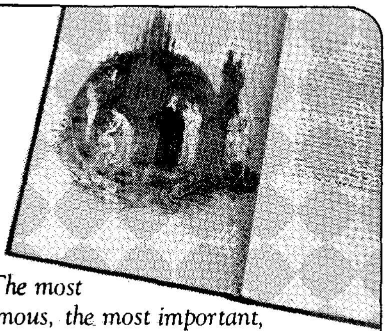

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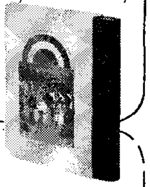

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of them the avant-garde of jazz; and a session with Fats Waller that belongs with the cream of his recordings.

In 1941, Gabler began working full time for Decca, and he eventually became its chief A. & R. man. He said recently, "It didn't matter who I had recorded for Decca during the week—Louis Armstrong, Peggy Lee—or how far I had flown to do it. I couldn't wait to go into the studio on Saturday and make my Commodores. I had to get all those musicians down, I had to preserve them, and I did nothing but enjoy doing it. It's as vivid as yesterday. The only regret I have is that I bypassed Charlie Parker and Dizzy Gillespie when they first appeared on Fifty-second Street. I'd like to have their music in my catalogue now." Gabler continued making Commodore records regularly until around 1948, and he wound everything up in 1951. (His father's radio shop, which became the famous Commodore Music Shop, moved a few feet east and then across the street, not far from its namesake, where it closed in 1958.) What Gabler did was preserve—in the face of the dreary, devouring big bands—the very heart of jazz: its small bands. He inspired Blue Note and Keynote Records, which followed his courageous ways, and the host of fly-by-night labels that documented the new music of Parker and Gillespie. And he is indirectly responsible for the countless independent labels that support the music now. But Gabler's catalogue hasn't been completely in print since the mid-fifties, when the L.P. arrived and chaos began. Gabler himself reissued some material on L.P., and quit. A record club brought out more, and went out of business. Gabler leased masters to labels here and abroad, which reissued them higgledy-piggledy, often as collections of tenor saxophonists or clarinettists or pianists but rarely chronologically and in complete sessions. The last coherent attempt to reissue the catalogue in this country was undertaken by Atlantic seven years ago, but that fell by the way, too.

Now Gabler, retired from Decca and in fine fettle, has decided to bring out his entire œuvre, session by session and including the alternate takes. There are ten L.P.s in the first batch of reissues, which are being distributed by Columbia, and not all of them are knockouts. Eleven Bud Freeman trio sides (with Jess Stacy and George Wettling) are as monotonous and jouncy as ever—despite Stacy, who repeatedly attempts to aerate the proceedings with his laughing tremolos and swimming

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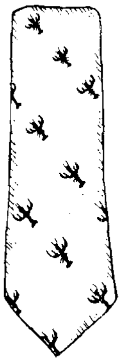

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way of swinging. The four famous Mel Powell-Benny Goodman sides ("When Did You Leave Heaven?," "Blue Skies," "Mood at Twilight," and "The World Is Waiting for the Sunrise") open an L.P., but the rest is filled out with three undistinguished Mel Powell big-band sides and four frumpy Joe Bushkin-Bill Harris-Zoot Sims selections. Another L.P. is given over to four Jack Teagarden numbers (with Ernie Caceres on clarinet, Max Kaminsky, Norma Teagarden on piano, and George Wettling) and four sweating Max Kaminsky sides (with Rod Cless on clarinet and Frank Orchard on trombone). The rest of the reissues are full of delights. A Jelly Roll Morton L.P. contains twelve piano solos, five of them with his naked, melancholy vocals, delivered with superb blue notes and his aching vibrato. There is a Lester Young-Buck Clayton L.P. on which Young plays a lot of his skinny, lissome clarinet, and the rhythm section (Freddie Green, Walter Page, Jo Jones) moves in an area no rhythm section had moved in before. These are classic sides, and as flexible and graceful as they were forty years ago. A Coleman Hawkins L.P. includes the 1940 Chocolate Dandies session, with Roy Eldridge, Benny Carter, and Sid Catlett, and in addition to its familiar beauties there is an alternate take of "I Can't Believe That You're in Love with Me," done at a slower tempo than the one originally released. It rocks and sways, and Eldridge takes a fascinating solo—sure, lyrical, biting. A Wild Bill Davison reissue has all the first-rate sessions he did in November of 1943, and they roar and champ and steam. Davison liked to pick up the melody and hurl it down the ensemble, making his cohorts tumble after. The champion of the ten albums is given over in part to the quartet that Sid Catlett had on Fifty-second Street in 1943 and 1944: Ben Webster, who is the leader of the record date; Marlowe Morris on piano; and John Simmons on bass. There are two takes of everything, excluding "Just a Riff," and they are particularly valuable for Webster and for Catlett's brilliant solos on the two "Sleep"s and his just-like-that two-bar breaks on the two "Linger Awhile"s. The rest of the album offers Don Byas, and one of the two tracks from a 1945 Town Hall concert, which he and Slam Stewart opened, is a fast "I Got Rhythm," whose seven Byas choruses are as lyrical and tumultuous and imaginative as any improvisation ever caught on records.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

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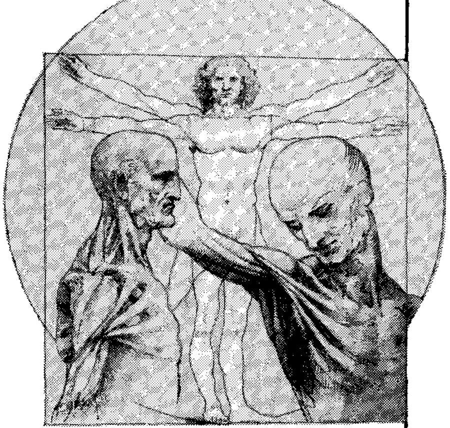

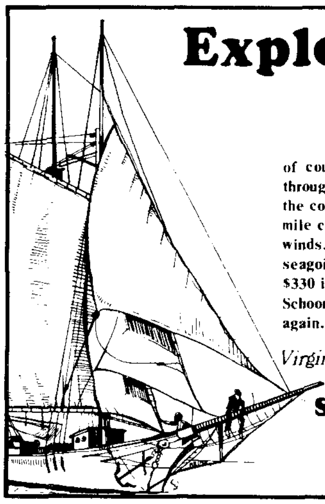

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BOOKS

Inside Information

WHILE I was growing up in Scotland, we were often visited in the country by an egg-bald, red-faced Uncle Charlie, who always brought us some bizarre gift—a Norwegian flag, a single spur—and gave off an atmosphere of what I retrospectively realize was whisky. But I remember him most vividly for something else entirely, for the inadvertent gift of a language. One time at table, Uncle Charlie's stomach rumbled royally. Winking at me and rolling his eyes, he glanced down affectionately and whispered to us, "That's the boys below the belt. They're always fighting." All at once, we saw the guerrilla bands swarming across the pink canyons of Uncle Charlie's interior. Our fairly bewildered view of our bodies changed at a stroke, for we suddenly had been given a way of talking about the mysterious processes going on inside us. If Uncle Charlie's stomach acted up with unusual violence, he would glare at it and mutter, "If you fellows are going to move that grand piano, at least pick it up!" He peopled our insides for us with an entourage of miniature staff members—kitchen and scullery maids who sloshed about the digestive tract in gum boots, teams of hardhats and crane drivers who manned the muscles, soft-footed librarians who prowled through the bookshelves in our heads, busy operators at the switchboard of the senses, nurses, scuba divers, commandos, and singing waiters. We turned what went on inside us into legend, and I have never quite lost the habit—I still think of myself as something rather like a stray ocean liner, kept afloat by a cantankerous knockabout crew.

I invoke Uncle Charlie because he did provide us children for a time with a serviceable metaphor. His whimsical anthropomorphizing allowed us at least to envision what was otherwise beyond us. My mother was a doctor, and would occasionally give us pocket lectures, usually at table, on matters like digestion, but her crisp explanations were nothing like as gripping as Uncle Charlie's accounts of barroom brawls in the small intestine. She talked, as doctors still do, about "the body," yet we had to take her on trust, because the insides were something she had seen and we had not. Our bodies may have been objects to her, but they were very much more to us who inhabited them and were often at their mercy.

The most woeful lack in our general education continues to be a working knowledge of what is going on inside us. The current flood of manuals on body awareness surely demonstrates how much we both lack and need an intelligent oneness with our physical selves. For all the advances in medical science, we remain remarkably naïve. Medical knowledge has not been translated into the language of general awareness. The chasm between the language of medical practitioners and that of laymen has not been crossed. We suspect doctors of obfuscation, but they probably tell us as best they can, as far as available language allows.

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FLEE!

By coincidence, two books appear that address themselves to this very state of affairs—one by a doctor and one by a layman. From opposite sides of the fence, they set out to take stock of our connection with our bodies and to adjust our ordinary ignorance. Dr. Jonathan Miller's "The Body in Question" (Random House; $15.95) is a book of such compressed and essential insight that it should be soaked in water and studied at great length. It offers both doctors and laymen a wonderfully fresh look at the history of medicine. The body image is paradoxical, because "you cannot experience your own interior by closing your eyes and concentrating on it," Dr. Miller writes. "In order to discover your own contents you have to investigate the inside of someone else." For Dr. Miller, the advancement of medical knowledge has been synonymous with the coming into being of a language adequate and intricate enough to describe complex processes, often not observable. "The suspicion that [man's] effectiveness or agency was caused by something other than his conscious urge to be effective, and that he himself had no real control over this, constitutes an almost inconceivable leap of the imagination, and one can only conclude that it was largely the result of drawing an analogy between himself and his own technological artefacts." Medical science is not simply a specialized body of accumulated information but the cautious evolution of a way of thinking. Dr. Miller's book abounds in brilliant example: "One can only assume that Galen's inability [in the second century A.D.] to see the heart as a pump was due to the fact that such machines did not become a significant part of the cultural scene until long after his death." Medical science, far from advancing at a regular pace, has been encumbered by misunderstanding; Dr. Miller points out that "medicine did not make an effective contribution to human welfare until the middle of the twentieth century."

It is not until we come on a metaphor accurate and precise enough to convey an intricate physiological process—as, say, the analogy of the firing pin accurately conveys nerve-muscle stimulation—that we are able to understand that process fully, Dr. Miller suggests. "Nowadays, the process of perception and the method of science are both seen to depend on making creative conjectures about the nature of reality, and upon testing and remodelling these fictions until they self-evidently coincide with the outlines of the world's facts." Dr. Miller is his own best example, for his book crackles with crisp analogy and robust common sense. He is the perfect interpreter, in a context where explanations have conspicuously lacked sensible and intelligent translation.

"The Body in Question" is the residual text of Dr. Miller's much applauded BBC television series, which is to be shown on public television in this country next season. Its television origins are retained in the form of lavish, wittily captioned illustrations, which crowd the book but, unfortunately, distract from the text. In his "Beyond the Fringe" days, Dr. Miller was for me the funniest man who trod the earth, and he has gone on to become the most vivid of "communicators." I think his text still needs him, wagging his finger from time to time, for it has a kind of breathless compression to it. It is, in a sense, the book of the movie, and I think it can only gain from being fleshed out by Dr. Miller himself.

"I LIVE with this body of mine, and yet for all I know about it, I might be living with a stranger." In his "Living with a Stranger" (Braziller; $8.95), John Stewart Collis sets out resolutely to write about the body from the point of view of a puzzled occupant, and his insistent curiosity, his infectious astonishment make his book a joy to read. It begins in ignorance and ends in awe. He asks determinedly

PORTRAITS OF THE ARTISTS

Turgenev hailed George Sand's self-portrait, *My Life*, as her greatest work. Her biographer, André Maurois, agreed. Now *My Life* has been translated into English - surprisingly - for the first time. Dan Hofstadter's one-volume abridgment and translation is a superb condensation of George Sand's self-revelations. Her evocations of her childhood at the family château at Nohant, her convent education in Paris, her marriage to Casimir Dudevant, her literary career, and her affairs with de Musset, Mérimée and Chopin, glow with the spirit and force of a woman who, notorious in her own age, has become a heroine in ours.

Drawings by David Schorr

Another French rebel, this one very contemporary, wrote the book that shook Europe, and is now making waves over here. In *Barbarism With a Human Face*, Bernard-Henri Lévy attacks the claims of Marxism and the mythology of the Left. To Lévy, the reality behind the mask of socialism, as revealed in Solzhenitsyn's *Gulag Archipelago*, disproves the very notion of revolution as liberation from oppression: "Apply Marxism in any country you want, you will always find Gulag in the end." As *Le Monde* put it, "What happens if socialism is another name for barbarism? Here is a book that will create a scandal."

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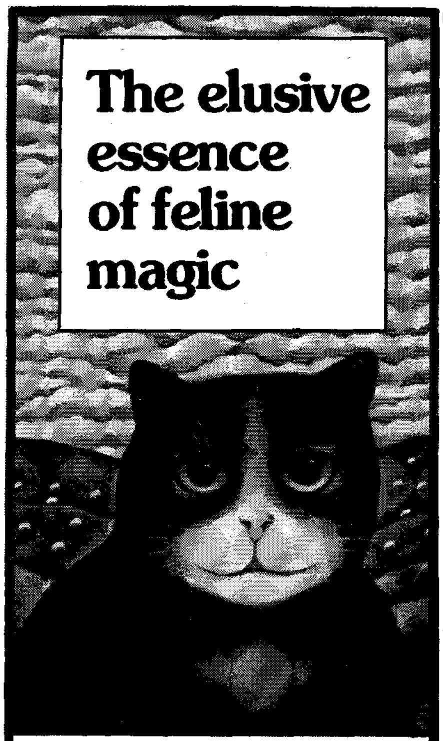

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naïve questions, and patiently brings back answers from his extensive reading (his bibliography is a study in itself) and from the informed friends he claims to have pestered for explanations—for he is bent on understanding and will not be fobbed off with mere information. Geoffrey Grigson once wrote, "Hydrogen and oxygen may make up the water of life, but neither one by itself is a very satisfying drink." Mr. Collis would agree. He sets out on a systematic progress through human physiology, putting the body together as a living entity through an exploration of its constituent parts and processes. His chapters are wandering meditations on the parts and functions of the body, and are abundant in instance, anecdote, and ranging quotations. He is as aware as Dr. Miller of the necessity for metaphor in talking about the body, but he is not restricted by the need for the same precision and accuracy, and his figures are what we might call illuminations: "Though teeth seem as hard as marble, they are as frail as flowers." Putting the body into language at all is something of a restriction. "I do not think that words are adequate instruments for holding up the mirror to the nervous system," he writes, "nor do I favor pictorial presentation when too often we are presented with something resembling a horse's tail (at the lumbar region) rather than the actuality of the axionic and dentrical complex which is yet the definition of harmony. . . . It is only the imagination that can brood with any degree of insight upon the play of millions of cells and fibres acting and reacting in co-operative groups to promote, night and day whether we are awake or asleep, the common wealth of our metabolism." His determination to make the findings of medical science humanly comprehensible gives his book its freshness and originality. It is a rambling prose poem on the body, designed to awake in us an appropriate astonishment at our physical existence, to restore to the facts of science the awe they occasion in him.

Face to face with what he discovers about the body, Mr. Collis is resolutely awestruck. Existence to him is holy. This is the same disposition he brought to the natural world in his previous book, "The Worm Forgives the Plough." In it, he quoted from John de Dondis, a fourteenth-century sage: "We are born and placed among wonders and surrounded by them, so that to whatever object the eye first turns, the same is wonderful and full of wonders, if only we will examine it for a while." He refuses to allow us to take the physical

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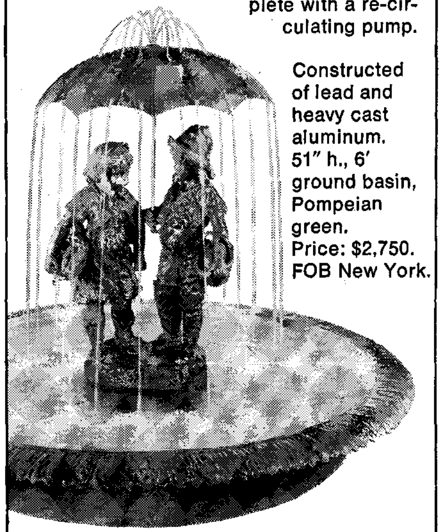

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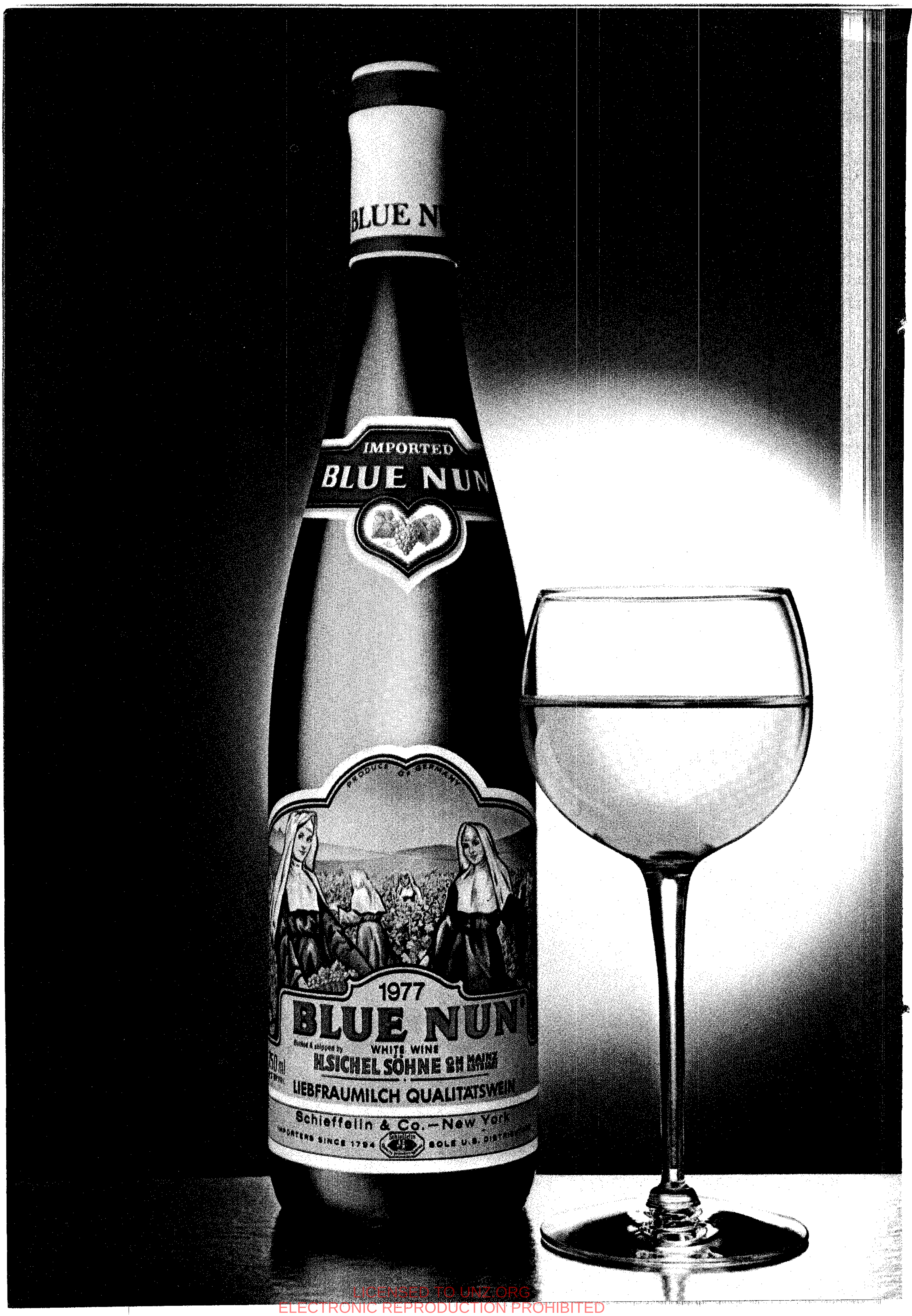
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world, and the body in particular, for granted. In "Living with a Stranger," he invokes the Goethe of Eckermann's "Gespräche": "Awe is the highest thing in man; and if the pure phenomena awaken awe in him he should be content; he can be aware of nothing higher and should seek nothing beyond: here is the limit." Mr. Collis's humanism might seem old-fashioned, yet he makes it contagiously new in his manner, in the aura of profound joy that hangs over his writing. There is only one of him.

These books gain a great deal from being read together, for, however divergent their wavelengths, they are both invigorating restatements; they are both out to jolt us free of ingrained habits of thought, ingrained indifference. What I like to imagine, as I often do with books, is a conversation between their authors. I wish Uncle Charlie could eavesdrop on that hypothetical occasion. The librarians in his head would almost certainly take the day off to listen. —ALASTAIR REID

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

A CERTAIN SLANT OF LIGHT, by Margaret Wander Bonanno (Seaview; $9.95). A fractious woman professor at a small Catholic college suffers a stroke that renders her unable to read. A graduate of the college, now an unhappy young mother recently separated from a drunken lout, pays a get-well visit and soon finds herself absorbed in preparing the professor for an academic hearing that will decide her future: a return to teaching or early retirement. As time goes on, both women grow stronger and steadier, and they trade stories of their attempts, when they were teen-agers, to commit themselves to exhausting regimens: one as a nun, the other as a dancer. After years of struggle, both admitted doubt and defeat, and then looked for happiness in unlikely marriages, which had nothing in common except their abrupt endings. Now, as they help each other through more unexpected troubles, they find that their pride and drive serve them well. Such an artful plot, designed to illuminate varieties of love and labor, is not as good as a genuinely surprising story, but Margaret Wander Bonanno is a gifted, if not yet expert, writer, and this first novel is a promising début.

THE PARDONER'S TALE, by John Wain (Viking; $10.95). This English novel's clever structure does

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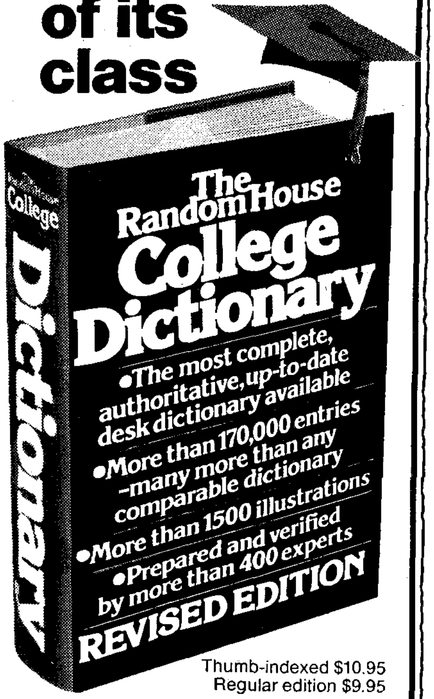

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not redeem its dullness. Odd-numbered chapters tell the story of a bored middle-aged man, on the verge of divorce, who falls in love with a "chocolate-haired" beauty whose criminal brother is trying to make money off her marital troubles. The main character in the even-numbered chapters is the novelist who is cranking out the odd-numbered ones. As Chapter 2 begins, he is about to succumb to a broken heart and a writing block (his girlfriend's departure is to blame for both) when an elderly woman who is dying of cancer and who has read all of his published works asks him to visit her. He does, and falls in love with her "parsley-eyed" daughter, a dexterous guitarist. The novelist's daily dealings with the mother and daughter, of course, affect his writing. Unfortunately, the alternating narratives are equally contrived and turgid, and the title's allusion to Chaucer's account of three greedy rascals who kill one another seems peculiarly unsuitable.

GENERAL

Franklin D. Roosevelt and American Foreign Policy, 1932-45, by Robert Dallek (Oxford; $19.95). If the President was inconsistent, so was the country; if he changed his mind, so did the voters; and if he slighted foreign affairs during the thirties, it was because he, like most Americans, was concentrating on the domestic problems raised by the Depression. That, in summary, is what Mr. Dallek tells us, and his details are worth reading, not only because he writes well but because he remembers to tell us how matters looked at every moment of the past. When the whole record is spread before us, it is fascinating to see how accurate are the historic stereotypes of the leading men: Neville Chamberlain really was narrow and pettish, just as his successor, Winston Churchill, was outgoing and romantic. Hitler was very foxy about tactics and absolutely irrational as to purposes. Stalin's alleged charms did not charm F.D.R.: the Russian leader made a far worse impression on the American President than either man cared to admit. As for Roosevelt himself, he was indeed a mystifying, magical juggler of men, policies, and ideas.

The Letters of Virginia Woolf: Volume IV, 1929-31. Edited by Nigel Nicolson and Joanne Traut-

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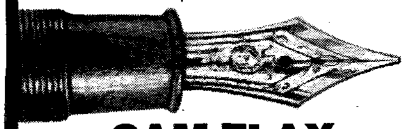

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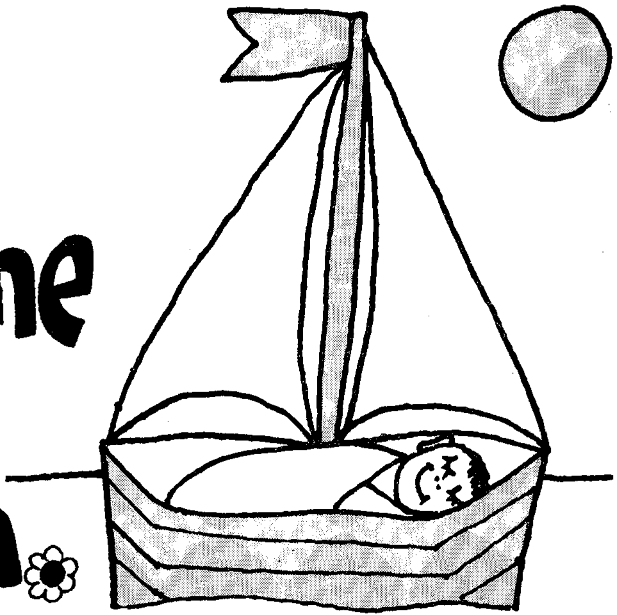
mann (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $14.95). In the introduction to this volume, Mr. Nicolson, referring both to this series and to the serial publication of Virginia Woolf's diaries, writes, "We shall soon be able to know Virginia Woolf better than we can know almost any other person of this century." That may indeed be true, and it is an open question whether she would have cared for such exposure, for the letters, beautifully written as they are (Woolf simply cannot write an awkward phrase) in their record of her phenomenal diligence as a novelist, essayist, critic, and publisher, also betray innumerable frailties: her snobberies, for example, which, combined with the small-scale malice of her gossip, suggest that she must have been judging the world by some indecipherable standards of seemliness that nobody, including herself, attained. Her love letters to Vita Sackville-West—pleading, jealous, coy—are almost painfully pathetic. Love, it seems, intimidated Virginia. By contrast, her extensive correspondence with the composer Dame Ethel Smyth, whom Woolf did not love, is frank and mettlesome. She is extremely uncertain about her own work—during this period, she writes (with difficulty) and publishes (with trepidation) her novel "The Waves." One suspects that her somewhat unstable approach to other people may reflect her doubts about her own talents.

THE MAHOGANY TREE: AN INFORMAL HISTORY OF PUNCH, by Arthur Prager (Hawthorn; $15). A more than serviceable, less than inspired account of the satirical magazine that appeared in 1841, continues to be published today, and somewhere in the course of its career came to be thought of as one of the institutions of English life. Mr. Prager has a likable tone: his affection for his subject is tangible, and he is quick to point out when the old jokes are still alive. But he is hitched to the roll-call idea of history: he can't forgo producing a biographical sketch of every figure, major or minor, ever connected with the publication. The sketches aren't dull, but they all go by at the same brisk rate, and by the time the narrative reaches roughly the halfway mark the reader abandons trying to keep the names straight. What gives this story its needed dramatic weight is Mr. Prager's willingness to say what went wrong. He doesn't think



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of *Punch* as a failure, yet his underlying picture is of an enterprise that started to coast into a sluggish, indecisive, ideal-less middle age before it should have, and that, for all its fame and its talented subsequent editors and contributors, has never been as vibrantly and challengingly in touch with its audience as it was in its earliest days. Illustrated with drawings and cartoons, and with a drawing of the "mahogany tree"—the table around which, from Thackeray's time on, members of the inner circle have gathered and into which they have carved their initials.

NOTE: Daniel Lang's account, first printed in this magazine, of how two generations of Germans remember or think about the war has been published by McGraw-Hill ($8.95) under the title "A Backward Look: Germans Remember." Photographs and other new material have been added.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

SS-GB, by Len Deighton (Knopf; $9.95). The SS here is the infamous Nazi Schutzstaffel, and GB is Great Britain—a Great Britain that lost the war in 1940 and is now, in 1941, living under German occupation. Mr. Deighton has imagined this not entirely unlikely event with considerable vigor, and he has documented it most persuasively, but it is a condition that he has created not for its shock value but simply as a setting, a background, for a wonderfully devious tale of desperate plots and secret agents and peerless double-dealing. The central figure is one Douglas Archer, a detective superintendent at Scotland Yard, attempting, even under his S.S. superiors, to function as a policeman, and he is indeed a central figure—a man whose moral struggles give unusual depth to Mr. Deighton's entertainment. The action, as far as it can be explicated, involves a scheme to free King George VI, a prisoner in the Tower of London; frustrate a German effort to develop an atomic bomb; and somehow entice a reluctant United States into a war against Germany. A diversion of the highest proof.

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Don Carter is executive director of the Sierra Arts Foundation. He is a wiry, middle-aged man with a brush moustache and eyes that twinkle melodiously.—*San Francisco Sunday Examiner & Chronicle.*

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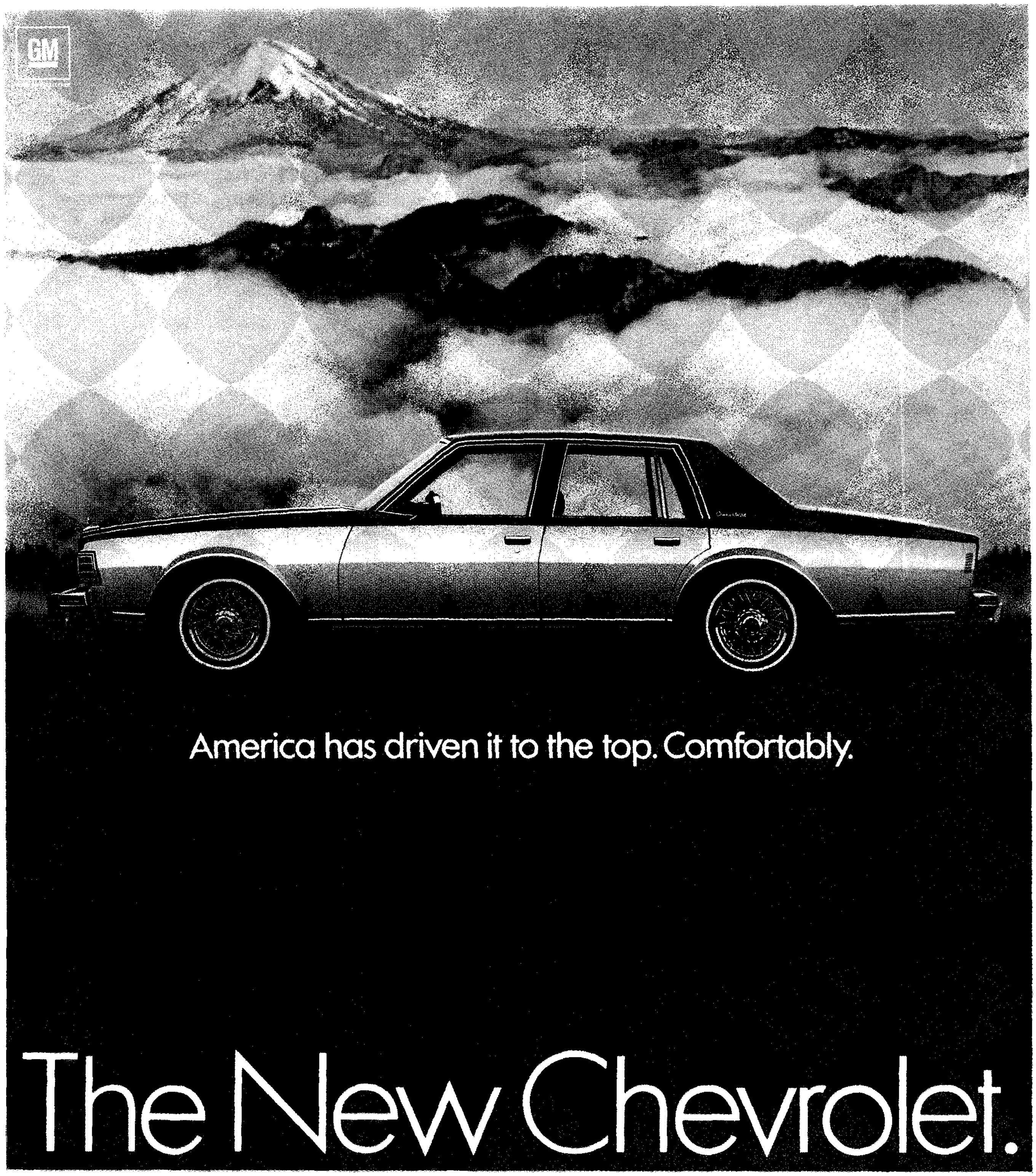

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